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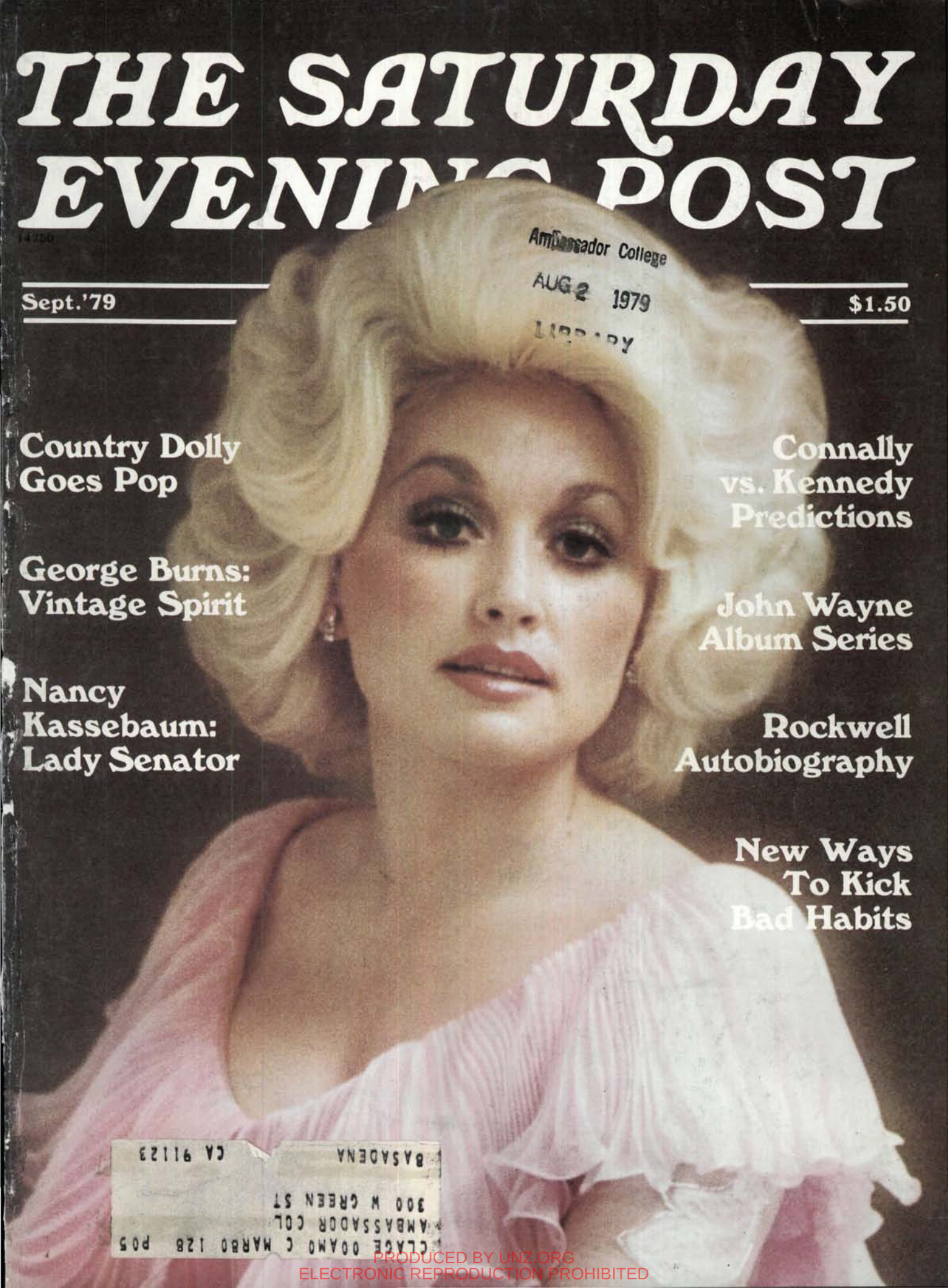

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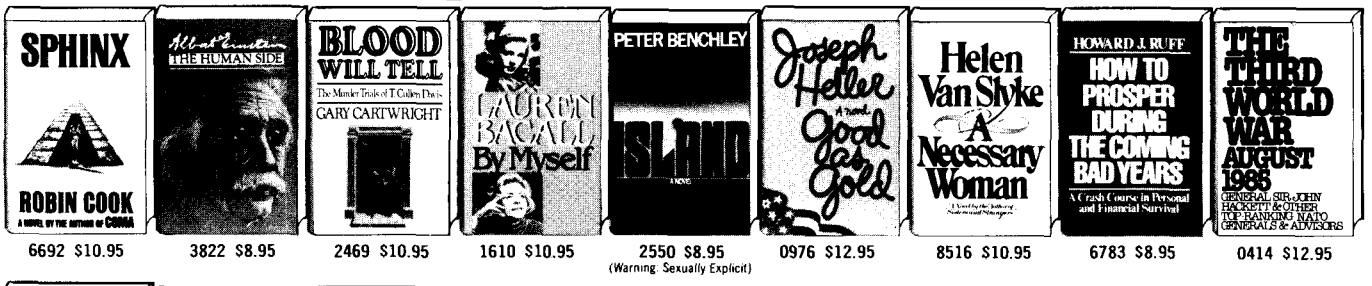
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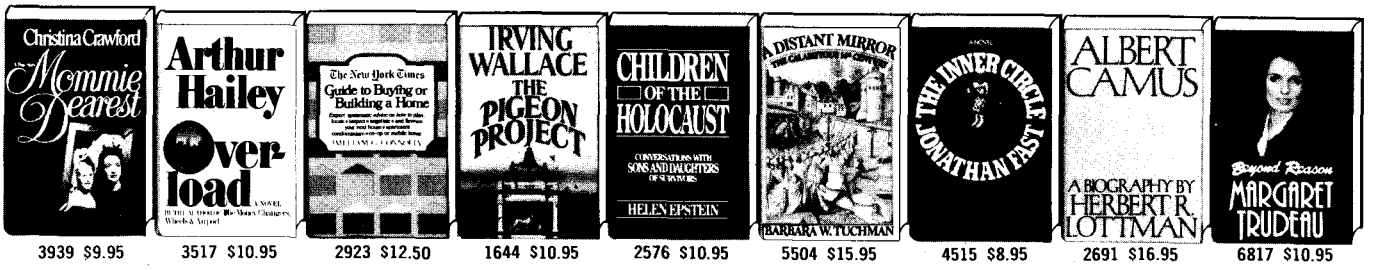

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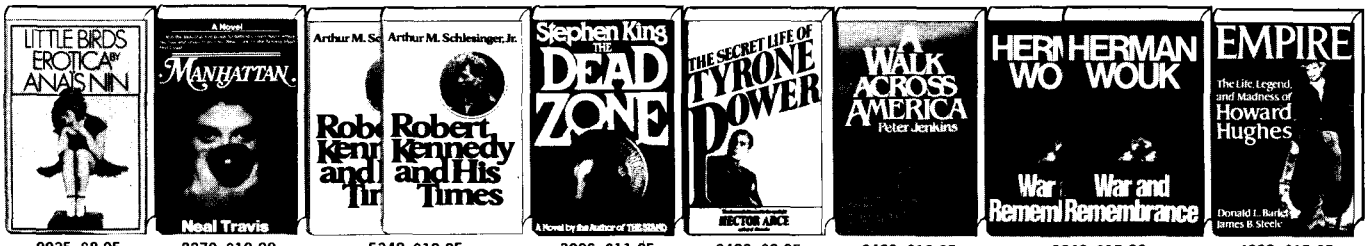

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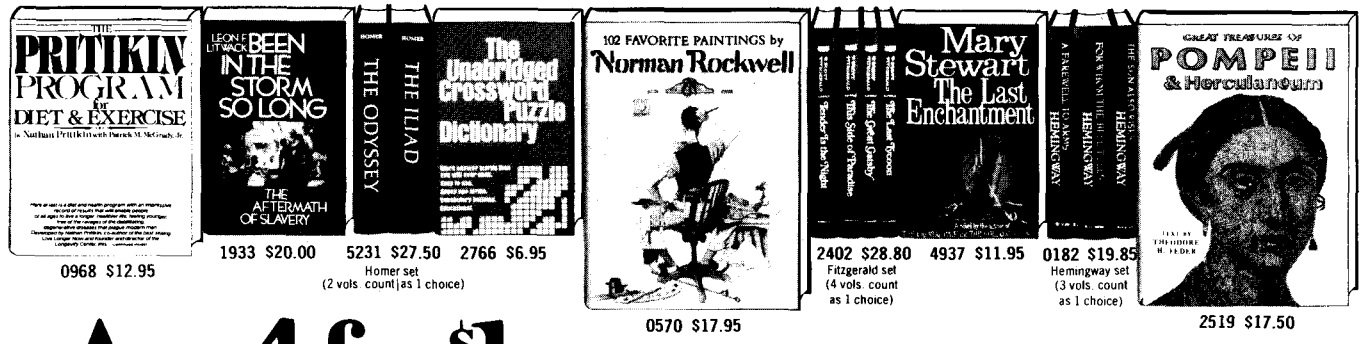

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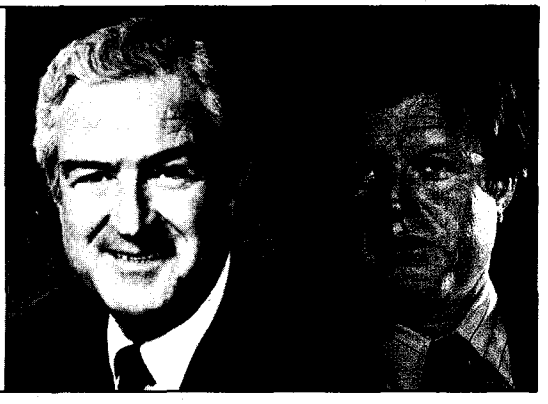
Country Dolly Goes Pop

As all Americans know, when Dolly goes Pop it's sure to be newsworthy. (The phrase of course refers to her changeover from country to pop music, rather than anything bursting from its seams.) The fabulous Dolly is seen through the eyes of a starry-eyed fan, who tells how she captivates her admirers and holds them in perpetual homage. A review of past triumphs, pictures of the first lady of song, and a fresh approach to the singer who is now on the top. 66

Politics '80

William Barry Furlong, author and columnist famous for his perceptions on the political scene, gives us a fabulous *tour de force* in predicting the future race for the White House between Connally and Kennedy. Furlong's device: Walter Cronkite telling the *campaign as it was.* 6



Tribute To John Wayne

A Congressional Medal for Duke 31
The story behind the medal.
John Wayne: Everybody's Hero 36
A memory to mark a legend.
The Good Things: Duke on America 38
He found it easy to laud the nation he loved.
The Bronze Duke, by Jerry McGuire 42
The soul of the West sculpt in John's features.
True Grit, by Charles Portis 46
The original *Post* story of the famous movie.

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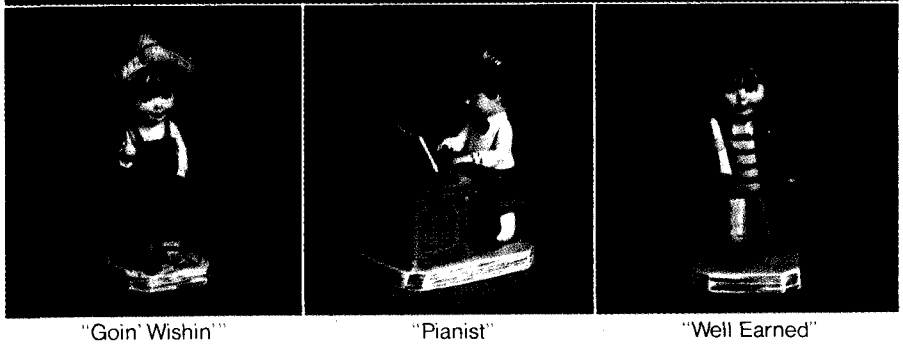

"Goin' Wishin'" "Pianist" "Well Earned"

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Letters to the Editor

"Duke" Tribute

I received my *SatEvePost* the day after the news media announced the death of John Wayne. Your cover (an excellent portrait of the "Duke") and articles followed the "good luck" of the *Post*; I've followed its life since September 1924 and innumerable times your covers and articles have dated your issues fantastically well.

No magazine can compare to your excellent editorializing.

Hal E. Hagen
Billings, Montana

Wayne or Carter?

Your last issue, with its welcome and needed reminder of John Wayne's contribution to America, lends special significance to the enclosed cartoon. I think *Post* readers will love it.

A Wayne or a Carter—which type would you prefer to be responsible for our destiny?

John Burkhart
Indianapolis, Indiana

Alexander Botts

I have been subscribing to *The Saturday Evening Post* for quite a long while and have enjoyed it. One of my major reasons for continuing to subscribe was the fact that every so often you would put in one of the Alexander Botts stories which I remember from my earliest years as being terribly funny.

However, it has been quite some time since you have run one of them. Couldn't you please run one at least about three or four times a year and make one of his fans tremendously happy?

Adelyn Prosser
San Antonio, Texas

Editor's Note: William Hazlett Upson, who began his Post *series about Alexander Botts and the Earthworm Tractor Company in 1927, wrote his last Botts story for the Jan./Feb. 1975* Post *shortly before his death. Since then, we have reprinted 20 of his stories in an anthology which is available from our book division (P.O. Box 528B, Indianapolis, IN 46206). Our present dilemma is this: Should we just keep reprinting Mr. Upson's stories, or should we look for a new writer to continue the Botts series (and Upson would be a hard act to follow)? You may help us make this decision.*

Senator Kennedy

Your article in the July/August *Post* is the best treatment that I have read about the life and activities of Senator Kennedy.

I would like to see this article printed in pamphlet form.

W. Farley Powers
Norfolk, Virginia

Alaskan Oil

Mr. Walter J. Hickel's very interesting article on Alaska's energy resources in your July/August issue raises a question which I am concerned about.

He recommends that Alaskan gas be piped to an ice-free port, liquefied and shipped to other areas to be used as petrochemical feed stock. Why can't it be converted to at at least the base petrochemicals in Alaska, providing

'I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY ALL YOU AMERICANS MISS JOHN WAYNE SO MUCH!'

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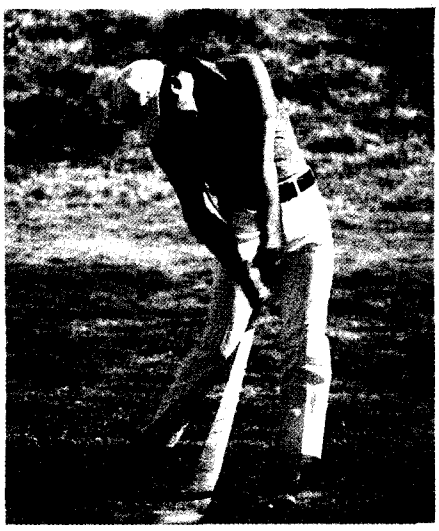
that state with badly needed industry and eliminating the expensive plants and tankers needed to produce and handle liquefied natural gas?

Many OPEC countries have built or are building petrochemical complexes to exploit the natural gas they are now flaring or storing. If there is any reason Alaska can't do the same, it is not obvious to me, and I have been in some phase or other of the oil business for over 40 years.

Thomas R. Byrley
Plainfield, New Jersey



Gary Player

Bogey

I enjoyed your May-June issue but please do not make a left-handed golfer (your picture on p. 123) out of one of the world's finest right-handed golfers, Gary Player.

Larry B. Lavery
Peoria, Illinois

Editor's Note: Oops! We flipped the picture.

Editorial "A"

I think your editorial on the Department of Education in the April *Post* was right on target. I intend to take active measures to oppose the establishment of the department.

Arthur G. Hansen
President
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana

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POLITICS '80: THE CONQUERING OF KENNEDY

A prediction for the Presidential race:
How Big John Connally will come out of the West
to take the biggest prize in town.

by William B. Furlong

Every Irish politician has a dream in him if only he can wheeze long enough to know it.

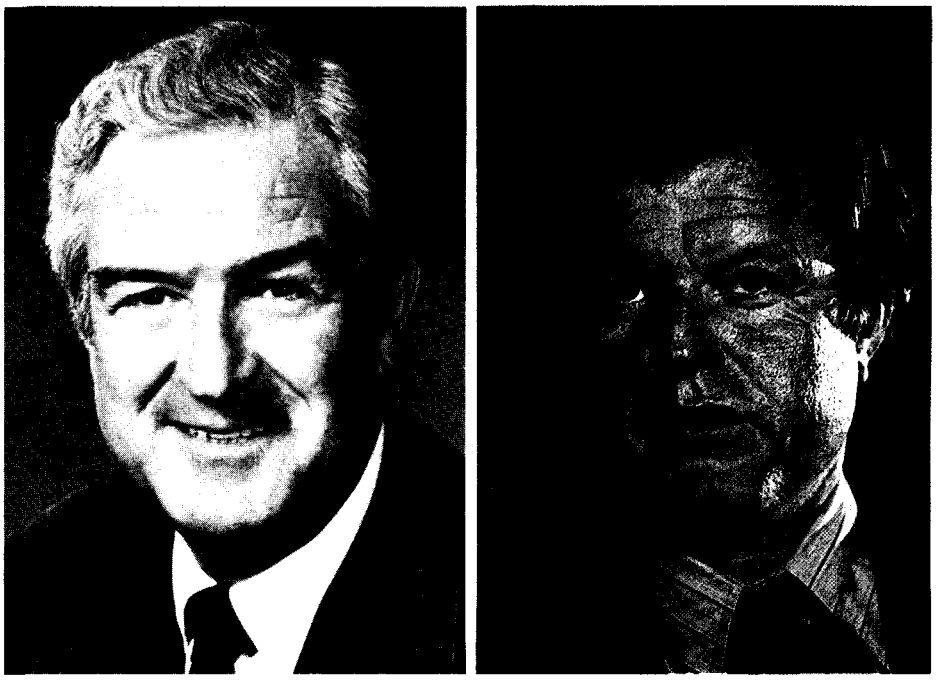
It is not a dream of winning. It is a dream of fighting.

"Ah," said Mark Shields, "what a fight *that* would be—Connally and Kennedy."

He is too black-browed, square-cut and realistic to be a leprechaun. He is an Irish politician who went to Washington expecting to get civilized and successful and he turned out to be half-right. Which is the best the Irish can hope for.

"Ah," he went on, "what a lovely thing it would be between Kennedy and Connally. There'd be fist fights in every bar in the country. On Friday nights, you'd have to check your health insurance at the door."

He paused to consider the alternative—the "ultimate shame" of all the charges ever leveled against Jimmy Carter: "It's a disgrace to say this about any man, but there hasn't been a really good barroom fight over politics since Jimmy became President."



The political confrontation between John Connally and Teddy Kennedy, as their Irish ancestors might say, shapes up as a real Donnybrook, otherwise known as a heck of a brawl. To be sure, their presidential competition is not yet reality but an expectation of reality for 1980. Author Furlong dramatically depicts Walter Cronkite looking back *in 1980 over an epic struggle, as the two lock horns over state after state.*

Of all the accusations aimed at Jimmy Carter, none is more pointed, poignant or inclusive than Mark Shields'.

What he is saying is that the country needs a sense of self, a sense of caring—something so important in politics that it is worth fighting for. John Connally and Ted Kennedy squared off in a race for the Presidency would be such an event.

"Ah," says Mark Shields, "they'd be throwing bodies out of the barrooms all weekend."

Particularly when Connally wins it.

To be sure, this is not yet a reality—a campaign between Kennedy and Connally.

But it is an expectation of reality.

It is not only an insight into a Connally-Kennedy race but a narrative of how John Connally won the Presidency in 1980 . . . while Ted Kennedy suffered the greatest disappointment and most common expectation of his life: He merely won the popular vote.

The narrative starts with something that is a specialty of TV: a retrospective of the future:

" . . . It was a long campaign and a bitter one," intones Walter Cronkite as the Democratic convention drones to a close on August 15, 1980, in New York City.

He is speaking of the fight for the nomination for the Presidency in both parties and of the conflict that it embraced: "It started in the humid flatlands and lush orange groves of Florida last autumn. . . . "

Humid? Orange groves? Florida? Autumn?

What happened to Walter? And his occasional spurts of sanity?

Doesn't he know that primary campaigns start in the snow-crusted roads of New Hampshire? In winter? Where there are no oranges and few Democrats and not much of an inclination on the part of the inhabitants to

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cavil about either?

Not this time.

This time the Presidential campaign will start the count-of-numbers on November 17, 1979. It will end on the night of November 4, 1980.

The next Presidential campaign will last just two weeks short of one year.

It will be the most exciting, impassioned, exacerbating and meaningful Presidential campaign of this century.

The first test, in Florida, will be critical and cunning.

On November 17, the Republicans of Florida will hold a state convention at which the delegates will cast a straw vote on the candidate they prefer for President.

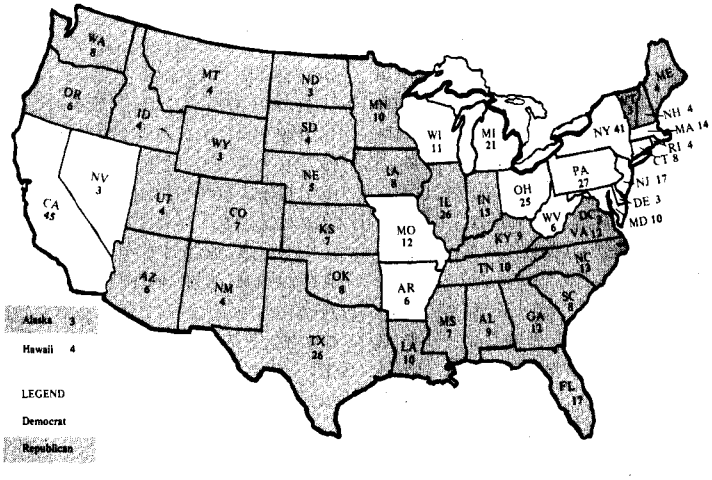
It is cunning because Florida thus upstages the New Hampshire primary (in February) and the Iowa caucus (in January) and any other primaries or caucuses that may be created before them.

It is critical because it introduces a new system of procedures to the primaries. It is a bizarre, baroque system that seems to invite the candidates to stuff the ballot box. Legally. Naturally no politician knows how to do *that* and so most of them are scrambling to find out how to cope with the mechanics of the Florida primary. "Never having done it before, we have no idea how it's going to work out," says Sally Fairchild, who is directing the effort of Congressman Phil Crane of Illinois in the Florida straw vote.

It is a particular test for John Connally on three counts.

First, he has demonstrated the impact of his personality and his policies but he has yet to prove the effectiveness of his organization. It is not regarded highly by rival candidates, several of whom think they are far ahead of Connally in organizing the primary process. (LaDonna Lee disagrees. She is director of organization for the Connally campaign. "Rhode Island is a terrific example. Jim Nugent was a Reagan supporter in the past but he switched to us. . . . " Nice—but not as impressive as if Connally had a comparable example to cite in California, the largest—not one of the smallest—electoral-state delegations in the nation. It is also the home state of Ronald Reagan. You can be sure that Reagan is organizing, and effectively, in Connally's home state of Texas but we have yet to hear how Connally is organizing in Reagan's home state of California.)

Second, Connally hired a very savvy political pro to direct his campaign—a man who experienced a recent triumph in organizing a Senate race in New Hampshire. Then he found out the first test was going to be in Florida, not New Hampshire.



In 1980, John Connally aimed to sweep the solid South and the western states. Ted Kennedy aimed to take most of the ten most populous states in the nation and all the northern states along the Atlantic strip. Connally overturned Kennedy's strategy by taking three of the big states, one of two long-time Democratic states (Illinois and Minnesota), and the northernmost states in the Atlantic strip.
Statistics: Connally—277, Kennedy—260. Connally's edge—17.

Third, he is caught—along with everyone else—in what is little more than a continuation of the public-opinion polls. The Florida straw vote is not binding. It does not select delegates and bind them to one candidate or another. (The primary which will do that in Florida will be held on March 11, 1980.) It is really just a poll of who these people—who happen to be Republicans—prefer as their candidate. They have no particular influence; they have no binding vote. But the media, which are desperately seeking "big" stories very early on the 1980 elections, will inflate the importance of the straw vote beyond all imagination. And no candidate can afford to be left behind in the media race.

Unless he shapes up his organization far beyond the expectation of friends and enemies, the best that John Connally can hope to do is survive, not win. But it is better to survive in a particular way than to win. For the press *hates* a winner. It likes to build up the underdog, if only to keep a lively story going. Since the front-runner catches the focused opposition of the media, it is far better to finish behind the front-runner—but *close* behind him. The idea is to become the underdog that the press adopts, the underdog that it builds up as the man it wants to use to topple the front-runner. It takes considerably more skill to earn this position than simply to win the straw vote. But it is a position worth seeking—and it is one within the ambitions of John Connally.

The best thing that can be said about the Florida straw vote is that it does not close off the opening-to-victory that Connally must seek.

That opening is based upon reality—the reality that the headlines and public-opinion-poll lead grabbed by Ronald Reagan are based on phantoms: They reflect the views of people who will *not* be casting votes at the 1980 Republican convention. And therefore they have no meaning in terms of the convention and its votes. They merely help the press target the individual they want to "get" as the front-runner.

But the primaries and caucuses have meaning. They commit delegates to particular candidates. The public-opinion polls become gray shadows of reality—and the leaders of those polls become the graying and harassed has-beens of the past. John Connally's whole effort is focused on winning the primaries, no matter who wins the polls—and to do it in a way that makes his nomination seem inevitable, not improbable.

Ted Kennedy must necessarily adopt a different strategy. He does not want to make it appear that he ousted Jimmy Carter from the Presidency; that would probably open a wide split within the Democratic party

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that would be difficult to heal before the November election. He'd prefer to have it appear that Jerry Brown, the governor of California who very much wants the nomination, ended Jimmy Carter's reign. Or—if that doesn't work—that Carter ousted himself, that he was the instrument of his own defeat, through his own ineptness. And that Ted Kennedy simply stepped in to pick up the pieces. To save the party.

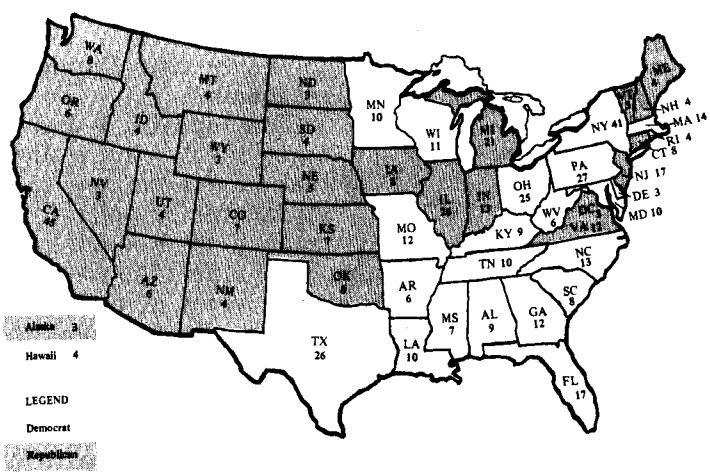
That strategy will be apparent in the New Hampshire primary next February 26. Carter and Brown will be in hot combat, trying to kill off each other's hopes—while Ted Kennedy stands aside and smiles. The other two candidates have much to lose; he has nothing to lose. For he will be involved without appearing so: His supporters are already mounting a very strong and aggressive write-in campaign for him in New Hampshire. From it, he can do nothing but win.

Consider: If the write-in vote is strong, it may eliminate either President Carter or Jerry Brown—or both—from serious future consideration. If the write-in vote is poor, Senator Kennedy can disavow it; he can repudiate it; he can insist that he never had anything to do with it.

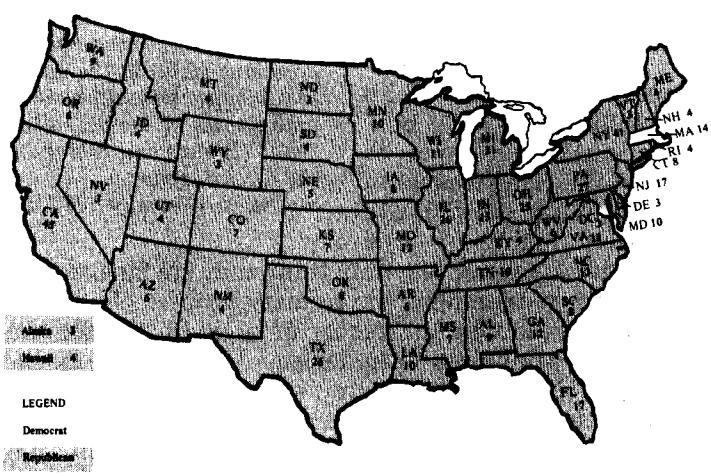
No matter what happens, the write-in effort gives him an enormous strategic weapon without placing his candidacy in any risk. For it takes away votes from both rivals in New Hampshire without any commitment or risk from Kennedy. Thus they can't help but be hurt and, even if his write-in vote is not spectacular, he can't help but be aided. For it splits the Democratic vote three ways and virtually ensures that Carter cannot get a majority of the vote. That will, very surely, be considered a defeat, not a standoff, in the media. "CARTER LOSES N.H." is the way the headlines will read on the next morning. Thus Kennedy will have taken a step farther along his strategic path—showing that Jimmy Carter is defeating himself . . . without any kind of intervention by Ted Kennedy.

He can do this time and again, without ever really entering a primary. Or he can wait until late in the primary season—presumably after Carter has been dragged down by this strategy—to step in and show his electoral muscle. And tune up his organization. It is, on the whole, an ingenious strategy. It protects Kennedy from appearing as a loser, and thus protects his reputation for the future. It keeps him out of the endless draining-of-energy that going the full primary route (now 36 states) might demand. (His brother, John F. Kennedy, won only two genuinely-contested primaries in 1960—in Wisconsin and West Virginia. Yet he seized the Presidential nomination on the first ballot at the Democratic convention.) Most of all, it keeps him out of the line of questioning and commitment. He does not have to answer questions about his background—about the tragedy at Chappaquiddick—or take a position on issues which might earn him enemies within the party. Ted Kennedy has rarely been reluctant to take a stand in the Senate but the number of issues which reach a roll-call status in the Senate are very few. And one does not always have to present an alternative—as does a President or an active candidate. For example, Senator Kennedy has not yet presented his remedies for the economic ills of the nation. Or how he would bring our ominous trade deficit into balance. Or whether he would try to balance the budget or simply accept another towering deficit. Or how he would strengthen the dollar. Or how he would handle the energy crisis. Or how he would end the Communist threat in Latin America. Or whether and how he would strengthen America's defense, particularly against the first-strike capability of the Soviet Union. Or how he would handle the problems of illegal aliens flowing over the border from Mexico—and still get the Mexicans to agree

Continued on page 132



In 1976, Jimmy Carter did the obvious: He tried to carry the solid South, something no Democrat has done since the Roosevelt years. He almost did it. He carried every southern state except Virginia and North Carolina. But he lost every western state (except Texas), and he lost some surprising ground in the Midwest—Illinois and Michigan. He won Ohio by only 11,116 votes out of 4 million cast. If just 5,559 of those votes had gone to the GOP, and if Carter had lost any other four-vote state, Jerry Ford would be president today.
Statistics: Carter—297, Ford—240. Carter's edge—57 votes.



In 1972, Richard Nixon had the greatest gift within the power of his enemies: the opposition of George McGovern. To beat the hapless McGovern, he needed no other strategy than to breathe regularly. Although the Watergate scandal was breaking at that time, Nixon rolled up the biggest electoral vote ever won by a Republican—520 votes. Only Franklin Delano Roosevelt did better. He piled up 523 electoral votes over Alf Landon of the GOP in 1936.
The statistics: Nixon—520, McGovern—17. Nixon's edge—503.

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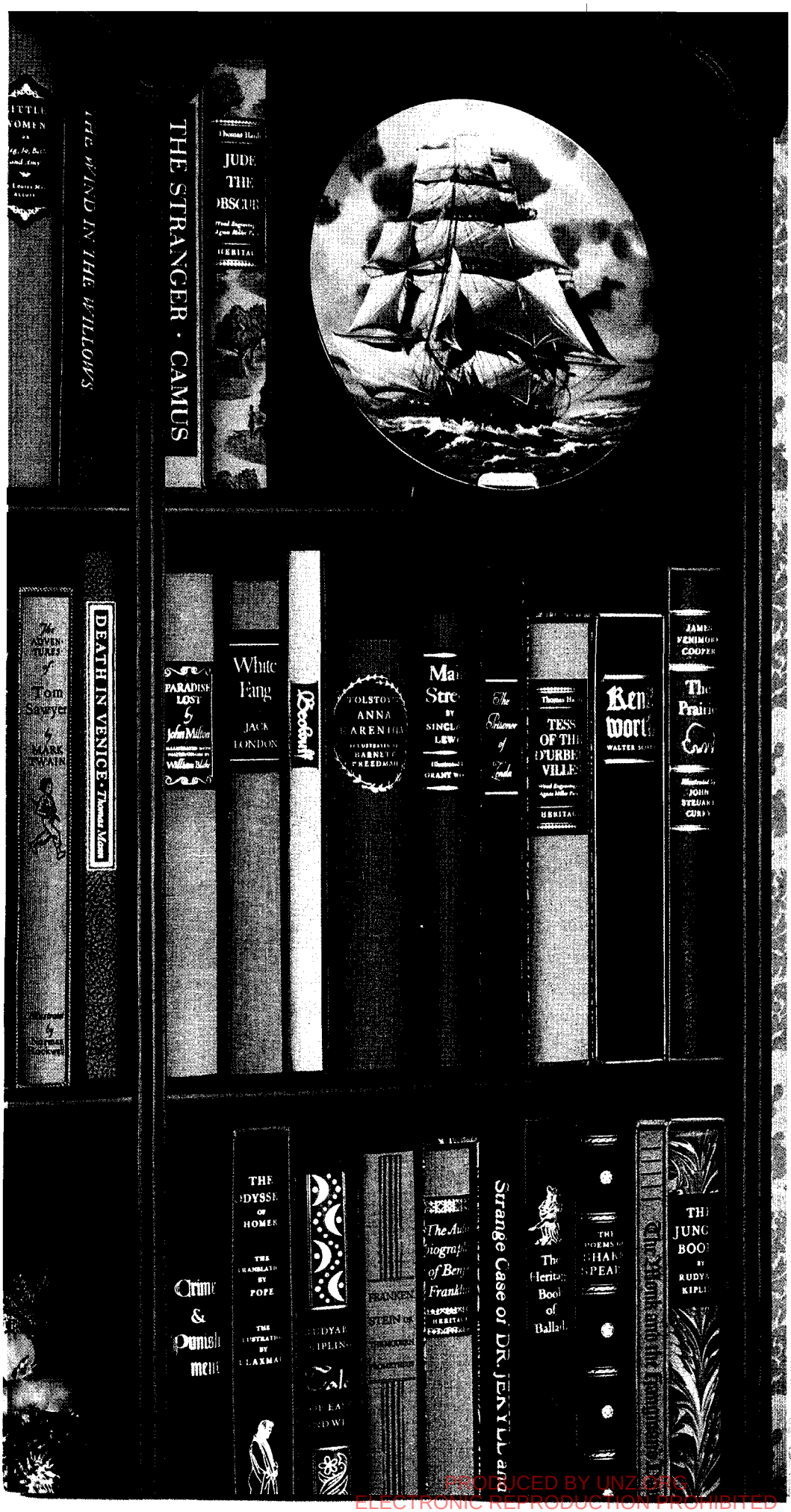
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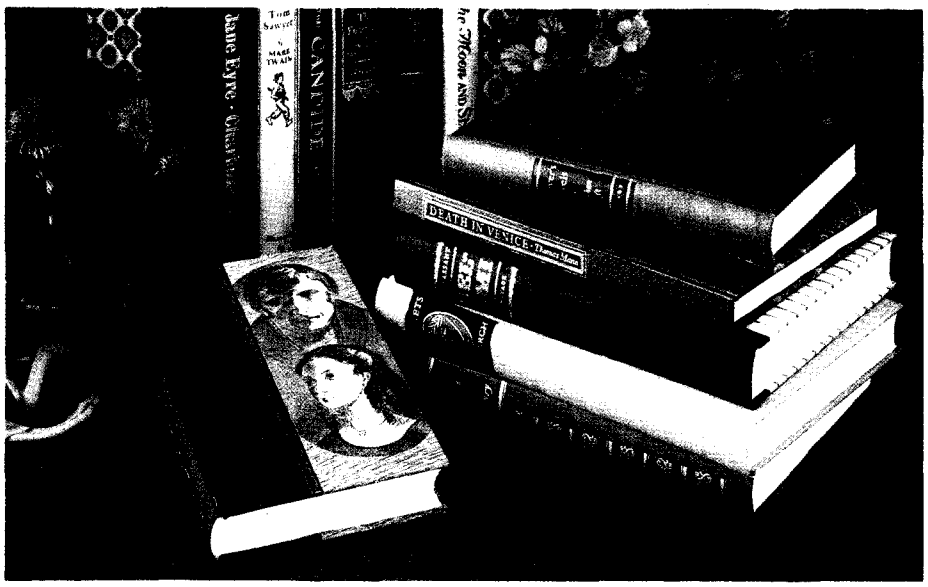

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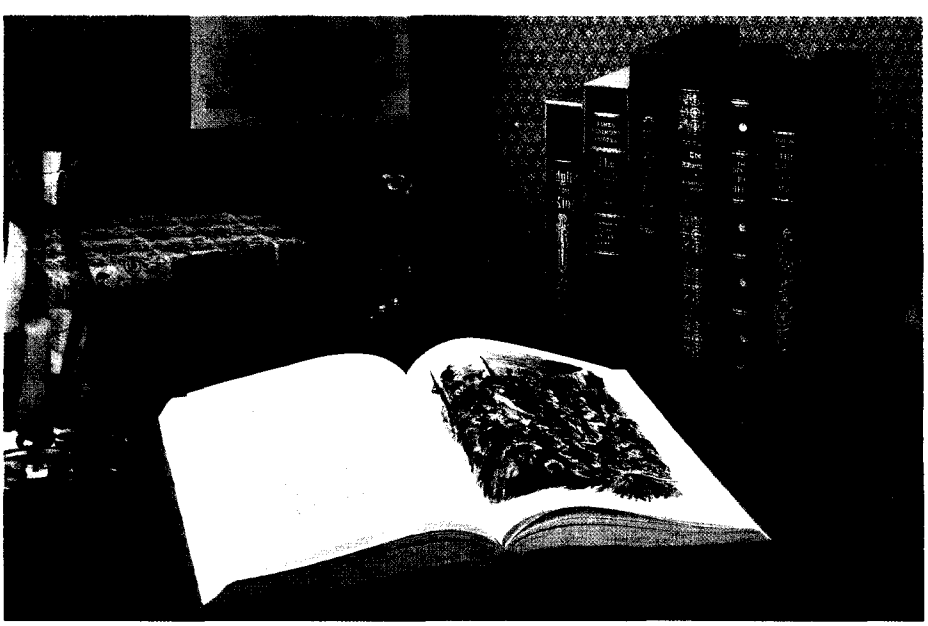

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RELIGION

THE MAN FROM IDA GROVE

Long before waging successful campaigns for the Iowa statehouse and U.S. Senate, Harold Hughes fought the battle of his life against his old foe, alcoholism.

by Harold E. Hughes

The year 1952 dawned cold and bitter. The hills above Ida Grove were heavily blanketed in snow and the Maple River was frozen deep. My spirits had lifted; I had not had a drink for two weeks after months of heavy drinking.

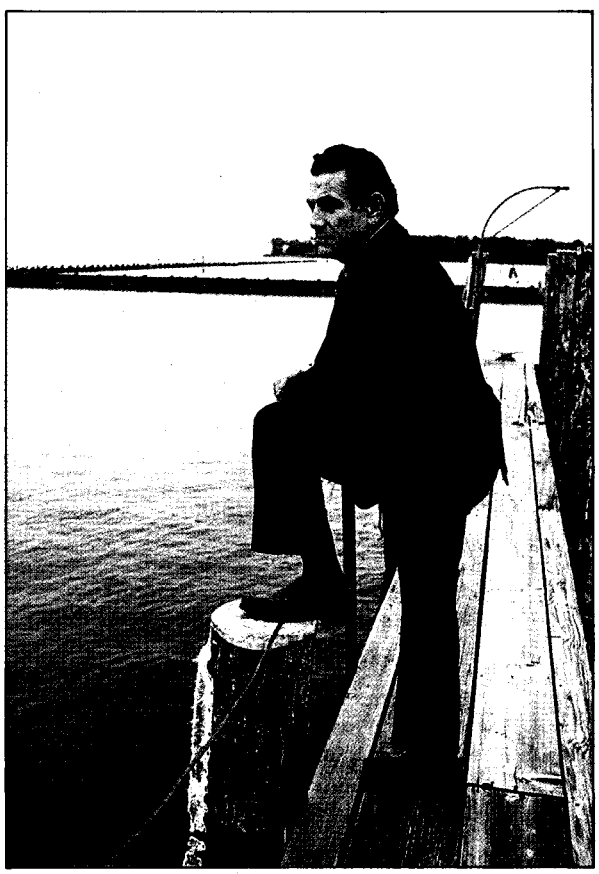
As I kissed my wife Eva good-bye that January morning she reminded me we had a dinner date that evening with friends. We had a very limited social life, mostly because of my problem, and I knew this dinner was very important to Eva. I promised her I'd be home early, turned and headed for the car. As I drove away, I looked back to see Eva still standing at the door. She looked so small, so sad; I reminded myself to bring her some flowers.

It was a busy day, starting with a meeting with truck drivers who had a rate structure grievance. It went through an extended lunch. That afternoon I met with some shippers involving a knotty problem and the meeting lasted far longer than I expected. I kept glancing at my watch. Finally, everything was settled and one of the men suggested that we all retire to a bar and confirm our decision.

I hesitated. Eva wanted me home early. Just one drink, I decided. It tasted so good. Later through a murky maroon fog I heard someone say something about it being eleven o'clock. Eleven o'clock!

I hurried to my car and raced home. The house was dark. I pushed open the front door calling out "Eva?" But my words echoed hollowly in the hall. I stumbled and fell onto the couch, breathing heavily. Cold sweat beaded my forehead. I knew Eva was not home. It had happened before. When Eva sensed I'd be coming home drunk, she would take the girls and go to her mother's.

I slumped on the couch, hopelessness overwhelming me. I remembered how long Eva had sewn material to make a new dress for the dinner that night, how we had arranged with my mother to sit with the girls.



Hughes now travels worldwide on preaching missions and works with alcoholics on an individual and group basis. In 1978 he portrayed himself in the filmed version of Charles Colson's book Born Again.

Again I had hurt loved ones. My head pounded in guilt and nausea. Slowly the alcoholic fog seemed to lift. As it did the sense of shame sank deeper into me. I felt helpless. I was a father just in his thirties who was worthless, a sot. What was the point in going on any longer? I couldn't face Eva, the girls, our parents. I couldn't even walk downtown any more and meet the many good friends whom I had insulted during drinking bouts.

Trying to escape the horrible self-loathing, I found myself wandering about the house, a sense of blackness closing in on me. In the bedroom, I slumped onto our bed. I sat there, realizing the awful hopelessness of my condition. I couldn't control my drinking; for ten years alcohol had controlled me.

What was the point of living? I'd failed everyone who had meant anything to me; I was a disgrace to my town. I didn't go to church—that would be phony. I was a hypocrite in everything I did; I couldn't even tell the truth anymore.

I couldn't do anything right. Why not just end it?

The thought hung there, like the echo of a tolling bell.

A cold feeling of logic overcame me. Why not? I had thought about this before but had brushed it away. Yet the more I considered the alternative, the more sense it made. Why go on doing the things I hated? The more I thought about the disorder in my life and the inability to control it, the

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more I wanted to end it. I was just an evil rotten drunk, a liar. And what should happen to evil men? They deserved to die.

I remembered enough Scripture to know that suicide was not God's way. But as I weighed the balance, I felt it better to be eternally lost than to bring eternal hell to those I loved.

No, my mind was clear now. I hated what I did, but I still did it. When I promised loved ones I wouldn't drink and even prayed to God that I wouldn't drink, and did it again and again, I realized in my heart that there was no way on earth I could ever control it.

I got up from the bed and went to the closet where I kept my rifle and shotgun. I opened the door and considered both, then reached for the shotgun. It would be the most certain. It was a single-barrel Remington pump gun, 12-gauge.

As I lifted the gun into the room its walnut stock glowed in the bedroom light. I considered what I was going to do to Mother, Dad, Eva and the children. Eva was still young and beautiful. She would easily find someone else to marry and have a decent life. The thought hurt me. The girls would eventually forget me. As I was then, they would never forget, suffering only disgrace and sorrow.

I thought about insurance. I had let my G.I. insurance lapse, but I did have a benevolence society policy which would pay my burial expenses.

I slid three shells in the magazine and pumped one into the chamber. Tears streaming down my face, I lay down on the bed, rested the shotgun on my chest and put the muzzle into my mouth. The cold steel rasped my teeth and tasted of oil. Reaching down, I found I could push the trigger with my thumb. This way everything was certain: I did not want to botch it and spend the rest of my life as a vegetable.

Then I thought of the awful mess and stains this would leave in the bedroom. I remembered the men I had seen shot overseas. I was leaving Eva and the girls with enough bad memories. Getting up, I walked into the hall and into the bathroom. It could be cleaned easier. Carefully holding the Remington, I climbed into the tub.

It was an old-fashioned claw-footed tub. The porcelain was cold to my hand as I stepped into it, my shoe soles squeaking on the tub bottom. In it, I lay down, feeling strange to be in a tub with my clothes on. With the shotgun resting on my stomach, I positioned it with the muzzle in my mouth toward my brain. Reaching down, my thumb found the trigger and I was about to push it.

A terrible sadness filled me. I knew what I was doing was wrong in God's eyes. Yet, my whole life had been wrong. And God had always been very remote. In a few years my family could get over it, I reasoned. They would have an opportunity to rebuild their lives. But if I remained here, I would never change and only hurt them more. The thought came that I should explain all this to God before pushing the trigger. Then if He could not forgive this sin, at least He would know exactly why I was committing it.

Climbing out of the tub, I knelt on the tile floor and laid my head on my arms, resting on the cool tub rim.

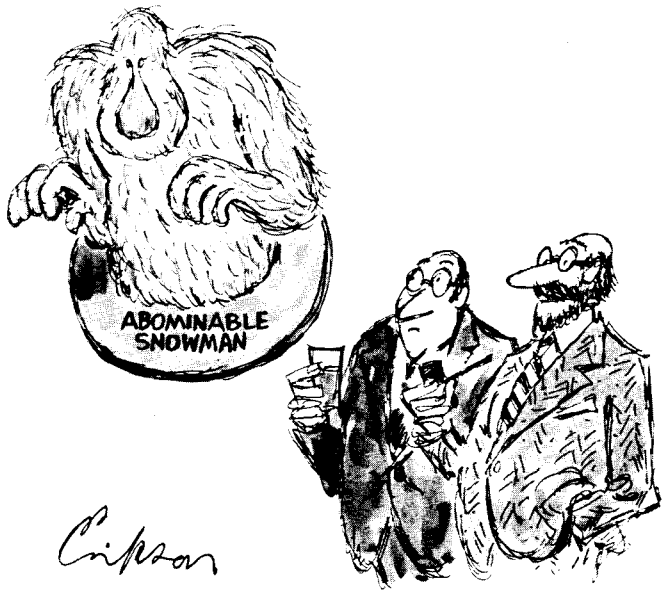
"Oh, God," I groaned, "I'm a failure, a drunk, a liar and a cheat. I'm lost and hopeless and want to die. Forgive me for doing this. . ." I broke into sobs, "Oh, Father, please take care of Eva and the girls. Please help them forget me. . ." I slid to the floor, convulsing in heavy sobbing. As I lay face down on the tiles, crying and trying to talk to God, my throat swelled until I couldn't utter a sound. Totally exhausted, I lay silent, drained and still.

I do not know how long I lay there. But in that quiet bathroom, a strange peace gently settled over me. Something that I had never experienced before was happening, something far beyond my senseless struggles. A warm peace seemed to settle deep within me, filling the terrible emptiness, driving out the self-hate and condemnation. My sins seemed to evaporate like moisture spots under a sun that was hot and bright.

God was reaching down and touching me. A God Who cared, a God Who loved me, Who was concerned for me despite my sins. Like a stricken child lost in a storm, I had suddenly stumbled into the warm arms of my Father. Joy filled me, so intense it seemed to burst my breast. Slowly I rose to my knees and looked up to Him in the awe of gratitude.

Kneeling on that bathroom floor, I gave Him myself totally. "Whatever You ask me to do, Father," I cried through hot tears, "I will do it."

For a long time I knelt there. Then I stood up, breathing heavily as if I had just climbed a long hill. Reaching into the tub, I picked up the shotgun. I shuddered as I



"Hated to shoot the poor beast, but he was making off with my thermal underwear."

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thought how close I had come to using it. Taking it to our bedroom, I unloaded the shells and placed the gun back in the closet. As I closed the closet door, a faint accusatory echo sounded: "Coward . . .afraid to pull the trigger."

Doubt chilled me. Had my experience in the bathroom been another of the many illusions I had gone through before? I was so deceptive to myself and others. But something far stronger kept saying: "Stay with God, follow Him, *believe*."

I knelt at the bed: "Father," I prayed, "I don't understand this or know why I deserve it. For You know how weak I am. But I put myself in Your hands. Please give my family back to me. . .and give me the strength never to run again. Father, I put myself in Your hands."

For a long while I knelt there. Then I climbed into bed, rested my head on the pillow and for the first time in months slipped into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Bright sunshine streaming through the window awakened me. An exuberance filled me, and then I remembered the night before. I got up and made coffee, thinking how close I had come to killing myself. I knew that if I drank again I would put myself under the control of dark forces that would lead me to the same horrible pit.

But I also knew I had Someone with me, a personal Being Who had reached down in my desperation and comforted me. As I thought of Him, again that strange joy filled me.

Eva! I wanted to call her but I could not summon the courage to pick up the phone. Finally, as it neared nine o'clock, I dialed the number hoping that Eva's mother wouldn't answer. Eva answered and I sighed inwardly in relief.

But what could I say to her? Again I thought of my Helper.

"Eva, I'm sorry. I don't blame you for never wanting to see me again. But Eva, I want you home more than anything else." The words came, not tearful, pleading, phony promises, but honest communication. "Eva, I'm going to try. . .really try not to fail you again. Please bring the kids and come home."

For a moment the phone was silent. It seemed both our lives hung in the balance and I found myself praying silently. Then Eva answered. "You had better go on to work, Harold. Then the girls and I will come home."

That evening as I drove into our driveway and saw the house lights glowing, I suffered mixed emotions, as I did when I came home from the war, both a joy and an embarrassment about seeing my loved ones. It seemed as if I had been gone a long time.

Though I wasn't able to tell Eva what had happened in the bathroom, I felt she saw something different in me. After the girls had gone to bed, we sat up late in the living room talking in the light of a glowing fire, something we had not done for a long time.

"I wonder if we shouldn't move out of here," I ventured.

I could sense Eva stiffen. "Why?" she asked.

"Oh, go some place where we can start over. Maybe California. . ." I picked up a poker and stirred the fire, "Someplace where we won't have to face people who know me."

Continued on page 99

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"Four years ago, I would not have been able to write this letter.

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"Working to help support her poverty-stricken family, she had no dream of a better tomorrow.

"But today Marites has hope.

"She has nourishing meals and warm clothing.

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"I was able to sponsor her, thanks to Christian Children's Fund.

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"Without taking her away from the family she dearly loves.

"For just $15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites.

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"You needn't send any money right away.

"Just send the coupon.

Dearest Marites

It's really nice to come home after a long day at work and find one of your letters waiting for me. Thank you. I enjoy hearing about your school and I'm glad you like it and are doing well. I agree... some subjects are harder than others. You know what? I hated math, too. But if you keep up with your studying, it will seem a little easier.

I've been well and very busy. But not too busy to think about you every day. I hope your mother is feeling better. Having you home must be a great comfort to her. Please give her my love.

Say "hi" to your sisters from me. Take care of yourself and please write again soon. Your letters are precious to me.

I love you,
Sally

"We'll send you a child's picture and background information.

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Mervelous Merv, the master of television talk, is the toast of this issue, and with this free issue, you are the guest of this host of hosts. Read Orson Welles' tribute to Merv as M.G. won the cherished Will Rogers Memorial Award, "the best of all talk show hosts." Learn Merv's secrets of putting his guests at ease—(Yes, even big stars get scared on TV very often!). Read about his life, laced with Irish love and laughter. The time the Griffin wit broke up Jack Kennedy. But mostly Merv himself talking (of course) in his quiet, off-the-record musings of what he and his career are all about. Our great multi-page portfolio—"A Tribute To John Wayne"—continues in this issue, featuring Duke and the women he loved, part two of "True Grit" (A *Post* original) and other memorable Wayne sidelights. Norman Rockwell's equally enchanting memoirs also will be continued in this issue; readers have been telling us that his warm and witty personal writing is almost as much fun as his paintings! And as always in the *Post*, page after page of humor, cartoons, sports, travel, fiction, family health, food and cover-to-cover goodies that never seem to end. Your subscription to the *Post* carries a moneyback guarantee if you are not satisfied.

Merv and John Wayne, kindred spirits full of zest, humor and a flair for living, are appropriately featured in this same issue of the **Post**.

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THE GREAT BLACKJACK ATTACK

One good blackjack shark can slicker a gambling house for as much as $400 an hour, and when a whole pack descends on the tables casino owners complain they are getting a bad deal.

by Donald Janson

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

There's nothing minor league about the card counters' grapevine, and the world's small circle of blackjack elite reacted quickly to the January 7 decision in Atlantic City. From California to Czechoslovakia, players who can "count down the deck" well enough to beat the house soon were on their way to New Jersey, where the Casino Control Commission had ruled that the deck may not be reshuffled till it has been at least two-thirds played. Many casinos render counting useless by reshuffling frequently if they find a consistent winner at a table.

Kenneth S. Uston, former chief financial officer of the Pacific Stock Exchange, was among the counters who judged the New Jersey rule too juicy to pass up. He visited his San Francisco bank, stuffed $26,000 in large-denomination greenbacks into his pockets, got on the phone to put together his fifth team in four years, and flew to Atlantic City.

The six team members, ranging from an actuarial statistician to a former ballpoint-pen salesman, arrived from different parts of the country. They established a bankroll of $60,000, agreed never to be seen together in the Resorts International casino, and went to work at six different tables.

In nine days, they won $145,000. A Czech team that arrived earlier made about twice that in a month. Arthur E. Peyser, a New York City computer programmer playing alone, made $70,000 in three and a half months. A few others also did well, especially after the January 7 ruling.

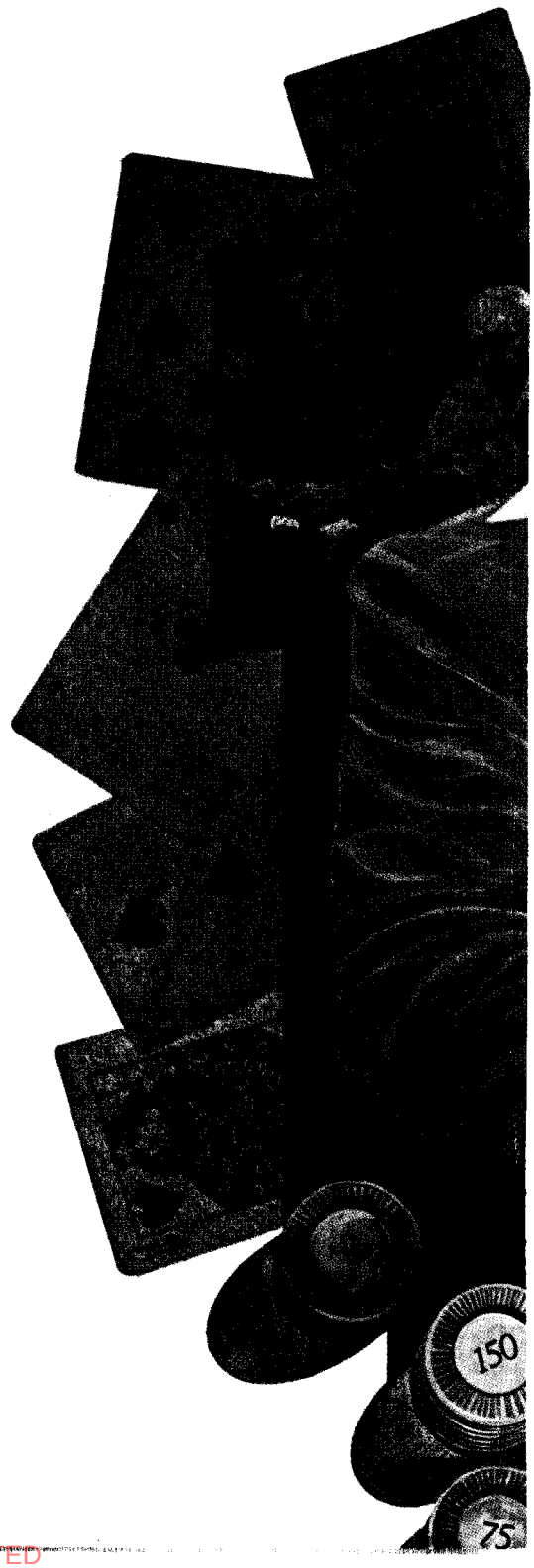
Then the umbrella of gold collapsed. Resorts officials complained to the commission that players who were new in town were trimming their profits and, consequently, state tax revenues. Chairman Joseph P. Lordi told them the commission had no regulation requiring them to let everyone play. Resorts officials returned to their casino and hastily taped a sign to the entrance barring "professional card counters."

The Uston team was among 22 counters ordered out. The casino had the goods on them. It had compiled photographic dossiers, taken with cameras hidden in the ceiling, showing them winning.

Ken Uston called it "black Tuesday." While the others left town, he stayed to file suit, supported by the American Civil Liberties Union. He contended that all of the public should have a right to match wits with casino dealers, not just losers.

Resorts is the world's most profitable casino, grossing nearly $600,000 a day since it opened May 26, 1978. In January 1979, a small group of Davids had wounded casino gambling's Goliath to the tune of thousands of dollars a day. But few besides Chairman Lordi shed a tear for the gored giant. Even with the loss of a few grand, Resorts in its bad month was still more than twice as profitable as any casino in Las Vegas, where the industry's income is over a billion dollars annually and rising.

Uston and a few other superplayers also are barred in most of the big Nevada casinos, not because they do anything illegal but because they win at blackjack. But *Casino*, a Nevada industry newspaper, has warned casino owners that this strategy may backfire. The success of counters in recent



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years has helped to make blackjack the country's most popular casino game as more and more people become aware that the house can be beaten at something and try, though rarely with much success, to emulate winning counters. As a result of blackjack's growing popularity, casino profits have spiraled.

"The gambling business should recognize that card counting has created more blackjack players and increased profits all out of proportion," *Casino* said. "The few players who are of any effect take very little, but the casinos' greed to get it all may endanger the whole bonanza."

While the Constitution may specify no inalienable right to gamble, the American Civil Liberties Union contends that casinos cater to the public and all respectable patrons are entitled to equal treatment and equal protection of the laws.

"There are only 10 counters I would put my money on. People can be perfect in practice, then lose a ton at the casino."

The counters don't often get it, but they are continuing to try. Ken Uston has suits pending against several of the 25 Nevada casinos that bar him in Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe. Resorts bars him in the Bahamas as well as in Atlantic City. He has also been barred in England. But some of Nevada's casinos, including Caesars Palace, and hundreds of casinos abroad do not bar counters. Instead, they try to frustrate them by imposing rules and restrictions whenever they spot a player who is too clever with numbers.

The Uston mind has always been adroit with numbers. As a boy in New York City he charted baseball statistics. He was a Phi Beta Kappa in economics at Yale, where his father taught linguistics. At Harvard Business School, he took a master's in finance.

The business world that followed was confining for a young man who preferred a basically hedonistic lifestyle. In 1975 he quit his $42,500 job as a senior vice president of the stock exchange and applied his understanding of statistical probabilities to blackjack, becoming a millionaire by beating the house and investing his winnings in real estate.

"I'm too conservative to gamble in or out of a casino," he said recently. "I stay out of the stock market and I play only blackjack."

His biggest payday was $27,500 for 45 minutes' work at the Fremont casino in Las Vegas. He likes to play 10 hours a day, with a nap in the middle, then plenty of caffeine at the blackjack table to dispel cobwebs. He says a typical day yields $400 an hour, $4,000 a day. That jumped to $5,000, he said, under Resorts rules—till Black Tuesday.

"There are only 10 counters I would put my money on," he said recently over vodka and lemon at Resorts' Gold Room bar. "People can be perfect in practice on the dining room table, then go to the casino and lose a ton."

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Besides the 10 he would subsidize, he said there are 10 more players in this worldwide fraternity who usually win, "plus 100 who may have a slight edge over the house." Hundreds of others consider themselves counters, but seldom have much in the way of results to show for it.

Each has a system. Some use the system taught by appointment at the Uston Institute of Blackjack in Las Vegas and Washington. In general, the systems call for keeping a running count of how many high cards and how many low cards have been dealt to gauge when the deck is "hot" with high cards. To win, a player's hand must total closer to 21 than the dealer's but can't exceed 21. When the deck is hot, a counter may well stand pat even on a low hand rather than draw more cards. At the same time, he may increase his bets to the maximum allowable (at some tables $2,000) because the dealer is required to draw cards to add to any count in his own hand under 17. In doing so, the dealer will lose for the house if he draws a high card that puts his total over 21.

Even with a hot deck, the counter's edge over the house may rise only to 4 percent, or the possibility of 52 winning bets to every 48 losses. Overall, his edge is little more than one percent, with the best system. And he loses that edge unless he has the patience, concentration, stamina, and discipline to stick scrupulously to his system, rejecting the urge to play hunches and putting aside any thirst brought on by the sight of cocktail waitresses bringing free drinks to the others at the table.

Mr. Uston and a few others enjoy challenging the house enough to endure this unglamorous, grueling contest, sometimes playing 11 hours a day to eke out more wins than losses. Even then they are not home free. If any casino loses for long, it takes countermeasures. Reshuffling the deck wipes out the counter's count and forces him to start over. Reshuffling frequently enough means he can never get far enough into a count to help. Unlike New Jersey, most jurisdictions permit casinos to reshuffle at will, though they don't like to because it slows the game for average players at the table, reducing casino profits.

Another tactic is to increase the size of the deck to four, six, or seven decks, making a counter keep track of 208, 312, or 364 cards instead of 52.

"I can handle it," Ken Uston says.

"Skip the details. I'm married myself."

Many can't. Nor can some abide the harassment dished out when casinos assign security personnel and private detective agencies to hover over suspected "cheats, counters, and other undesirables."

Last year a bouncer at the Mapes Money Tree in Reno added an exclamation point to a Uston eviction with a fist to the face, fracturing the counter's cheekbone.

Since casinos are sore losers, winning counters who want a game become devious. They come in disguise. They use pseudonyms. They intentionally place losing bets, to look average, till the time comes to strike with gusto.

If they are discovered anyway, they send in the clones. Casinos that have ousted Ken Uston often are unaware that he has replaced himself with somebody betting his money. Sometimes he subsidizes counters in two or three casinos simultaneously.

There are more ruses. Sometimes Uston works with a "gorilla" Big Player. In this caper, Uston, in disguise, takes the role of an average player, losing more than he wins. His gorilla, or robot, often a known loser, makes the big bets and big wins. Whether the gorilla ever sees his own hands is immaterial, as long as he holds his cards so his mentor, sitting next to him, can glimpse them. Uston calls each play and bet with subtle hand or body signals that a pit boss would have great difficulty detecting.

"One way or another, the counters get in," says the consummate actor. "I enjoy staying one step ahead of casinos at all times. They can't watch every single high roller and wonder if someone is giving him furtive signals. I could probably play this way for a year in Vegas if I changed partners and disguises occasionally."

One of his favorite disguises is "Dr. John Wasserman, Phoenix psychiatrist." That one calls for a gray wig covering his own curly black hair, spray coloring to match beard and mustache to wig, "coke bottle" glasses, and a Brooks Brothers suit with a Shriners pin.

Pit bosses like unsteady Texas cowboys, so sometimes Uston is a cowboy, affecting a loud drawl and ordering double vodkas, only to take men's room breaks and change the vodka to water.

"Pit bosses love to see you order a double," he said. "Learning to count is a science, but learning to play games is an art. Abroad you don't need to act."

Ken Uston has tried his skill at some 300 of the world's casinos, "wherever the good games are." "Good games" have rules that give

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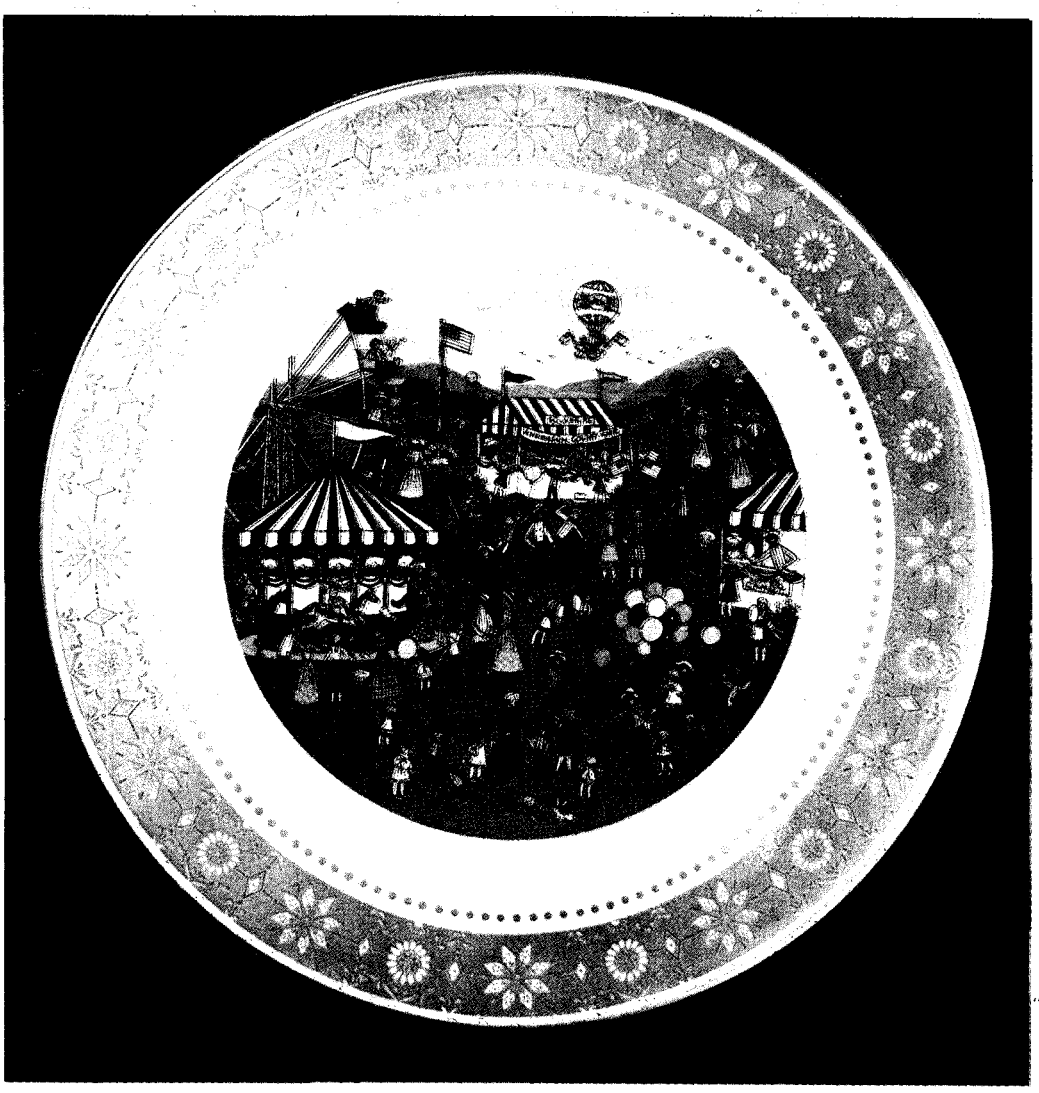

"COUNTRY FAIR" by Jo Sickbert, shown smaller than actual size of 8 ¼" diameter.

America's most famous folk artist creates her first collector's plate

Just eleven years ago, Jo Sickbert invested ten dollars in paints and canvas. She propped the canvas on her kitchen table and began to paint. This was what she had wanted to do all her life. Now that her children were grown, she had the opportunity—and she resolved to see how far her talent would take her.

That first painting sold on sight. And today, her paintings are so much in demand that her last one-woman show was sold out before it opened.

Jo Sickbert, housewife, is now Jo Sickbert, artist—the most popular folk art painter in the United States. Her paintings hang in museums. They are prized by collectors.

And now she has created her first work of art in porcelain—the magnificent collector's plate illustrated above. Titled "Country Fair," it portrays a small-town fair at the turn of the century, with enormous charm, nostalgia and emotional appeal.

The plate is the first in a series of folk art collector's plates by Jo Sickbert. It will be decorated with a border of pure 24 karat gold. It will be crafted of finest Japanese porcelain. And it is available for a limited time only. There is a further limit of one per person. The price is just $29.

Advance ordering deadline: August 25, 1979

The advance order form at right is valid only until *August 25, 1979.* Others will be given the opportunity to enter an order later. As is traditional for fine porcelain issues, the edition will be closed at the end of this year, the plate will be withdrawn, and this enchanting work of art will never be issued again in any form.

Charge card orders call TOLL FREE 800-523-7637. (In Pennsylvania TOLL FREE 1-800-662-5180.)

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the player a chance to try his system.

At present, counters do best in the United States, Korea, Macao, and Panama.

"You can also win in England, France, Monaco, and the Bahamas," Uston says. "Forget the others."

His idea of casino paradise was January in Atlantic City, when there was no eviction policy and premature shuffling was prohibited in the interest of liberalizing the game of blackjack.

"Here I was," he said, "totally known and playing blackjack unaccosted. The pit bosses were actually being friendly to me. It seemed so pleasant. I wondered if blackjack could ever be like this for long, where skill would be respected instead of feared, where a counter wouldn't be forced to feel like a quasi-criminal."

Uston estimates that his five teams have placed $600 million in "action" on blackjack tables in four years and made $3.2 million. In addition, Uston adds to his share of this by also playing alone, by subsidizing others, and by using gorillas.

He said he could teach me or almost anyone else enough in three hours to beat the house by one percent, but that I would have to spend another hundred hours practicing, including memorizing 140 sets of numbers that might be involved in a game so I would know instantaneously what to do in each situation. After becoming expert at the dining room table, I could go to a casino and place low bets while I became comfortable there, he said. Then I could go to acting school to learn how to cover my tension with a carefree appearance to deceive the pit bosses into thinking I was actually your basic weekend or compulsive gambler.

"Learn what the pit boss wants to see," he said. "Exude that, whether it's cowboy hats, a New York accent, too much to drink, or a chick at your side bothering your concentration."

Some counters believe their colleagues should keep their cunning and their trade secrets to themselves, remaining as invisible as possible to prolong their careers. Ken Uston describes these counters as "very quiet, very lonely, and very rich."

He himself fits only the last category. He is gregarious and seldom alone, whether on the road or at his penthouse on Russian Hill in San Francisco or in his condominium at the Jockey Club in Las Vegas, a bachelor pad with mirrored ceilings and bidets for guests.

"It's not hard to find cute ladies when you're high-rolling," he says.

Women are also impressed with his disco dancing and the one-of-a-kind, six-ounce gold piece he wears on a chain around his neck.

But next to blackjack his real passion is jazz piano. He plays daily. His improvisations on "Polonaise" or "Lady Be Good" enliven any piano bar that invites him to play during an intermission.

When "this hairy business" of blackjack is over, he says, "I'm hoping to play piano in some glamorous jazz joint in San Francisco."

Ken Uston was born Kenneth Usui in Queens, the son of a Japanese father and Austrian mother, 43 years ago. After college and a lieutenant's commission in the army, he married a stewardess. They had three children, lived in Tiburon outside San Francisco, eventually were divorced. Now he travels a great deal, usually to casinos. But after a game goes sour because of rapid reshufflings or discovery and eviction, he stays on to vacation with some of his winnings.

"Getting pretty cocky, aren't they?"

"We beat Monte Carlo with a team of three for 136,000 francs," he said, "before they imposed restrictions on me. So we did Nice and the French Riviera, then left for Venice."

His French is good and he loves three-hour dinners at top French restaurants.

For those who doubt that their mathematical aptitude and self-discipline are good enough to pay for vacations abroad as counters, Uston has a suggestion. He teaches a one-hour basic blackjack course—"the best non-counting game possible."

Adding two hours of practice to the one-hour lesson, he says, gives the learner the ability to virtually break even. Anyone satisfied to do only this well, he notes, can have a free vacation at the best casino hotels anytime he wants by betting enough at the tables to qualify as a high roller. Most casinos welcome high rollers with complimentary room, food, and drinks because they expect them to lose big. At first they "comped" Uston as a high roller, till they discovered who was fooling whom. ☒

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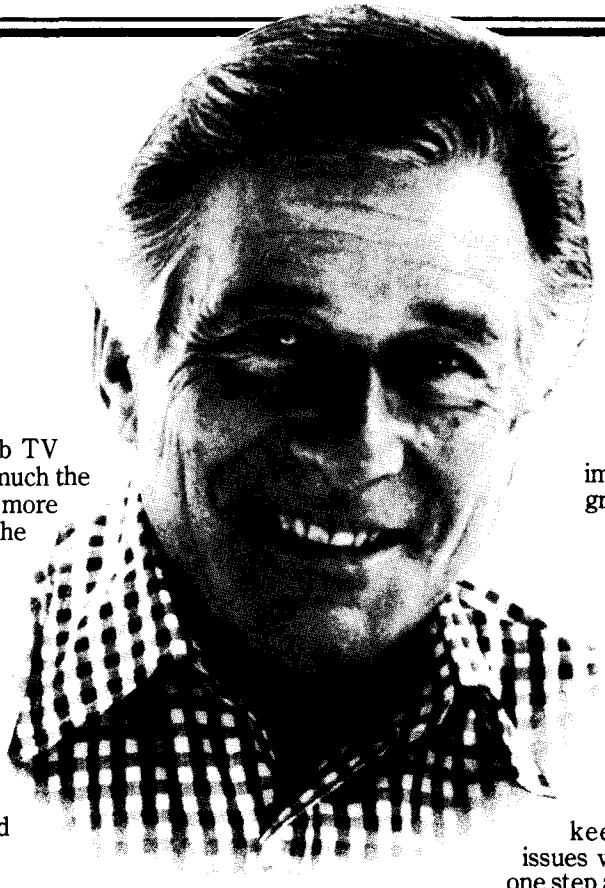
Efrem Zimbalist Jr. reveals his new Director on the 700 Club TV Show.



Even as guest on the 700 Club TV show, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is very much the leading man. Trim and tanned, with more than a dash of gray at the temples, he speaks warmly and smiles knowingly with a youthful sparkle in the eyes. He's the canny Inspector Erskine of "The FBI," the steel-nerved pilot of "Airport '75," the intrepid detective in "The Black Dahlia."

With over a dozen motion pictures to his credit, Zimbalist starred nine years in "The FBI" TV series. Most recently, he played a leading role in the TV mini-series, "The Best Place to Be."

But something's different about Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. A recent experience has changed his life. He told his story to Pat Robertson, host of the 700 Club TV show.

"On December 28, 1978, as I watched a Christian TV show, I realized that despite years of church-going I had never really had a personal relationship with God. So, I called one of the phone counselors on the show. We prayed together, and I was born again. My life was good before, but now it's even better. I have met the Ultimate Director... Jesus Christ."

Zimbalist also spoke of his belief in the importance and effectiveness of TV programs like the 700 Club. "The 700 Club is one of the most exciting shows on television," he said. "I'd like to see everybody watch it."

The 700 Club TV show is 90 minutes of celebrity interviews, music and conversation, with a Christian flavor. Seen daily in over 150 major cities in the United States, Canada and overseas, the 700 Club both explores and entertains.

Host Pat Robertson, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Yale Law School, is keenly perceptive to what the next hot issues will be, often keeping 700 Club viewers one step ahead of the news.

While the 700 Club is on the air, viewers are invited to call in and talk with a staff of counselors standing by with a prayer and a kind word.

700 Club viewers report that the Club keeps them in tune with world news and vital issues that have a positive effect on their personal lives.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is especially appreciative. Like many others, he tuned in to scoff, but stayed to pray. His life, which was good before, is now something better. Something special. He has met the Ultimate Director.

The 700 Club TV SHOW

with Host Pat Robertson

Check local TV listing for time and channel.

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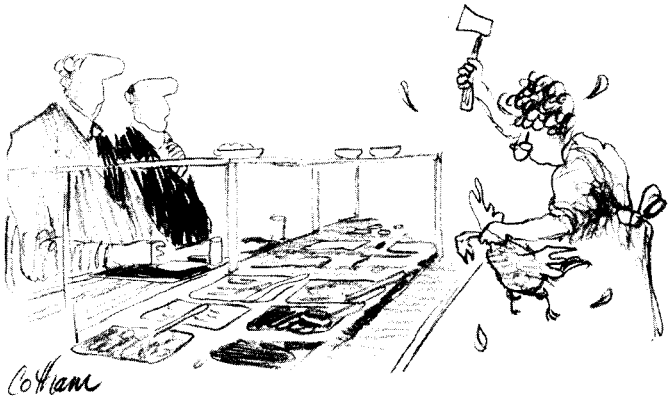

"I really wish now I hadn't asked for chicken."

"There's a good place to eat . . ."

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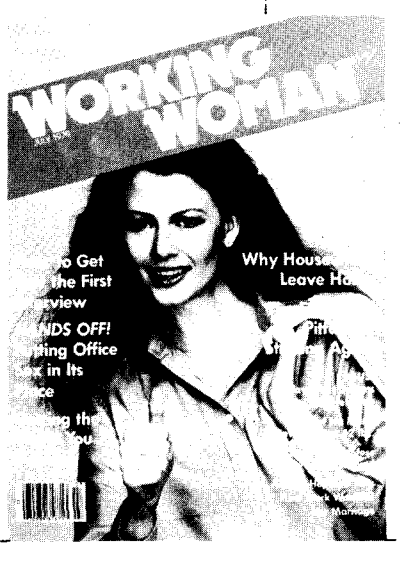

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TYRRELL'S PUBLIC NUISANCES

by G. E. Synhorst

A Saturday Evening Post Book Review
Public Nuisances *by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*
Basic Books, Inc., 244 pages, $11.95

It's a witty series of essays, each covering one of the luminaries of our time. From left to right on the political spectrum Tyrrell shines his light on them and lashes with a caustic tongue.

Jimmy Carter, like Richard Nixon, rates two chapters of the book: " . . . the most ill-equipped man to inhabit the White House in this century." In earlier times, says Tyrrell, "Jimmy Carter of Plains, Georgia, would be devoting himself to procuring his young daughter's first pair of shoes, a bottle of Peruna for a fat wife, and a dusty flivver for himself." "Harding drunk was better equipped for the presidency. . . . "

This young author has modeled himself, at least with stylistic success, on the waspish critic, H. L. Mencken. "Galbraith," says he, "is the sound of one hand clapping."

Bella Abzug, according to Tyrrell, is "a devoted enemy of civil liberties. . ." with "a robust capacity for hate which adds up to "the old Marxist flim-flam."

Why then did we elect this incompetent? Well, "27.5 percent of the people said Jimmy, 26 percent said Jerry, and a whopping 46.5 percent said yech." Of the shallow populism which passes for government policy, Tyrrell lays it on the line: "A certain breed of low-grade American seems to fall for this drivel. . . . When in trouble he would mix such sentimental flummeries with outraged denunciations of lawyers, doctors, businessmen, automobile mechanics, almost anyone who produced anything, almost anyone footing the bill for our government's good works."

In his chapters on Carter, Tyrrell covers the supporting cast: Jody Powell with his dungarees, clodhoppers, socks on the radiator, and shirttail flapping; Ham Jordan pawing one lady and spitting Amaretto and cream down the bosom of another; Midge Costanza, murmuring vapid banalities about women's rights.

Tyrrell is not surprised that Jimmy Carter is the man for our time, "the perfect representative of New

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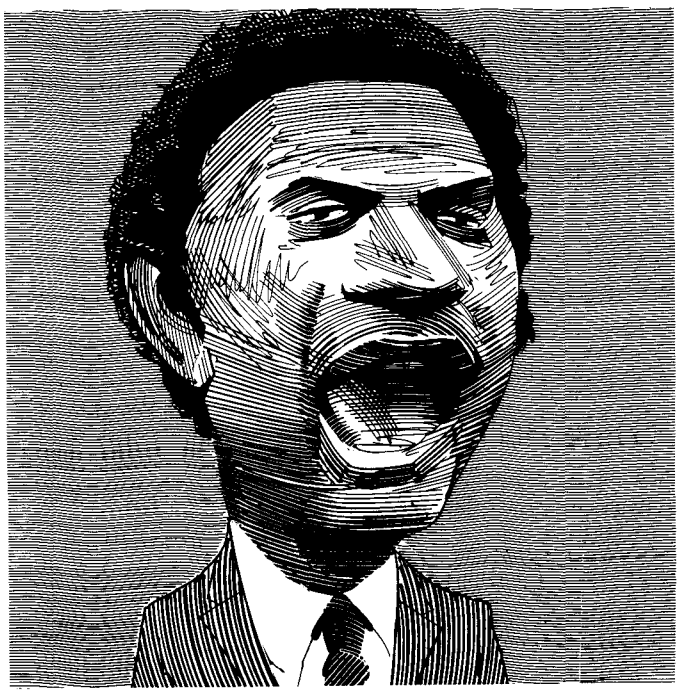
Age Egalitarianism. . . . He has no ideas and no ideals worthy of scrutiny."

The essay on Ted Kennedy covers more than Teddy. It challenges the substance of the entire Camelotian legend and takes on two of the scribes who sold their intellectual souls to help create it, namely Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dr. James MacGregor Burns. Arthur was " . . . on twenty-four-hour call, always ready and willing to put a gossamer of grandeur on the empty deeds of three rogues whenever the call from Hyannis Port would come in." The historians sold America the " . . . myth that a wheeler-dealer vulgarian. . .sired a family of archangels, fairy godmothers, and three genius sons who, despite private lives of sham and shallowness beyond belief, would somehow pull America—then the richest and freest nation on earth—out of a mysterious torpor and into an Augustan Age."

In reality says the book: "Kennedy I: three mediocre and dubious White House years; Kennedy II: less than a term as New York's junior senator and a stint at the Justice Department about which even the Camelotians grow coy; and now Kennedy III, with the most checkered career of all."

Teddy Kennedy comes across as a bumbling boozer who likes to sing at parties. The author's lines about Chappaquiddick illustrate his disdain for the Kennedy myth and those who maintain it: "There was a fatal automobile accident. Teddy fled the scene and failed to report the accident. In response the fabulists roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands, and transform the sordid event into romance, an inscrutable mystery, a personal triumph, another 'shining moment'. "

Tyrrell's Richard Nixon is a man always with an ominous little black cloud not far away. Nixon's friends suffer bankruptcy, or worse, they go to jail. Liberal policies which would be hailed in another presidency are viewed with suspicion or absolute alarm. Even the victorious of Nixon's enemies seem fingered by fate. President Kennedy is shot from ambush. Senator Sam Ervin becomes an inane nonentity on a TV commercial. Pat Brown who defeated Nixon for the California governorship— " . . . he rapidly became a laughingstock, and it is now apparent that fate dealt him an idiot for a son." This quote demonstrates the efficiency of Tyrrell. All public nuisances don't rate a chapter. Pat Brown's son Governor Jerry is cut down in half a sentence.



Andrew Young, "the black man's burden," is dissected with surgical nicety. He "emits enormous gobs of verbiage, all affixed to. . .puny slices of intellection."

The author wrestles with the demise of Richard Nixon. "He made people uneasy, and Richard Nixon did not operate well amid uneasy people." Finally Tyrrell shrugs the whole thing off: "Yet he blew up, and with his passing, millions of citizens in foreign lands slipped into the claws of Communism and barbarity. Herein lies the saddest part of the Nixon legend. Nixon is gone—hurrah!—but so is any semblance of a serviceable foreign policy."

On the dust cover and throughout the book are marvelous cartoons—caricatures of the subjects. However, the one of Nixon on the dust cover showing a long Pinocchio nose is not appropriate to the text. Nixon is treated as a man cursed by fate and unmatched to his surroundings.

The book depicts Ralph Nader as "a hybrid of William Jennings Bryan and John Brown." His following among the liberals in the country can only be explained by their increasing susceptibility " . . . to Puritanism, self-destruction, and a petty disrelish for commerce." Indeed, Nader would no doubt happily bring down any corporation in America which produces anything. After that we would all make a living suing each other—a Ralph Nader specialty as Tyrrell points out.

The cartoon of John Kenneth Galbraith shows a horsy face with long jackass ears. (The subject looks quite himself.) As an economist Galbraith is ignored

As for Jimmy, author Tyrrell considers that "Harding drunk was better equipped for the presidency. . .few have been more banal, more tedious or more stupendously uninteresting."

Continued on page 113

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Will the Environment Defeat Mankind?

By LORUS AND MARGERY MILNE

The Sahara Desert has expanded during the past 50 years by an area twice the size of Spain, according to the United Nations. The loss of useful land throughout the world recently exceeds "two Belgiums" every year. The word for this process--desertification--makes headlines in national magazines, newspapers, and the publications of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources. Living space for humankind is shrinking at a frightening pace.

Nearly everyone tries ingeniously to utilize each terrestrial environment. Yet we are being forced away from technological programs that, ecologically, now lead to losses greater than the potential gains. Restraint holds fresh importance because it is clear that humankind has nowhere else to go from the earth. Explorers walking on the moon and unmanned devices sent to the nearest planets convince us that life has a natural place in our solar system solely on the earth. Any similar planets around distant stars are many lifespans away.

Less than two million years ago, early people set themselves apart from the rest of the living world by discovering how to start a fire and use it as a tool. With fire, tough meat became easier to chew, and starchy products of plants became more digestible. Less than 12,000 years ago, our ancestors began to domesticate useful animals and to cultivate plants as dependable sources of food and fiber. Convenient and prolific, these favored animals and plants became the support system for human culture.

The products of domesticated plants and animals sustained one civilization after another as people discovered how to supplement personal toil with the power of draft animals, of the wind, of flowing water, of burning wood, coal, gas, and oil, and of the atom. Inequalities in the natural distribution of resources and in knowledge of how to exploit them led to wide differences in CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

About the Authors

Lorus J. and Margery Milne, authors, educators, photographers and explorers, hold doctorate degrees from Harvard University and have been members of the University of New Hampshire faculty since 1948. In the 40 years since their marriage, the Milnes have traveled over one million miles together as researchers and explorers in the field of natural history. They have co-authored nearly 40 books and countless magazine articles and their color television programs have been aired worldwide. Their concern with the interaction between humans and the rest of the living world recently led them to chair an ecology panel at the Albert Schweitzer Foundation's Wingspread Conference and resulted in their essay "Will the Environment Defeat Mankind?"

Photograph by Heini Mayr

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the cultural habits of people and in their influence on the nonhuman world.

As never before, humankind is aware of the animals and plants with which we share the earth. We recognize that many of them no longer range as widely as they did a century or two ago. Human activities have pushed a number of them to extinction. Human competition with nonhuman life, particularly through intensive cultivation of the favored plants and animals, has transformed forests into fields and fields into deserts. Despite improved methods for harvesting the seas, the oceans yield less food each successive year instead of more. Two-thirds of mankind barely subsist, malnourished and chronically on the edge of starvation. Yet the human population soars as though unbounded by the ecological principles that govern all other kinds of life. If cultural patterns are allowing the human species to multiply on a disaster course, sanity calls for at least a pause while man finds a new direction that will avoid catastrophe for all life on earth.

People realize today that their food and the survival of all forms of life depend ultimately on the welfare of green plants, which capture energy from sunlight. Through photosynthesis, these forms of vegetation absorb energy and incorporate it into organic compounds. All of the chemical reactions by which living things synthesize organic compounds, or later break them down for various purposes, have one feature in common: They release some energy as heat. Yet cells seem to flout the Second Law of Thermodynamics by producing complex molecules that individually contain more energy than did the raw materials from which they are formed. This unique ability of life depends upon combining reactions into chains or cycles. Life maintains or increases its complexity and its store of energy by letting unstored energy flow through its cells and escape as heat. So long as the supply of energy is renewed through photosynthesis, life can use it and benefit. Herbivorous animals get their share by eating plants. Carnivorous animals gain their energy by eating other animals. The decomposers, which are chiefly bacteria and fungi, obtain their energy for growth and reproduction by simplifying organic wastes. The heat released by all of these activities finally radiates away from our world to outer space, balancing the energy budget of the earth.

In temperate lands, we are used to seeing an annual recurrence of flowering in familiar plants. In spring the first flower may be a skunk cabbage or a snowdrop. The trees mostly disperse their pollen inconspicuously before summer arrives. Daisies and grasses flower in summer, and their seeds ripen as the days shorten. Goldenrod and asters brighten the early autumn. Similarly among the animals, frogs and toads mate in early spring, the small birds and mammals perhaps more than once in summer, the members of the deer family in the fall. Even in the tropical rain forests, the living things follow a regular succession in their reproductive cycles. This innate rhythm minimizes competition for scarce resources, whether of food or space.

A different succession, involving decades or a few centuries, is evident wherever life interacts with the nonliving environment. In time, grasses bind the drifting sand of bare dunes and produce a soil in which trees may take root. Lichens, mosses, ferns, and herbs colonize each lava flow after it cools; they also provide a seed bed for more conspicuous vegetation. Around the edge of any lake, sediments from the land settle and make the water shallow enough to meet the needs of water lilies. Other plants grow submerged where sunlight reaches them. They capture silt and help build up the bottom. Cattails get started and contribute to the accumulation of a soil in which alders and willows can grow. The vegetation and the conditions of life change progressively at the same site. Eventually, if no catastrophe sets back the succession, the area becomes clad in plants whose fallen leaves and branches nourish a soil in which seedlings of the same species can get established. Ecologists refer to this as the climax stage. Its animals correspond to the plants that provide food and shelter.

For some species to undergo a reduction in range and to disappear entirely, while other species appear and expand their ranges, is a natural process. In each competition, the adaptive features in the living things themselves largely determine which species will win out. The competition is inevitable because the members of each species could reproduce at a faster rate if their offspring could find the resources for survival. In each climate and area, the resources ultimately are in the soil and in the sunlight that green plants absorb and use in photosynthesis. These set a rough limit to the total

"Let's keep this one quiet—they're depressed enough as it is."

Continued on page 102

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A CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL FOR DUKE

The America which John Wayne treasured so doughtily has authorized by act of Congress the creation of an official medal honoring him for all time.

The John Wayne National Gold Medal, shown on these pages in creative process at the United States Mint, Philadelphia, is in recognition of John Wayne's love of country and his contributions as actor and private citizen in formulating images which his fellow citizens could relate to.

The idea reached a ground swell of popular support culminating in tearful entreaties before Congress by two of filmdom's most glamorous stars—Elizabeth Taylor, and the Duke's ofttime leading lady, Maureen O'Hara—and the sober official proposal by Senator Barry Goldwater, all of which resulted in the striking of the medal.

On May 3, 1979, introducing the bill to strike a commemorative medal for John Wayne, Senator Barry Goldwater revealed that he had known Duke since 1928, when they were brothers in the same fraternity, Wayne at USC and Goldwater at the University of Arizona. The Senator then said, in part: "He has dedicated his entire life to America and I believe I am safe in saying that the American people have an affection for John Wayne such as they have had for very few people in the history of America."

It is no small honor for Duke. The first such medal was struck in honor of George Washington himself, and of the 208 created since, only 74 honored individuals, including Winston Churchill, General MacArthur, Jonas Salk, General Pershing, Marian Anderson, Robert Frost, and others deemed worthy of being immortalized by this nation.

The Philadelphia Mint (our other full-fledged mint is in Denver) knows how to do such things well, having been at it since 1792. Shallie M. Bey, Jr., Superintendent of the Philly facility, advises how work on the Wayne medal has been progressing as the mint goes on about its business with an output of 23 million coins per day, of which about one-half are pennies.

From an image sculpted out of wax, the creative process goes on to metal molds and dies from the original impression. The basic medal, which belongs to the nation and to posterity, is in gold. The medal available to the public will be in bronze, measuring 3 inches in diameter, priced at an over-the-counter price of $8. It will be produced by the mint as long as there is a public demand.

Here is the meeting of art and technology which Duke himself would have reveled in, because behind the facade of the gunfighter and cowboy was a man of aesthetic and practical tastes combined. He would have approved as well the scenery on the medal, the great cliffs of Monument Valley, which he himself proposed for what most consider his greatest picture, *Stagecoach*. The man and his land live on. ☆

Frank Gasparro, Chief Engraver of the U.S., poses before his concept of the Wayne medal. The head is modeled after Duke as Davy Crockett in The Alamo. *The mounted figure rides through Monument Valley, Utah, the awesome background for Wayne's epic,* Stagecoach.

Artist Gasparro, who designs United States coins as well as Congressional medals of honor, created his original portrait in dark green wax, 11½ inches in diameter, raised about an inch over a wood base. (From this base, the metal dies and molds which form the actual medal are derived.) He used wooden tools and the gifted touch of his own hands. Gasparro expresses his admiration for John Wayne: "He was a knight errant helping us to adjust problems of life."

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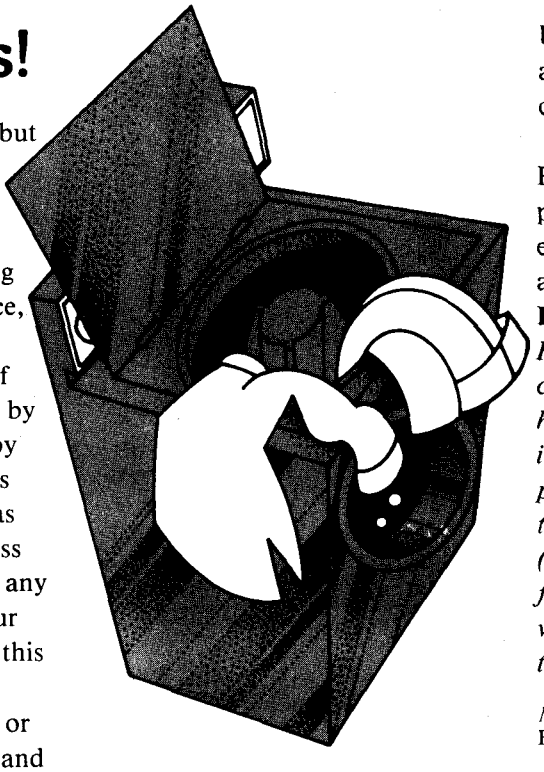

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Mrs. Agnes F. Jett,
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

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DEATH ISN'T FAIR

We tend to think that there'll always be time left to do those very important things and say what should be said. And then, often before we can, death steps in and says: "Too late."

by Mike Royko

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

I can't think of any other tragedy as numbing in its horror as a plane crash.

Yes, we all die. Every day the obituary pages are filled with names. As many people will die in this area in a day or so as died on the plane that went down in suburban Des Plaines.

But if we're lucky, most of us will know it's coming. A doctor will tell us. Our wrinkles and aching bodies will warn us. We'll have a little time to tie up the loose ends, to think about what, if anything, comes next. And to give a familiar hand one final squeeze.

Everyone should have that much.

But death, like life, isn't fair. So some of us don't have that much. For some it comes fast. A heart attack, a skidding car, and there is no time for the loose ends.

And that, in sickening numbers, is what a plane crash is.

The sheer suddenness is terrifying. One moment, all those people alive, with all that being alive represents, the relationships with other people, the love, the hopes, the problems, the wants, the infinite pains and pleasures of being alive. People who are healthy, not sick. People who are on life's upward climb, not near the bottom.

Then, in only a few seconds, it all ends.

The scope of the tragedy spreads if you think about the wives, husbands, children, brothers, sisters and friends of each of the 271 people who died near O'Hare. In only an instant, many thousands of people are affected.

For many, their lives will never be the same. The loss of a parent, a spouse or a close friend leaves a deep wound that never fully heals. For those who were dependent, their futures can be emotional and financial shambles.

But there's another facet to the tragedy, one that is very sad.

As a reporter, I worked on several plane crashes, talking to the survivors, gathering the bits of painful information that go into those kind of stories.

Each time, there was a recurring emotion among many of the survivors—a nightmarish grief that there were things that had been left unsaid.

It was summed up by a middle-aged businessman who sobbed because his teen-aged daughter had been on a crashed plane. He said:

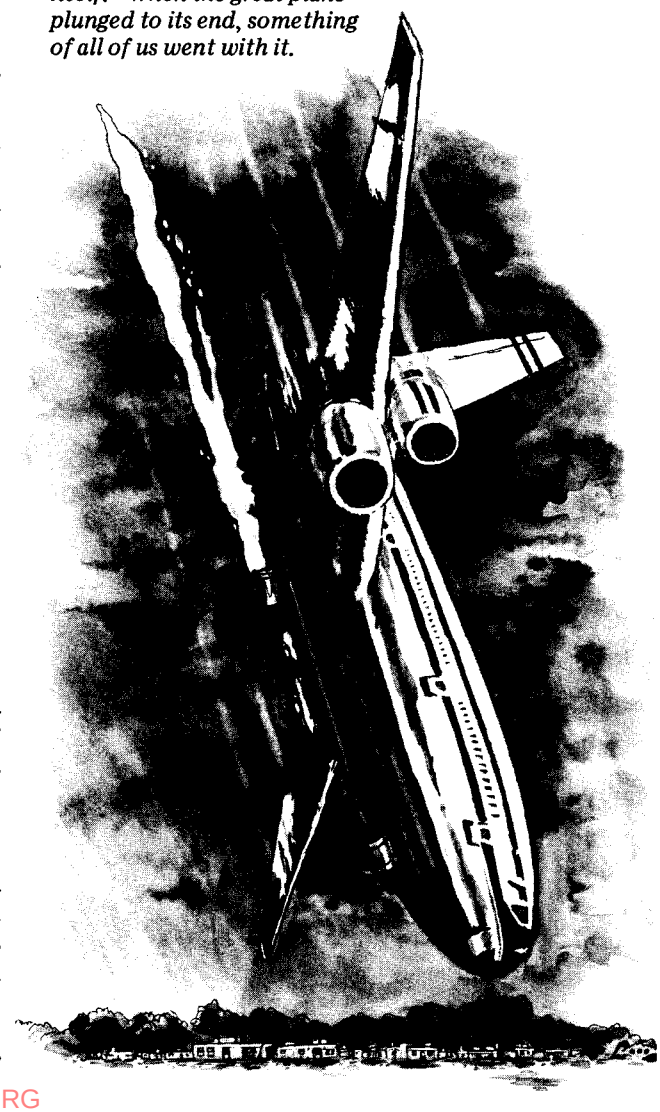
"I don't think I ever told her how much I really loved her. I was always so busy, and she was growing up so fast. Now I'll never get to tell her."

The loose ends again, but from the other direction. And that's part of the tragedy.

I knew someone on the plane. Her name was Judith Wax. She

Continued on page 102

"No man is an island entire of itself." When the great plane plunged to its end, something of all of us went with it.



Editor's Note: In the aftermath of the airplane crash in Chicago on May 26, which took 271 lives when the aircraft lost a jet wing assemblage shortly after takeoff, there was shock, disbelief, anger. To Mike Royko, however, the meaning of the tragedy extended into the human condition. The column which appeared under his name brought home a lesson to all who read it, just after the crash. We at the Post *felt that his thoughts were deserving of the widest reading possible, and so they are printed here once more: For, in truth, Mr. Royko is not talking about a moment when fate touched a great airport, he is making us aware of values in our own lives which can never be replaced.*

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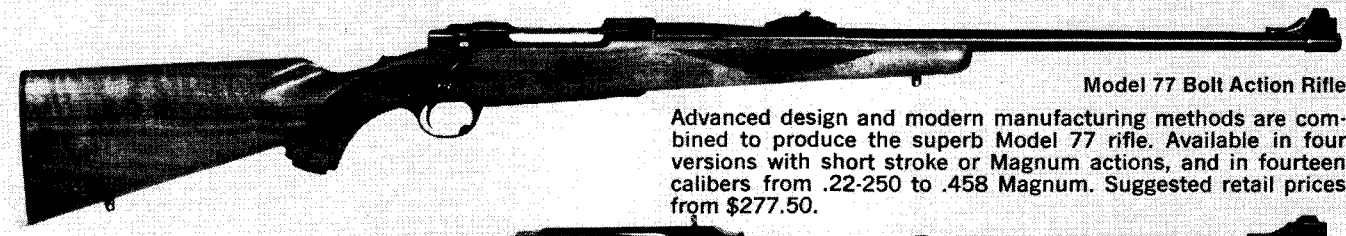

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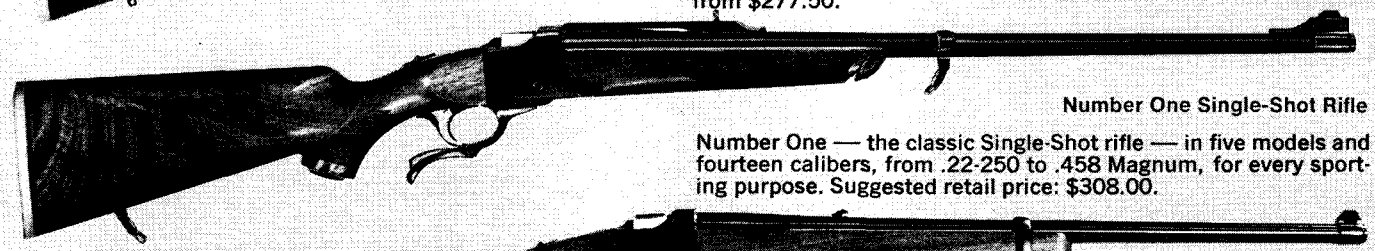

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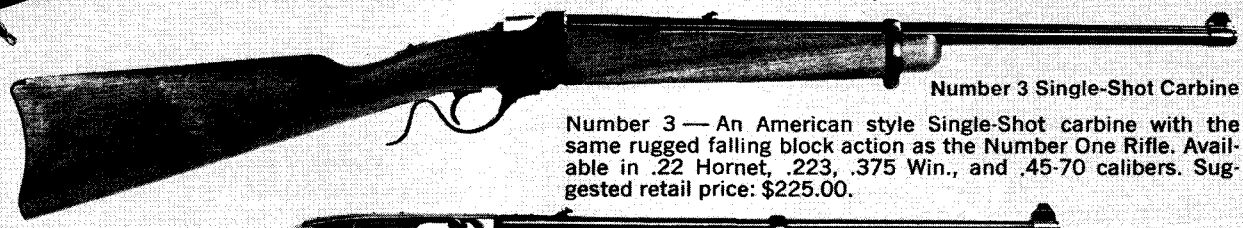

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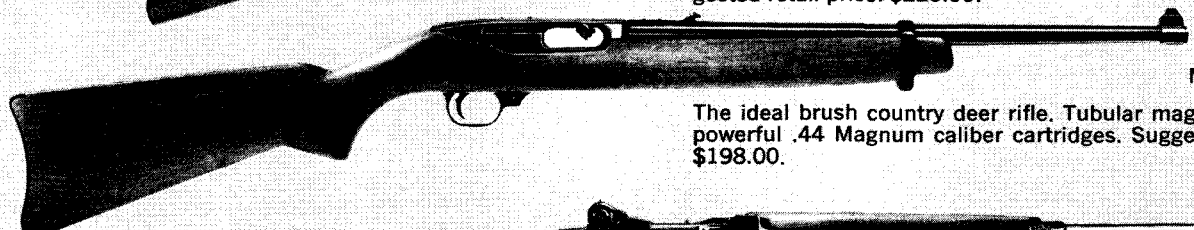
Number 3 — An American style Single-Shot carbine with the same rugged falling block action as the Number One Rifle. Available in .22 Hornet, .223, .375 Win., and .45-70 calibers. Suggested retail price: $225.00.



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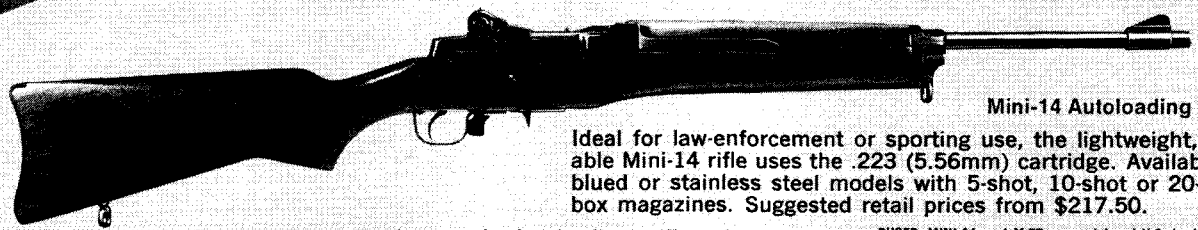

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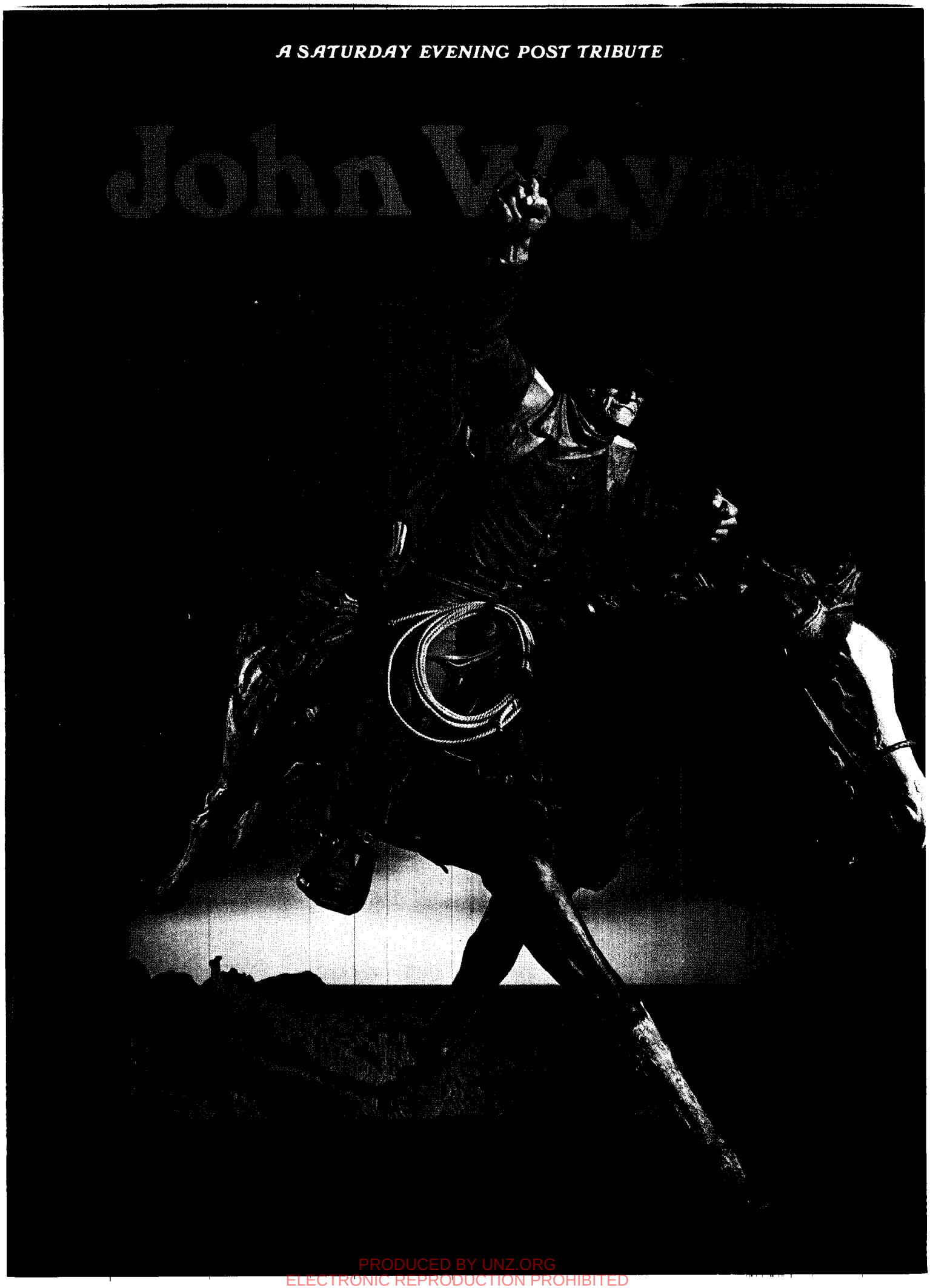
A SATURDAY EVENING POST TRIBUTE

John Wayne



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Actor George Burns viewed John Wayne this way: "He had character, he had dignity, he was strong, and tall, and powerful, and rugged and I was always glad he was on my side."

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John Wayne: Everybody's Hero

Anyone—star, politician, celebrity—who has been touched by Duke has been blessed with a memory to mark a legend.

Photography by David Sutton

When people are asked to recall John Wayne, their responses are as if they are describing a way of life, which may have been the essence of the man.

Burt Reynolds puts John this way:

"John Wayne is the only movie star I've ever met that was not only exactly what I had hoped he'd be, but more."

And so it seems Wayne is, in the minds of a nation, just what they expected, in amplitude.

Ronald Reagan, whose friendship with Wayne dates back to his acting days, valued Wayne's loyalty. He particularly remembers one incident which involved trouble with the Screen Actors Guild. "It was unfortunately my experience to have to preside over the first strike the actors had ever called. Feelings ran high. The press was very unfavorable, and morning after morning I would leave the house with Nancy buried in the trade papers, upset about the attacks, many of them personal, that were being made regarding our position. I would come home in the evening to find that Nancy had received two phone calls. One was from Jimmy Cagney and the other from John Wayne. Both knew that I was involved in meetings having to do with the strike, both had read the same papers and both had sensed how she might be feeling. They called each day to let her know we had friends standing by. I can only say they earned my gratitude for easing her distress, and they won her heart forever."

Even those on the other side of the political spectrum from Wayne found him irresistible.

"When I went with my staff to Newport Beach to interview John Wayne, there were some on the staff who felt rather lukewarm about the assignment. They didn't agree with John Wayne's politics, and it colored their feelings about him," says Barbara Walters.

"By the end of the two days we spent with him, there wasn't one of us who didn't feel affection and respect for the man. He was straightforward, honest and tough, in the best sense of the word. He never once tried to force his views upon us, and was enormously considerate. At the end of our taping, like kids for a high school graduation, we asked 'Duke' to pose with us for a 'class picture.' Each of us today treasures this snapshot."

John Connally, too, appreciates this quality. "Each of us, at one moment or another, has been absorbed totally in a John Wayne movie and has marveled at his incomparable ability to take us with him as he faces crisis and adversity with resolute confidence."

Wayne appreciated other qualities which some detected in him, as Gene Kelly discovered. During a talk show, Kelly was discussing such words as *beauty* and *grace*. He pointed out that they can be applied to things not soft and feminine, but as masculine as a double play, a long forward pass and a lovely hook shot into a basket.

"Obviously you're thinking about grace as it pertains to men," said the interviewer. Kelly agreed. "Well, then, name a man you think of as graceful," responded the interviewer.

" 'John Wayne,' I answered quickly," Kelly recalls. "Asked to explain in more detail, I described the way Duke moved with the grace of an athlete, and the poise of a man who, knowing his strength, can also show himself to be tender and gentle.

"One of the wire services picked up this story and it hit some papers and magazines," Kelly recalls. "I found out that Wayne had read it, and here is how I knew: It was the night of the Golden Globe Awards, and as I entered the room I found myself passing about 10 feet from Duke's table.

"He saw me, stood up and yelled, 'Hey, Kelly!' 'Hi, Duke,' was my clever reply and I walked over to shake his hand. He ignored the hand and threw his arms around me with a big hug, as his voice boomed out to the surrounding tables, 'He said I was graceful! How about that? Boy, did I get a kick out of that.'

"He seemed more pleased than if I had given him a million dollars. I was, too, with a sense of gratification that my opinion had made him happy. I'm still gratified about that whole incident," Kelly says.

Ed McMahon, no midget himself, found Wayne bigger than life.

"On the occasion of my first meeting with John Wayne, he invited me to dinner that evening," says McMahon. "I reluctantly declined, saying I was hosting a dinner that night myself at Sneeky Petes. Later that night, all of Sneeky Petes were startled by the presence of John Wayne standing in the doorway. It seemed more than that, however, since he filled the doorway and looked as though he was wearing the building.

"In the hush that filled the room, he shouted, 'Where in the hell's that g—d— McMahon?' That was the night I became great friends with someone who is 'bigger' than life."

Wayne had a feeling about how he should appear on the screen, as Merv Griffin found out:

"I remember taping a 90-minute show with him and walking around his vast Arizona ranch. I asked him if every part he played had to be built to fit John Wayne? His answer was, 'Well, I don't know, I have certain feelings about what I do. I like to play a character that a large number of people can identify with, whether it's that they can say he's my father, uncle, brother or whatever. It's human dignity. . .nothing mean or petty, cruel or rough. Tough, that's all right . . .but nothing petty or mean.' "

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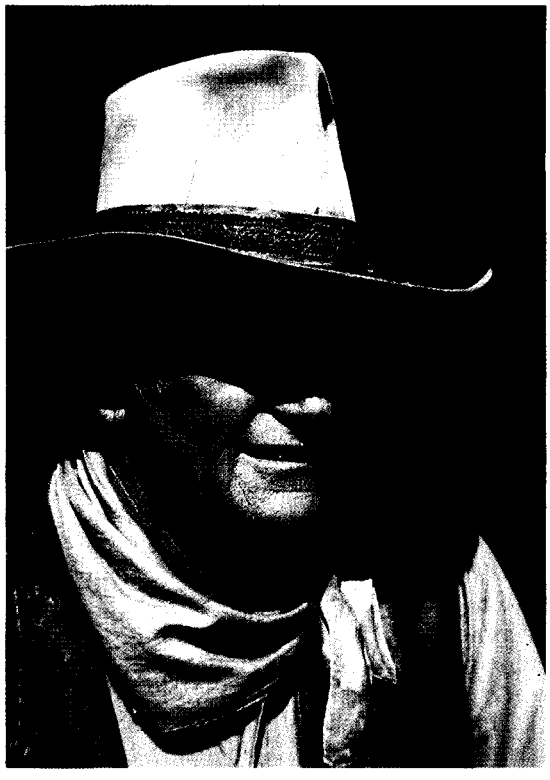
The Good Things: Duke on America

The man whose patriotism never faltered found it easy to laud the nation he loved, and which loved him in return.

Photography by David Sutton

by John Wayne



The way we all share our entire nation together was one blessing Wayne found in America.

It's no real chore for me to write about "The Good Things" of America, although I wondered for quite a while as to why it was so hard to start. Then it came to me loud and clear. There are so many good things about America, I found myself trying to eliminate hundreds of them that I might at least not write a book on the subject. It was then that I decided to dwell upon facets of America that in each case cover a sea of individual "Good Things."

Therefore, I suppose that my number one topic should be my job. It's the one thing that takes up most of my time. It's something I'm grateful for because it's a job I love to do. If any youngster should ask me for advice on that subject, I'd have to tell him that he must find out what he really wants to do with his life. Take a long hard look and make darn sure that it's what you really, really want. Then jump in feet first and give it all you have. The chances are you'll succeed, for success is not measured in your wealth but in your worth. A person who is eager to go to his job every day is a happy man, and that's success.

The major factor is our free-enterprise system. Under that system you are free to pursue whatever career suits you and you have 50 states to find it in. Yes, a "Good Thing" in our country is that right to decide what you want to do with your life and where you want to do it. Free enterprise means "do your own thing," and if you really put your heart and soul in it, you'll have a pretty fair shot at the good life.

In many parts of the world, even though you may be a national of a particular country, you have to have visas to travel in your own nation. One of our "Good Things" lies in the fact that although we solidly back states' rights in America, every citizen can be as much at home in one state as he can be in any other. A Texan can't get by pretending that he's from New York but he can live there with the same total rights any New Yorker has. A Minnesotan doesn't speak with a Mississippi drawl, but he can move to Tupelo and not create a single wave.

Our country thrives on change. In nature nothing is permanent. So it stands to reason that as laws change, ideologies and mores change so that society changes and that is good. When America moves slowly to a change of long duration, that change has to be for the good of the majority. If it isn't we just rare up and the next time Election Day rolls around and we want to alter that situation, our representatives start paying attention.

No guns or bombs or Army coups. Just the biggest and best weapon of them all, our right to vote. X's on paper. The ballot box, a "Good Thing."

Let's take a look at our religious beliefs. While the majority of Americans embrace Christianity, every religion of the world has found its way to our shores. Certainly we have our share of fanatics but the preponderance of Americans have a deep-rooted respect for the beliefs of their fellow man. After all, was not one of our Founding Fathers' prime considerations freedom from persecution and freedom of religion?

Here all the world's religions have gathered under the vast canopy of America's skies to live and to let live in harmony. In my opinion that's a mighty "Good Thing."

Under the umbrella of all these "Good Things" an American can live an exciting and a full life. You may vote for whom you want, pray to whatever deity pleases you, work at whatever trade or profession you really desire and live in a country that affords you every type of terrain in the world.

Day after day in America, people enjoy the good life. It's solid and it's real. There's so much here it's easy to take it for granted and to become alarmed at the headlines that shout out disasters in bold print. Just remember that the bad news makes up less than 2 percent of our nation's activities. The other 98 percent—a man towing a stranger's car to a garage, a neighbor caring for a sick child or a minister making a call to a dying parishioner in a driving rain—doesn't make the headlines because it won't sell papers. But "Good Things," we have them, here in America.

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Wayne's mother (left) was, in a way, responsible for him getting into the movies, because it was her vexation with farm life which caused the family to move to Glendale, near Hollywood. Wayne has described her as a "tiny, vivacious, red-headed bundle of energy." Although she was small, Duke always thought he inherited his height from her side of the family.

Pat Stacy was John Wayne's personal secretary for several years. She reported that when Wayne underwent surgery in April 1978, he got more than 100,000 get-well wishes. Although Pat usually handled correspondence, it took four assistants to help with that avalanche. Most of Wayne's business affairs were conducted from his home in California's Newport Beach.

Liz Taylor was one of Wayne's biggest fans. She and Maureen O'Hara, who appeared with Duke in several pictures and considered him one of her closest friends, spearheaded the drive to obtain approval from Congress for a gold medal honoring Duke for his contributions to America. The medal is referred to as Wayne's Congressional Oscar.

In recent years, Wayne was estranged from his third wife, Pilar, a Peruvian actress he married in 1954, but she was with him (right) April 7, 1969, when he got the Academy Award for his role in True Grit. *His classic remark at the award was that if he had known, he would have put on the eyepatch of Rooster Cogburn 35 years earlier.*

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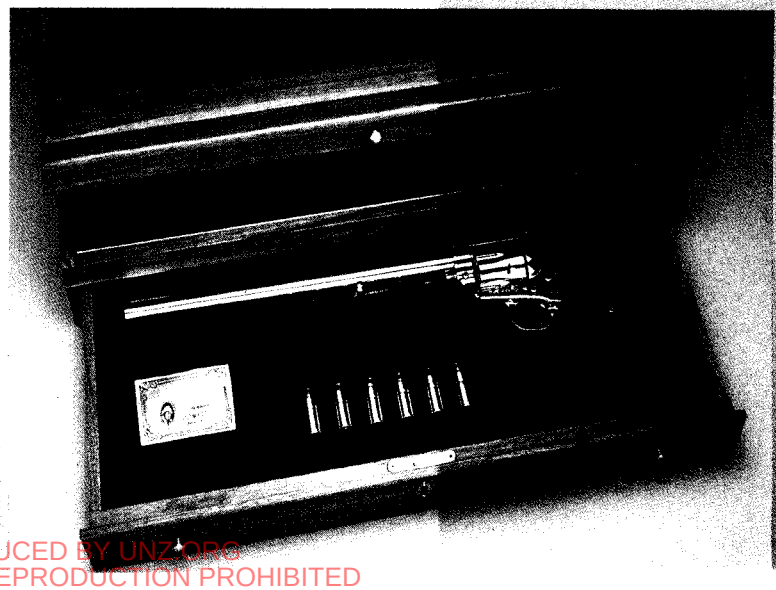

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The Bronze Duke

by Jerry McGuire

T

John Wayne first saw the bronze of him as Rooster while on location (above) in Mexico. Artist Jackson (right) first met Wayne then.

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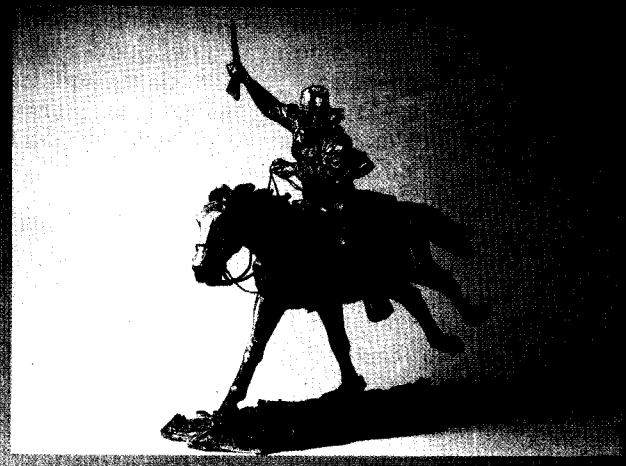
River. I loved him in Stagecoach.

"But True Grit was playing in town," Jackson continued, "and I went to see it. I almost cried because I was so relieved to see Duke playing himself—an overmiddle-aged man, who drinks a bit. I knew I could do him. I selected the scene where all the odds were against him, and he just shouted, 'Fill your hand, you son of a b——!' and rode across that meadow to whip the bad guys.



Jackson's figure of Wayne against the bad guys in True Grit spirit of every part Duke

Jackson's Plantin' was a Wayne favorite. It was first commissioned as a painting, but when Jackson did the figures in wax before doing the canvas, his career as a sculptor began.

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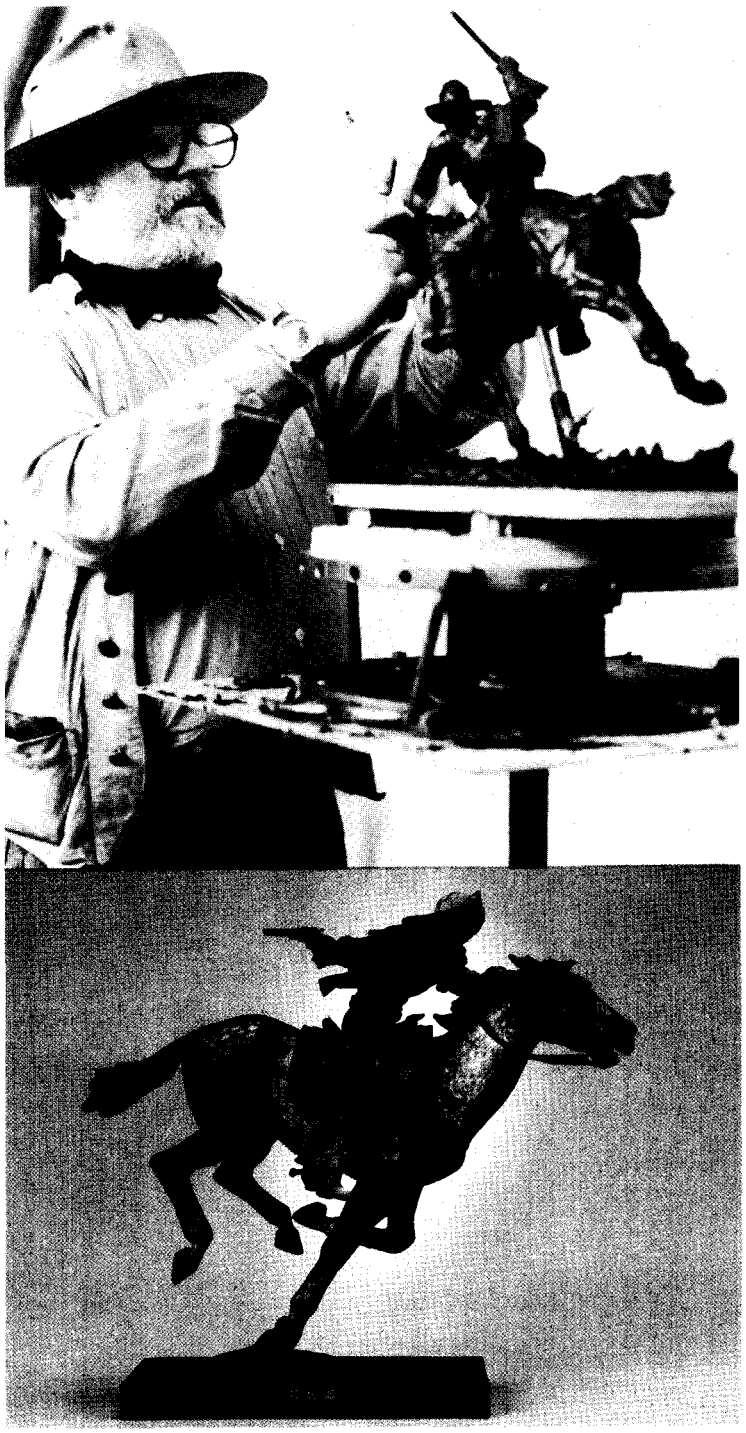
"I went to work on a wax figure of him in my studio in the Little Italy section of New York City."

Time had to kill a cover story which was to precede the one devoted to John Wayne. Suddenly, Jackson's deadline was cut to just six days, and five of them were gone. The wax figure was painted, a photograph taken at 3:00 a.m. on Saturday, and the magazine was in circulation later that same day. Still, Harry Jackson and John Wayne had not met.

"I packed that thing up and went back to Italy," Jackson said, "and I continued to work on it for eight months. When I was entirely satisfied with it we cast it into bronze. I liked the figure, not just because it was John Wayne, but because I felt that it represented a part of the West. The courage part.



Harry Jackson's sculpture (above) is miniaturized but still monumental in effect. John Wayne charging (top) and Pony Express Rider (below) are packed with compressed force and movement.

"I wanted to dedicate *The Marshal* to John Wayne, but I knew he hadn't seen it. As usual, he was off shootin' another movie, this time *Big Jake*. He was in Durango, Mexico, and we started writing back and forth to each other. One day he invited me to come down to see how they made films, and I'll tell you that was one helluvan honor and thrill for me," recalls Jackson.

It was the beginning of a long friendship between the two men. Eventually, Wayne agreed to narrate an hour-long television special on Jackson, but not as a favor to the artist. He simply liked what the film said about the West, and John Wayne had a sincere appreciation for Harry Jackson's interpretation of the West through paintings and sculpture.

Referring to one of Jackson's major earlier works, Duke said, "The work of yours I like the best is *The Plantin'* because it has so much strength and a rawness of how it really was."

John Wayne became one of the many collectors of Harry Jackson art, among a distinguished group including Diane Guggenheim, H. Roland Harriman, Richard K. Mellon, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jacques Lipchitz, Lyndon B. Johnson and H. R. H. King Khalid of Saudi Arabia. On July 7, 1976, President and Mrs. Gerald Ford presented a casting of Jackson's *Two Champs* to Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh. It was the first time that a piece of fine art by a contemporary American artist had been given as a gift of state.

"Of course," Jackson said, "Duke and I saw each other on and off after we met in Mexico. Our friendship and understanding of each other deepened and expanded.

"Fortunately, we were able to be together later at his home in Newport Beach. My wife, Tina, and I took our two young sons to visit him (Duke was Jesse's godfather). Duke had been in the hospital, and was thin but still tough as hell, and we had a good talk."

The two men met in Wayne's large den and Jackson said, "Well, Duke, you look like you can still sit a good horse."

Duke laughed, "Yeah, I can do that all right. Good to be rid of some of that blubber. As a matter of fact I think I look better than I have for a long time." He moved to a picture of himself on the steps of the Alamo and he tapped the frame solidly with his coffee cup, "Right now I feel just as good as I did when we made that picture."

Later Harry said, "Seeing him that way, raw, lean, steady as ever, showed me something about his face that I hadn't seen before.

"As a young cowboy workin' on the Pitchfork Ranch in Wyoming," he said, "I learned to study the land during the winter when all of the snow had blown off. Every rock and gully showed because there weren't any bushes or thick grass to hide the way the terrain really is. The bones of the country are exposed, and its real character and structure are basic and honest.

"Seeing Duke that day was the same kind of experience. He never looked better." ☒

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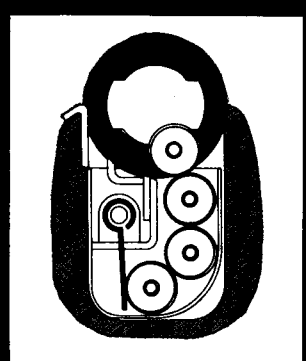

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True Grit

A harrowing and humorous journey into Indian Territory in the 1870s is undertaken by the improbable marshal, Rooster Cogburn, spurred on by a revenge-bent girl old beyond her years.

Illustrated by Stan Galli

By Charles Portis

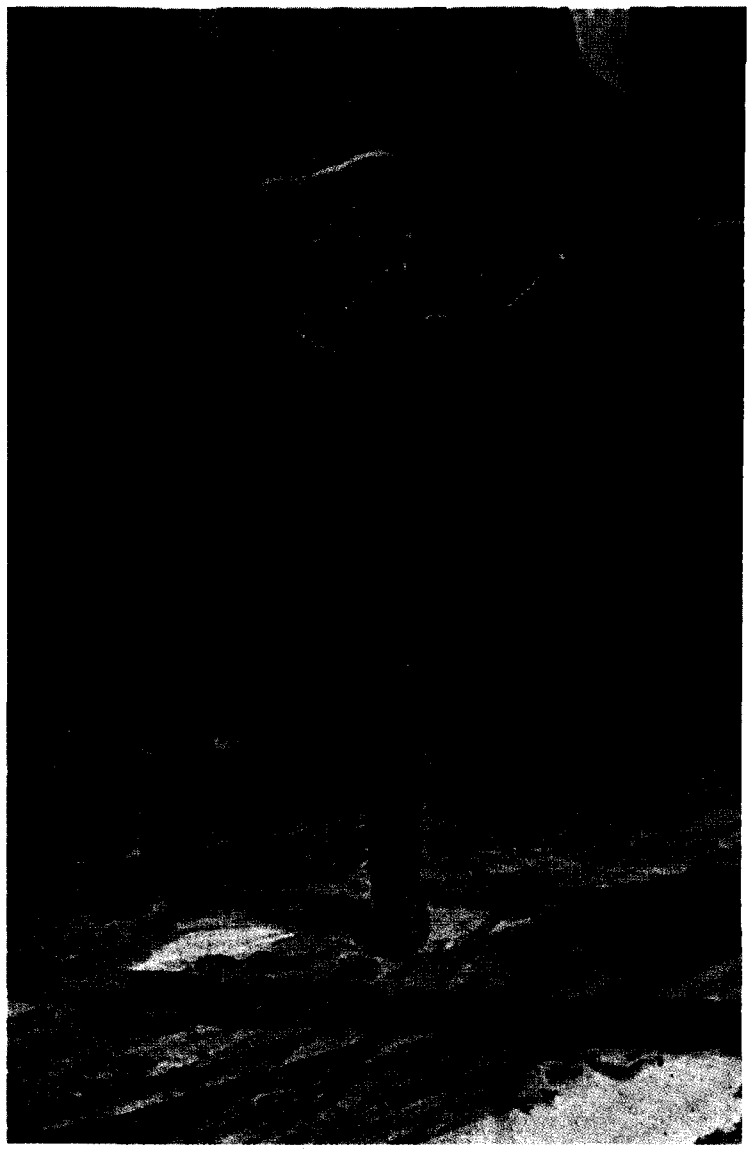
Part One People do not give it credence that a 14-year-old girl could leave home and go off in the wintertime to avenge her father's blood, but it did not seem so strange then, although I will say it did not happen every day. I was just 14 years of age when a coward going by the name of Tom Chaney shot my father down in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and robbed him of his life and his horse and $150 in cash money plus two California gold pieces.

Here is what happened. We had clear title to 480 acres of good bottomland on the south bank of the Arkansas River not far from Dardanelle in Yell County, Arkansas. Tom Chaney was a tenant but working for hire and not on shares. He had turned up one day, hungry and riding a gray horse that had a filthy blanket on his back and a rope halter instead of a bridle. Papa took pity on the fellow and gave him a job and a place to live.

In November, when the last of the cotton was sold, Papa took it in his head to go to Fort Smith and buy some ponies. He had heard that a stock trader there named Colonel Stonehill had bought a large parcel of cow ponies from Texas drovers on their way to Kansas and was now stuck with them. He was getting shed of them at bargain rates as he did not want to feed them over the winter. Papa had an idea they would make good deer-hunting ponies, being hardy and small and able to keep up with the dogs through the brush. He thought he would buy a small string of them, and if things worked out, he would breed and sell them for that purpose.

Papa intended for Tom Chaney to stay and look after things on the place while he was gone. But Chaney set up a fuss to go and after a time he got the best of Papa's good nature. If Papa had a failing it was his kindly disposition. People would use him. I did not get my mean streak from him. Frank Ross was the gentlest, most honorable man who ever lived. He had a common-school education. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian and a Mason and he fought with determination at the Battle of Elkhorn Tavern but was not wounded in that "scrap" as Lucille Biggers Langford states in her *Yell County Yesterdays*. I think I am in a position to know the facts.

Before Papa left for Fort Smith he arranged for a colored man named Yarnell Poindexter to feed the stock and look in on Mama and us every day. Yarnell and his family lived just below us on some land he rented from the bank. He was a good man, thrifty and industrious, and he later became a prosperous house painter in Memphis, Tennessee. We exchanged letters every Christmas until he passed away in the flu epidemic in 1918. To this day I have never met anybody else named Yarnell, white or black.



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Instead of going to Fort Smith by steamboat or train, Papa decided he would go on horseback and walk the ponies back, all tied together. Not only would it be cheaper but it would be a pleasant outing for him and a good ride. Nobody loved to gad about on a prancing steed more than Papa. I have never been very fond of horses myself although I believe I was accounted a good enough rider in my youth. I never was afraid of animals. I remember once I rode a mean goat through a plum thicket on a dare.

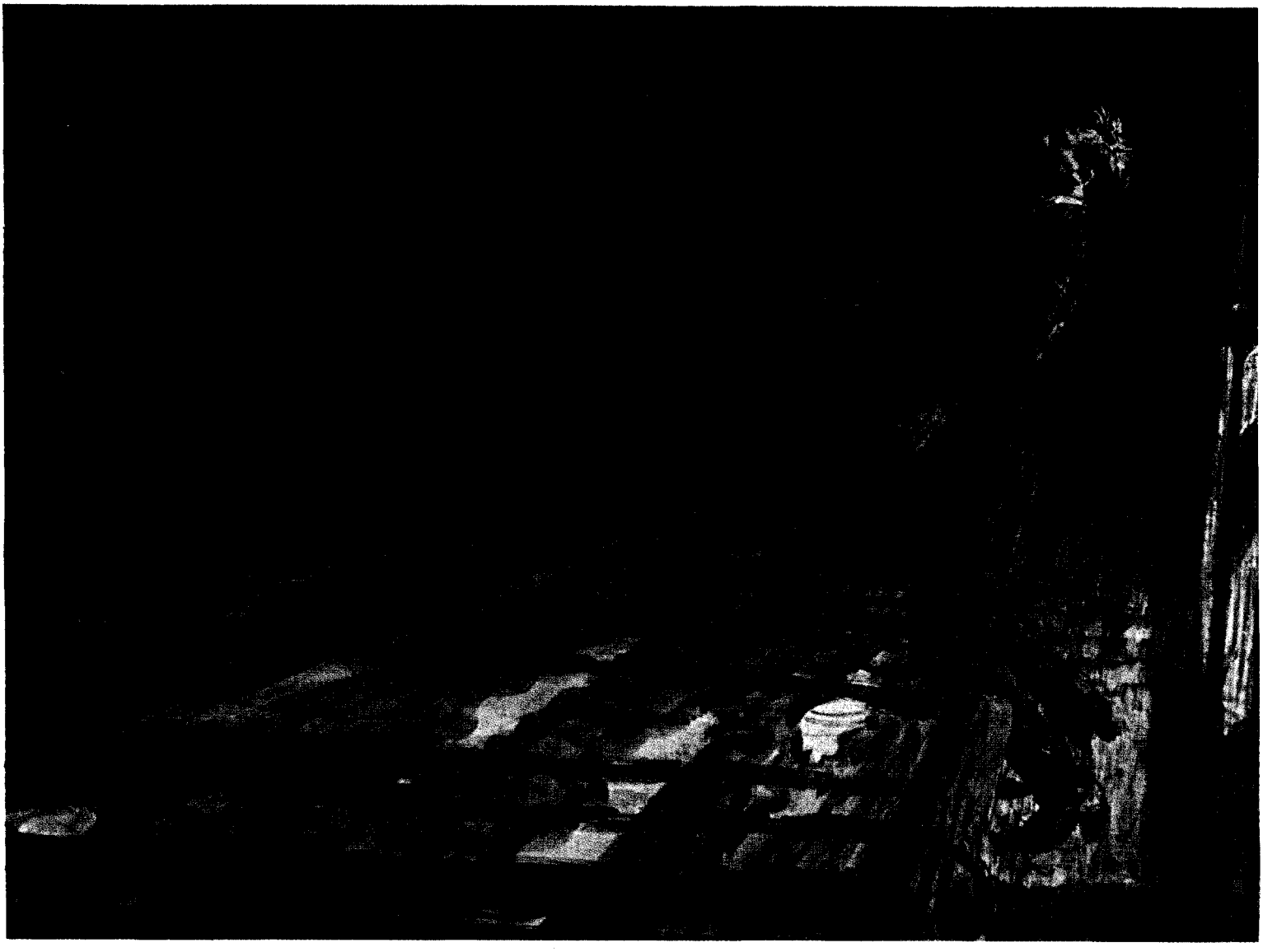
From our place to Fort Smith was about 70 miles as a bird flies, but it might as well have been 700 miles for all I knew of Fort Smith. The boats went up there and some people sold their cotton up there but that was all I knew about it. We sold our cotton down in Little Rock. I had been there two or three times.

Papa left us on his saddle horse, a big chestnut mare with a blazed face called Judy. He took some food and a change of clothes rolled up in some blankets and covered with a slicker. He wore his belt gun, which was a big long dragoon pistol, the cap-and-ball kind that was old-fashioned even at that time. He had carried it in the war. He was a handsome sight, and in my memory's eye I can still see him mounted up there on Judy in his brown woolen coat and black Sunday hat and the both of them, man and beast, blowing little clouds of steam on that frosty morn. He might have been a gallant knight of old. Tom Chaney rode his gray horse that was better suited to pulling a middle-buster plow than carrying a rider. He had no handgun but he carried a Henry rifle slung across his back on a piece of cotton plowline. There is trash for you. He could have taken an old piece of harness and made a nice leather strap for it. That would have been too much trouble.

Papa had right around $250 in his purse as I had reason to know since I kept his books for him. Mama was never any good at sums and she could hardly spell *cat*. I do not boast of my own gifts in that direction. Figures and letters are useful to know but they are not everything. The two gold pieces, which Papa carried concealed in his trouser band, were a marriage gift from my Grandfather Spurling in Monterey, California.

Little did Papa realize that morning that he was never to see us or hold us again, nor would he ever

"Tom Chaney raised his rifle and shot him in the forehead, killing him. There was no more provocation than that. Chaney took my father's purse from his warm body."



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"I don't believe you have fifty dollars, baby sister," said Rooster.

again harken to the meadowlarks of Yell County trilling a joyous anthem to spring.

The news came like a thunderclap. Here is what happened. Papa and Tom Chaney arrived in Fort Smith and took a room at the Monarch boardinghouse. They called on Stonehill at his stock barn and looked over the ponies. It fell out that there was not a mare in the lot, nor a stallion for that matter. The Texas cowboys rode nothing but geldings for some cowboy reason of their own and you can imagine they are no good for breeding purposes. But Papa was not to be turned back. He was determined to own some of those little brutes and on the second day he bought four of them for $100 even, bringing Stonehill down from his asking price of $140.

They made plans to leave the next morning. That night Tom Chaney went to a barroom and got into a game of cards with some riffraff like himself and lost his wages. He did not take the loss like a man but went back to the room at the boardinghouse and sulled up like a possum. He had a bottle of whiskey and he drank that. Papa was sitting in the parlor talking to some drummers. By and by Chaney came out of the bedroom with his rifle. He said he had been cheated and was going back to the barroom and get his money. Papa said if he had been cheated then they had best go talk to the law about it. Chaney would not listen. Papa followed him outside and told him to surrender the rifle as he was in no fit state to start a quarrel with a gun in his hand. My father was not armed at that time.

Tom Chaney raised his rifle and shot him in the forehead, killing him instantly. There was no more provocation than that and I tell it as it was told to me by the high sheriff of Sebastian County. Some people might say, Well, what business was it of Frank Ross to meddle? My answer is this: He was trying to do that short devil a good turn. Chaney was a tenant and Papa felt responsibility. He was his brother's keeper. Does that answer your question?

Now, the drummers did not rush out to grab Chaney or shoot him but instead scattered like poultry while Chaney took my father's purse from his warm body and ripped open the trouser band and took the gold pieces, too. I cannot say how he knew about them. When he had finished his thieving he raced to the end of the street and struck the night watchman at the stock barn a fierce blow to the mouth with his rifle stock, knocking him silly. He put a bridle on Papa's horse, Judy, and rode out bareback. He might have taken the time to saddle the horse or hitched up three spans of mules to a Concord stagecoach and smoked a pipe, as it seems no one in that city was after him. He had mistaken the drummers for men. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Lawyer Daggett had gone to Helena to try one of his steamboat suits, and so Yarnell and I rode the train to Fort Smith to see about Papa's body. I took around $100 expense money and wrote myself out a letter of identification and signed Lawyer Daggett's name to it and had Mama sign it as well. She was in bed.

There were no seats to be had on the coaches. The reason for this was that there was to be a triple hanging at the federal courthouse in Fort Smith and people from as far away as east Texas and north Louisiana were going up to see it. It was like an excursion trip. We rode in a colored coach and Yarnell got us a trunk to sit on.

When the conductor came through he said, "Get that trunk out of the aisle, nigger!"

I replied to him in this way: "We will move the trunk but there is no reason for you to be so hateful about it."

He did not say anything to that but went on taking tickets. He saw that I had brought to all the darkies' attention how little he was. We stood up all the way but I was young and did not mind. On the way we had a good lunch of spareribs that Yarnell had brought along in a sack.

I noticed that the houses in Fort Smith were numbered but it was no city at all compared to Little Rock. There was a jailer at the sheriff's office and he said we would have to talk to the city police or the high sheriff about the particulars of Papa's death. The sheriff had gone to the hanging. At the city police station we found two officers but they were having a fistfight and were not available for inquiries.

Yarnell wanted to see the hanging but he did not want me to go, so he said we should go back to the sheriff's office and wait there until everybody got back. I did not much care to see it but I saw he wanted to, so I said no, we would go to the hanging but would not tell Mama about it. That was what he was worried about.

Continued on following page

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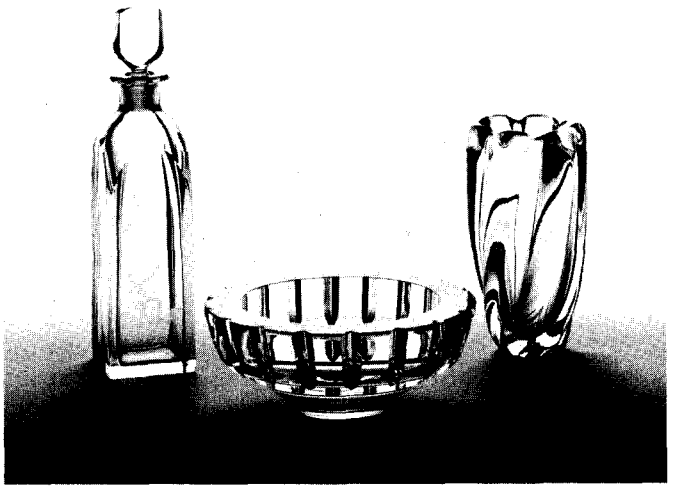

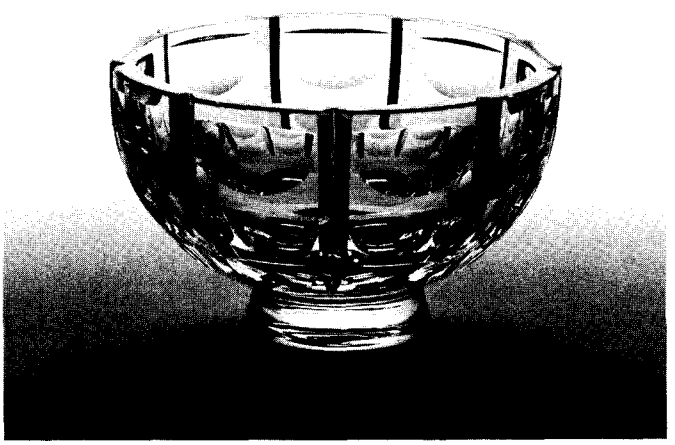

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True Grit

continued from page 48

Perhaps you can imagine how painful it was for us to go directly from that appalling scene to the undertaker's where my father lay dead. Nevertheless it had to be done. I have never been one to flinch or crawfish when faced with an unpleasant task. The undertaker was an Irishman. He took Yarnell and me to a room at the back that was very dark owing to the windows being painted green. The Irishman was courteous and sympathetic, but I did not much like the coffin he had placed Papa in. It was resting on three low stools and was made of pine planks that had not been cleanly dressed.

The Irishman said, "Is that the man?"

I said, "That is my father." I stood there looking at him. What a waste! Tom Chaney would pay for this! I would not rest easy until that Louisiana cur was roasting and screaming in hell!

We went to the man's office and I signed some coroner's papers. The charge for the coffin and the embalming was something over $60. The shipping charge to Dardanelle was $9.50.

Yarnell took me outside the office. He said, "Miss Mattie, that man trying to stick you."

I said, "Well, we will not haggle."

I paid the Irishman his money and got a receipt. I told Yarnell to stay with the coffin and see that it was loaded on the train with care and not handled roughly by some thoughtless railroad hand.

I went to the sheriff's office. The high sheriff was friendly and he gave me the full particulars on the shooting, but I was disappointed to learn how little had been done toward the apprehension of Tom Chaney. They had not even got his name right.

The sheriff said, "We do know this much. He was a short man but well set up. He had a black mark on his cheek. His name is Chambers. He is now over in the Indian Territory and we think he was in the party with Lucky Ned Pepper that robbed a mail hack Tuesday down on the Poteau River."

I said, "That is the description of Tom Chaney. There is no Chambers to it. He got that black mark in Louisiana when a man shot a pistol in his face and the powder got under the skin. Anyhow, that is his story. I know him and can identify him. Why are you not out looking for him?"

The sheriff said, "I have no authority in the Indian Nation. He is now the business of the U. S. marshals."

I said, "When will they arrest him?"

He said, "It is hard to say. They will have to catch him first."

I said, "Do you know if they are even after him?"

He said, "Yes, I have asked for a fugitive warrant and I expect there is a federal John Doe warrant on him now for the mail robbery. I will inform the marshals as to the correct name."

"I will inform them myself," said I. "Who is the best marshal they have?"

The sheriff thought on it for a minute. He said, "I would have to weigh that proposition. There is near about 200 of them. I reckon William Waters is the best tracker. He is a half-breed Comanche and it is something to see, watching him cut for sign. The meanest one is Rooster Cogburn. He is a pitiless man, double-tough, and fear don't enter into his thinking. He loves to pull a cork. Now, L. T. Quinn, he brings his prisoners in alive. He may let one get by him now and then but he believes even the worst of men is entitled to a fair shake. Also the court does not pay any fees for dead men. Yes, I will say Quinn is about the best."

I said, "Where can I find this Rooster?"

He said, "You will probably find him in federal court tomorrow. They will be trying that Wharton boy."

The sheriff had Papa's gun and belt there in a drawer and he gave it to me in a sugar sack to carry. The clothes and blankets were at the boardinghouse. The man Stonehill had the ponies and Papa's saddle at his stock barn. The sheriff wrote me out a note for the man Stonehill and the landlady at the boardinghouse, a Mrs. Floyd.

It was around 5:30 p.m. when I got to the depot. I found Yarnell waiting outside the freight car where he had loaded the coffin. He said the express agent had consented to let him ride in the car with the coffin.

He said he would go help me find a seat in a coach, but I said, "No, I will stay over a day or two. I must see about those ponies and I want to make sure the law is on the job."

Yarnell said, "You can't stay in this city by yourself."

I said, "It will be all right. Mama knows I can take care of myself. Tell her I will be stopping at the Monarch boardinghouse."

He said, "I reckon I will stay, too."

I said, "No, I want you to go with Papa. When you get home tell Mr. Myers I said to put him in a better coffin. And tell Mama I said not to sign anything until I get home. Do they have a stove in that car?"

"I will be all right wrapped in my coat."

"I sure do appreciate this, Yarnell."

"Mr. Frank was mighty good to me."

Some people will take it wrong and criticize me for not going to my father's funeral. My answer is this: I had my father's business to attend to. He was buried in his Mason's apron by the Danville lodge.

I got to the Monarch in time to eat. Mrs. Floyd said she had no vacant room because of the big crowd in town but that she would put me up somehow. The daily rate was 75¢ a night with two meals, and a dollar with three meals. She did not have a rate for one meal so I was obliged to give her 75¢ even though I had planned to buy cheese and crackers the next morning for my daytime eats.

There were 10 or 12 people at the supper table and all men except for me and Mrs. Floyd and a poor old blind woman who was called Grandma Turner. Mrs. Floyd was a right big talker. She explained to everybody that I was the daughter of the man who had been shot in front of her house. I did not appreciate it. She told about the event in detail and asked me impertinent questions

Continued on page 98

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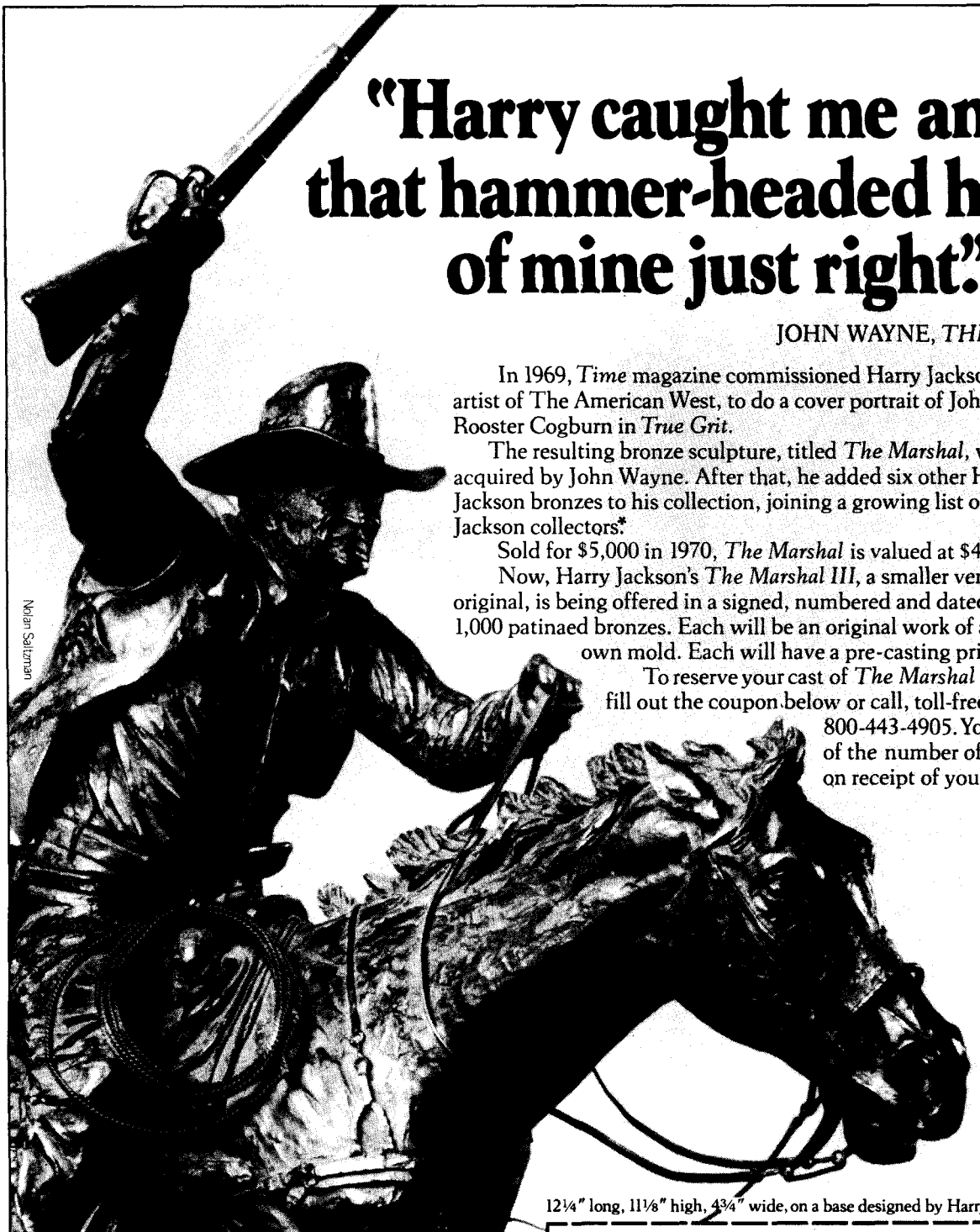
"Harry caught me and that hammer-headed horse of mine just right."

JOHN WAYNE, *THE MARSHAL*



Nolan Saltzman

In 1969, *Time* magazine commissioned Harry Jackson, the Master artist of The American West, to do a cover portrait of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*.

The resulting bronze sculpture, titled *The Marshal*, was acquired by John Wayne. After that, he added six other Harry Jackson bronzes to his collection, joining a growing list of well-known Jackson collectors.*

Sold for $5,000 in 1970, *The Marshal* is valued at $45,000 today.

Now, Harry Jackson's *The Marshal III*, a smaller version of the original, is being offered in a signed, numbered and dated edition of 1,000 patinaed bronzes. Each will be an original work of art, cast in its own mold. Each will have a pre-casting price of $2,000.

To reserve your cast of *The Marshal III*, please fill out the coupon below or call, toll-free, 800-443-4905. You'll be notified of the number of your cast on receipt of your deposit.

12¼" long, 11⅛" high, 4¾" wide, on a base designed by Harry Jackson (not shown).

THE MARSHAL III by Harry Jackson

Wyoming Foundry Studios, Dept. 142, P.O. Box 283, Cody, WY. 82414

☐ I would like to reserve a cast of *The Marshal III*. I have enclosed my check or money order for half the purchase price, $1,000 (payable to Wyoming Foundry Studios). I agree to pay the remaining balance of the purchase price, $1,000, upon notification of shipment of my *The Marshal III*. (Wyoming residents add 3% tax).

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Name _____

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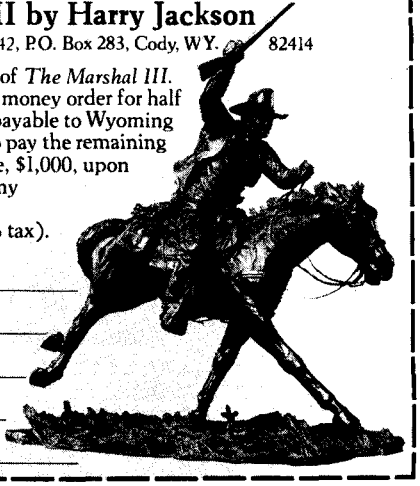
State _____ Zip _____



*Harry Jackson's art has been collected by such names as Richard K. Mellon, H. Roland Harriman, Jacques Lipchitz, and the Queen of England.

Please fill in and send this coupon with your deposit check.

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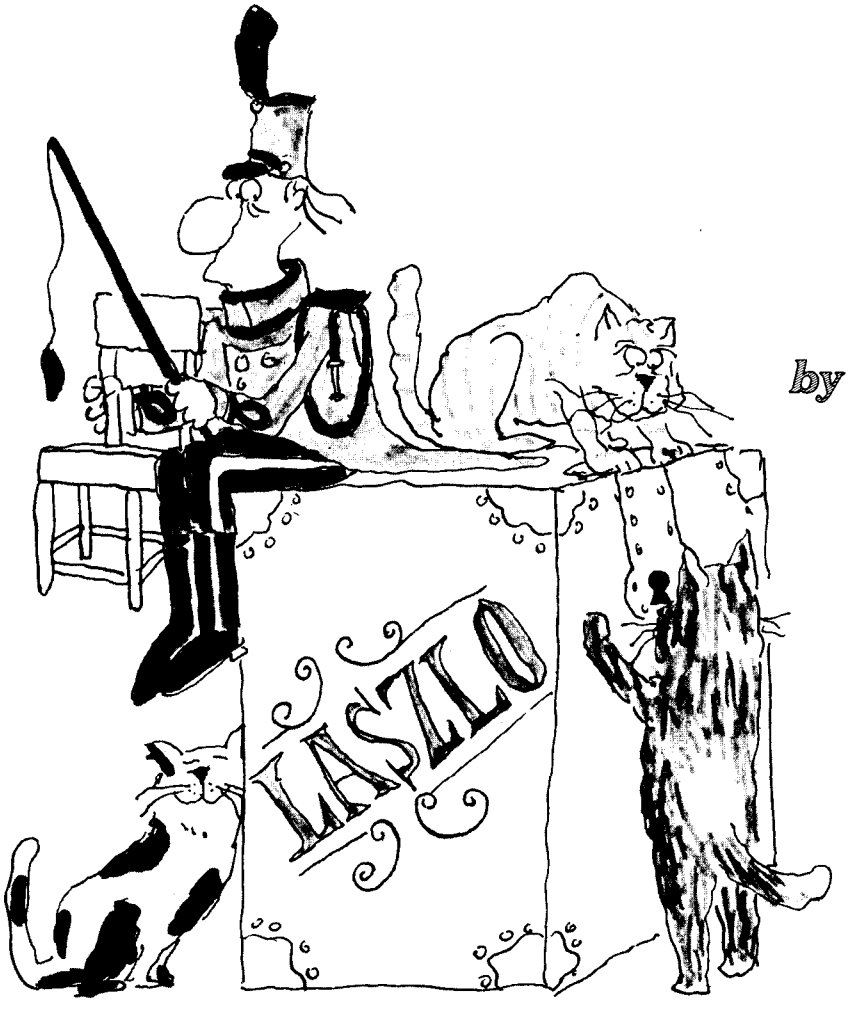


THE WORST

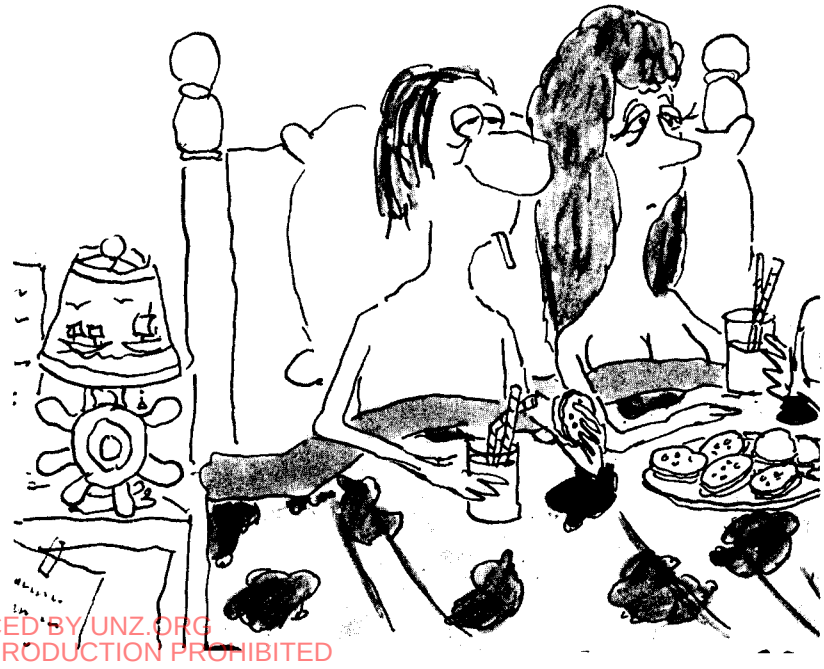
For People Who Want to Laugh in the Worst Way . . .

by Charles McGrath and Daniel Menaker

Illustrated by Arnie Levin

The Worst Motel

Mom's Motor Court, in Toonerville, Ohio. Mom's is owned by Emma Muffle, a retired Salvation Army officer who says she is still looking for Mr. Right. The motel's rooms are just like your childhood room at home, with alphabet wallpaper, an old Emerson radio, and a complete set of the *Book of Knowledge*. The weary traveler's feeling of guilt and remorse is enhanced by the list of reminders



The Worst Circus Act

Laszlo and his Educated Fish, a novelty act that toured with rural Rumanian circuses during the twenties. The educated fish were a dozen porgies, several flounder, a pair of matched carp, and an old grouper, and their trainer, Laszlo Fescu, taught them their feats by dumping gelatin in their tank whenever they disobeyed. The fish performed most of their tricks—like fin stands, synchronized splashing, and fishwheels—in the water, and audiences usually felt uncertain about when to applaud. For the grand finale the performers, blindfolded and wearing capes and crash helmets, leaped from the tank to the ring on top of one another, forming what Mr. Fescu billed as "The Famous Tower of Fish." The act was disbanded during the Depression, when the Tattooed Lady invited the carp to her trailer for dinner.

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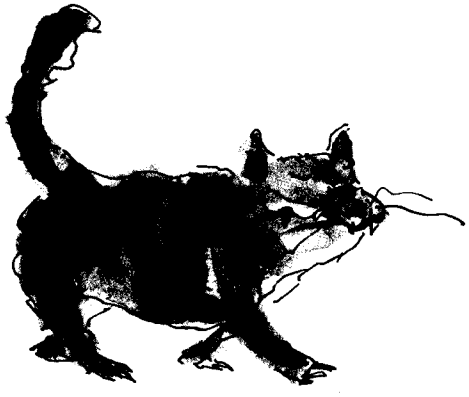
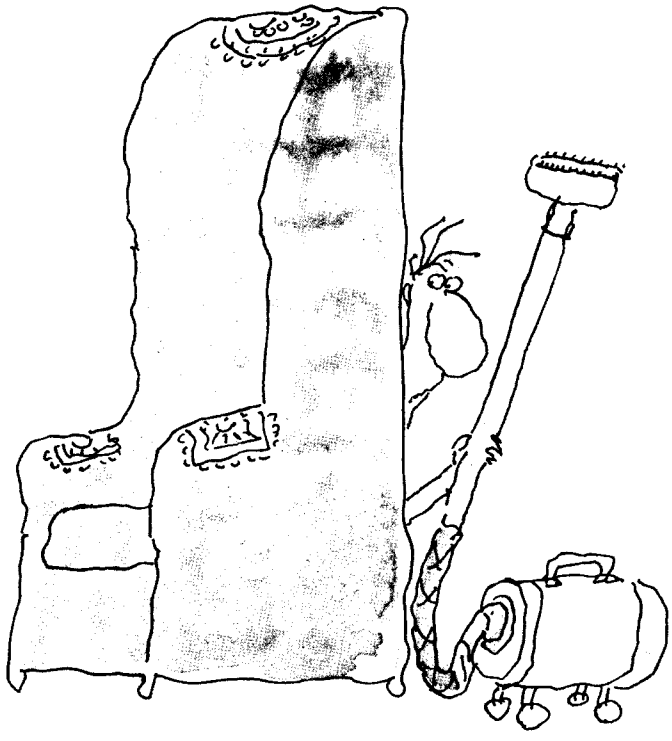
The Worst Way to Skin a Cat

There is more than one way, as we know, but the worst is to bore a tiny hole into the tip of the cat's tail, through which one attempts to extract the inner animal with a vacuum cleaner.





taped to the top of the nightstand in every room: "Is there something you need to get off your chest?", "Wouldn't you be more comfortable in your pajamas?", "You haven't been touching yourself, have you?" Miss Muffle insists on personally tucking in each of her guests, and she likes to check on them during the night. The Mobil Travel Guide has put Mom's on its list of places "Not Recommended for Only Children."

The Worst Wine

Switchblade, bottled by Ernest and Mario Volpone, of Modesto, Rhode Island. Back on the market again, in zinc throwaway cans (the original 1974 vintage was towed out to sea by the Food and Drug Administration), Switchblade is a thick, sweetish wine, with a bouquet indistinguishable from a mature Pine Sol. On being opened, the wine pants audibly.

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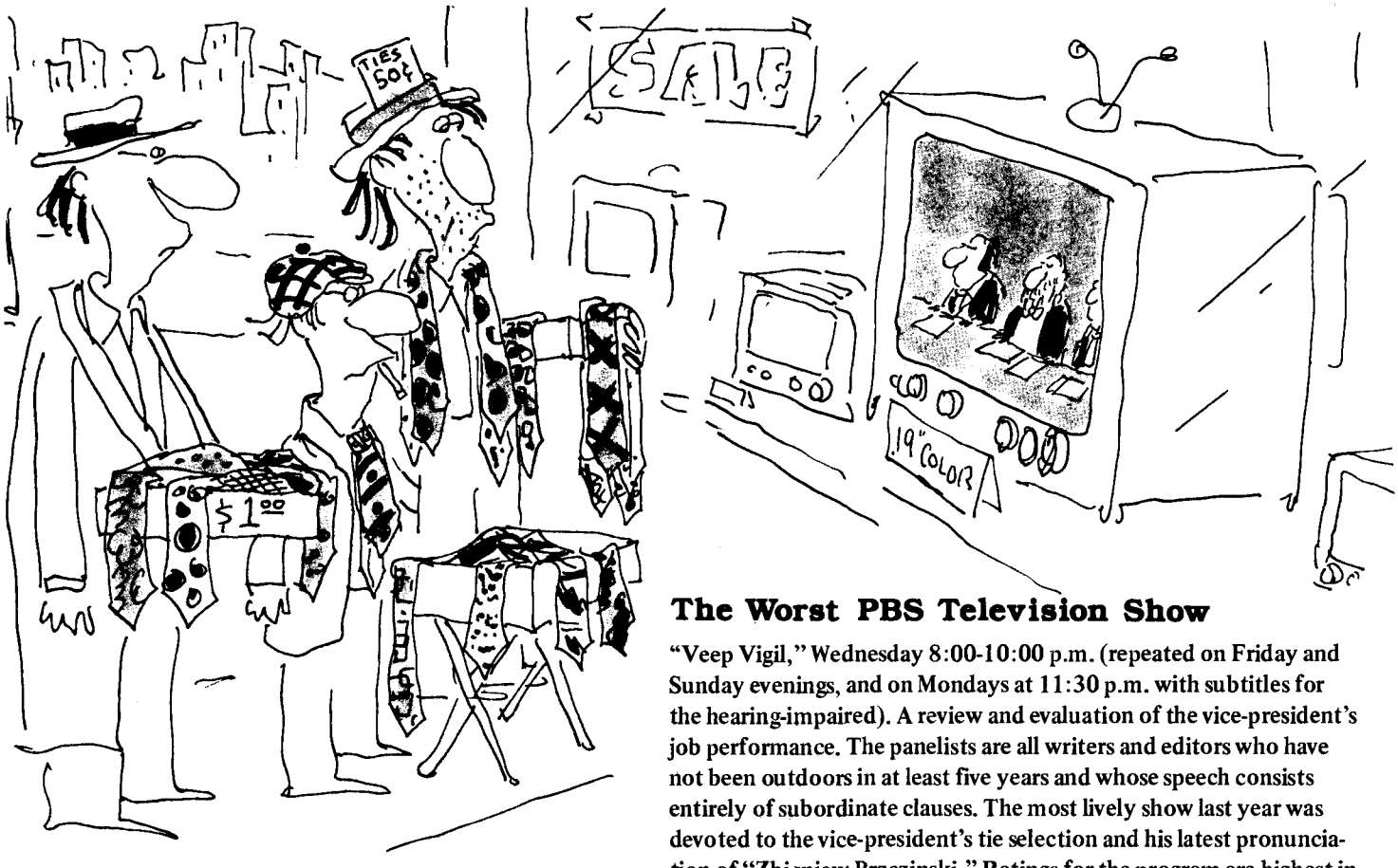
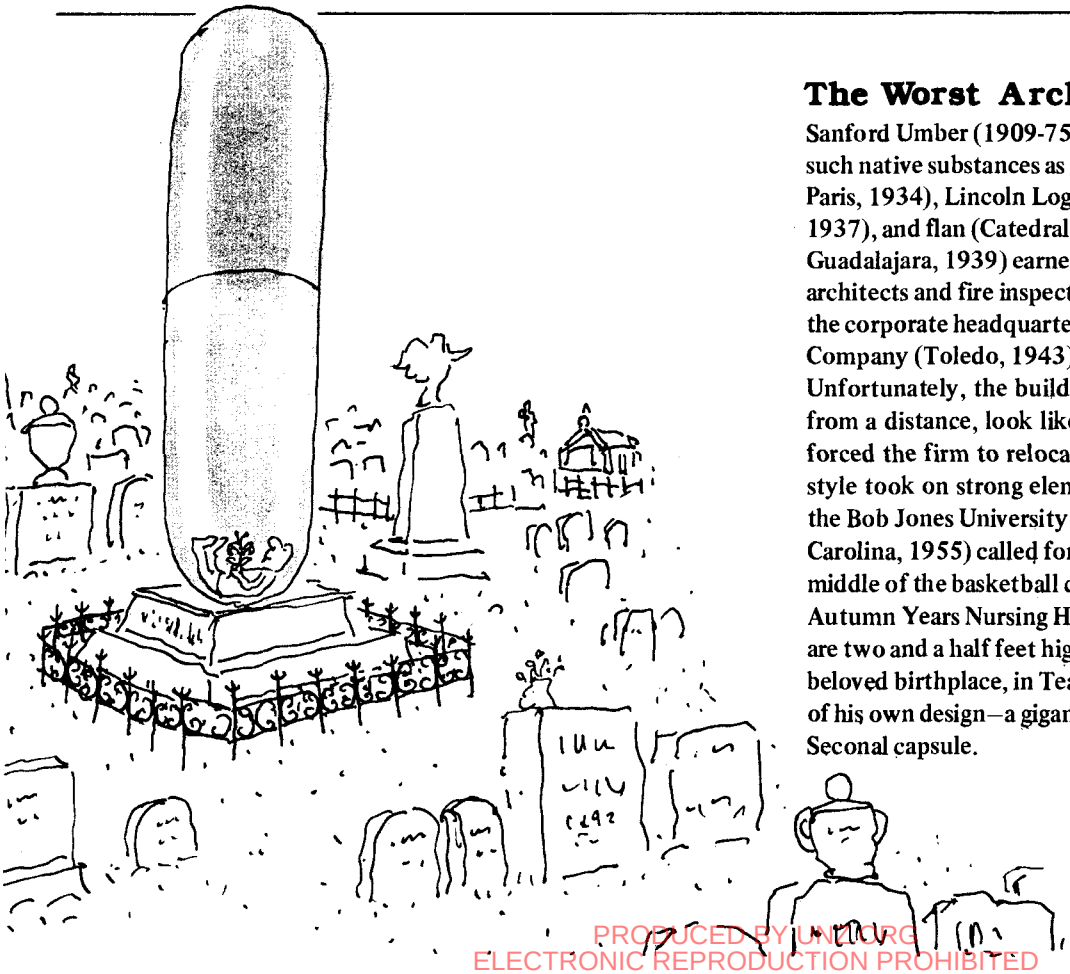


The Worst PBS Television Show

"Veep Vigil," Wednesday 8:00-10:00 p.m. (repeated on Friday and Sunday evenings, and on Mondays at 11:30 p.m. with subtitles for the hearing-impaired). A review and evaluation of the vice-president's job performance. The panelists are all writers and editors who have not been outdoors in at least five years and whose speech consists entirely of subordinate clauses. The most lively show last year was devoted to the vice-president's tie selection and his latest pronunciation of "Zbigniew Brzezinski." Ratings for the program are highest in New England, where farmers use it to soothe their fowl during the difficult midwinter months.



The Worst Architect

Sanford Umber (1909-75). Umber's early experiments with such native substances as papier-mâché (Hôtel des Bêtises, Paris, 1934), Lincoln Logs (Detached WC, Homer, Illinois, 1937), and flan (Catedral de San Pedro de la Boca Grande, Guadalajara, 1939) earned the attention of avant-garde architects and fire inspectors all over the world. He designed the corporate headquarters for the Tusk Toothpaste Company (Toledo, 1943) in the shape of a huge molar. Unfortunately, the building's doors and windows, seen from a distance, look like a bad case of tooth decay, which forced the firm to relocate. Near the end of Umber's life, his style took on strong elements of antagonism: His plans for the Bob Jones University gymnasium (Greenville, South Carolina, 1955) called for a permanent baldachino in the middle of the basketball court, and the staircase risers at the Autumn Years Nursing Home (Glendale, California, 1964) are two and a half feet high. Umber is buried near his beloved birthplace, in Teaneck, New Jersey, in a mausoleum of his own design—a gigantic, hollowed-out replica of a Seconal capsule.

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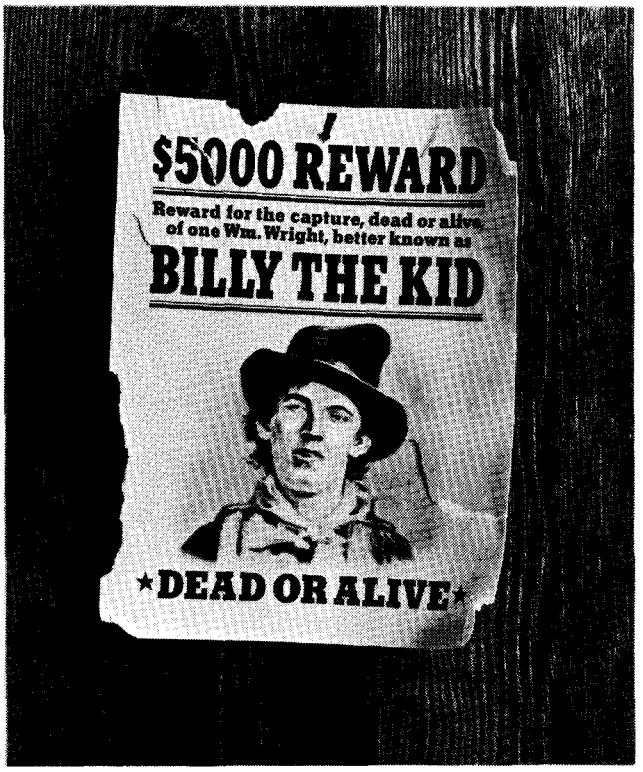
Remember when it was "Kill or be killed"? Let Zane Grey take you back.



They lived (and died) out on the Western frontier, where the only law was kill or be killed.

Billy the Kid gunned down his first man at 16, and didn't stop killing and running 'till he was shot to death by a Texas sheriff at the age of 22. Boone Helm, deadliest of Quantrill's Raiders, boasted of twice turning cannibal. John Wesley Hardin, greatest gunman of them all, invented the shoulder holster, the border shift, and the road agent's spin. He killed more than 20 armed men before he got his in the back at the Acme bar.

If you like reading about desperadoes like these, let us introduce you to the Zane Grey Library.

Zane Grey not only wrote about the lawless frontier, he actually stood face to face with gunslingers, gamblers and Texas Rangers. He talked with men who had known Wyatt Earp, Jesse James and Billy the Kid. He got the facts and turned them into fiction you won't soon forget.

Want a sample? For $1, we'll send you four of Zane Grey's most famous novels.

The Border Legion. This story is based on eyewitness accounts of an outlaw army (led by Henry Plummer and Boone Helm) which robbed, murdered and terrorized the border town of Alder Gulch before being captured and hanged by a group of law-grabbing vigilantes.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Lassiter, one of the most feared guns in the West, gambles his life and the woman he loves for one last chance at freedom. Perhaps the most popular Western ever written, the book captures the excitement and drama of the Mormon struggle for existence in the bleak, hostile Utah territory.

The Thundering Herd. Riding to the rescue of a kidnapped girl, hide-hunter Tom Doan is trapped between rampaging Comanches and miles of stampeding buffalo. Zane Grey describes in vivid detail the methods used by hide-hunters as well as virtually every aspect of their lives; his realistic accounts of the killing and skinning of the buffalo have never been surpassed.

Wild Horse Mesa. Chane, one of a forgotten breed of wild-horse wranglers, battles a merciless killer in his desperate search for the King of the Horses. Here, in all its grandeur, is the lost art of riding down, roping and taming the noble wild mustang of the Old West.

These are handsome, hard-cover books, smartly bound in sunset red, desert tan and cavalry blue, with tinted page tops and golden stamping. And we'll send you all four books (regularly $23.56) for only $1, as our way of introducing you to a library of Zane Grey Western classics we think you'll be proud to own.

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Good guys. Bad guys.
Zane Grey knew both kinds and lived to tell about it.

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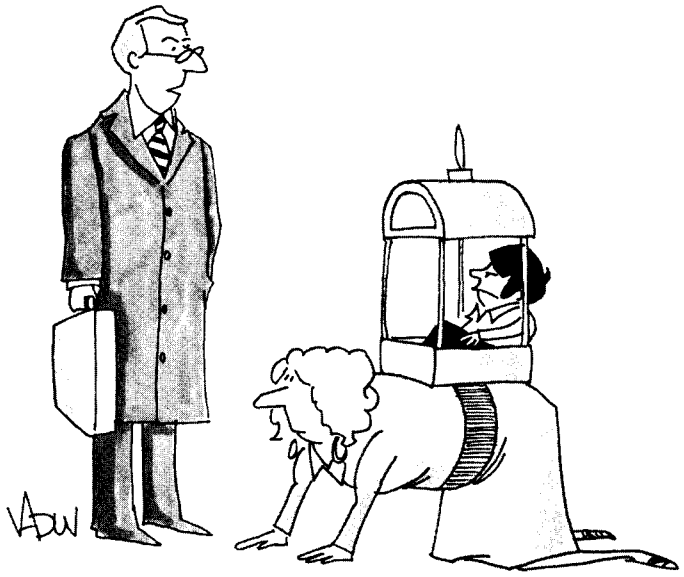
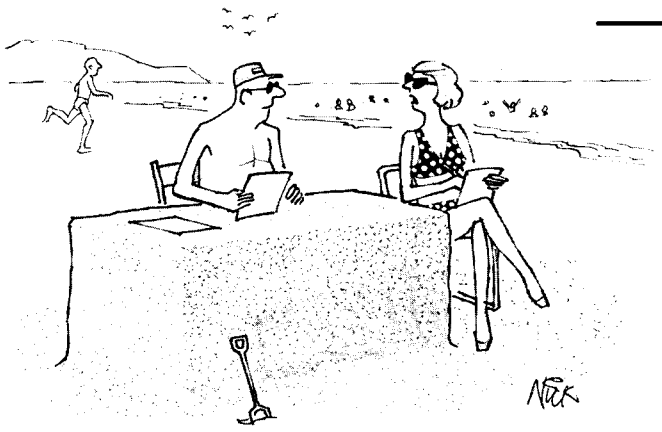
ADAM'S RIBS

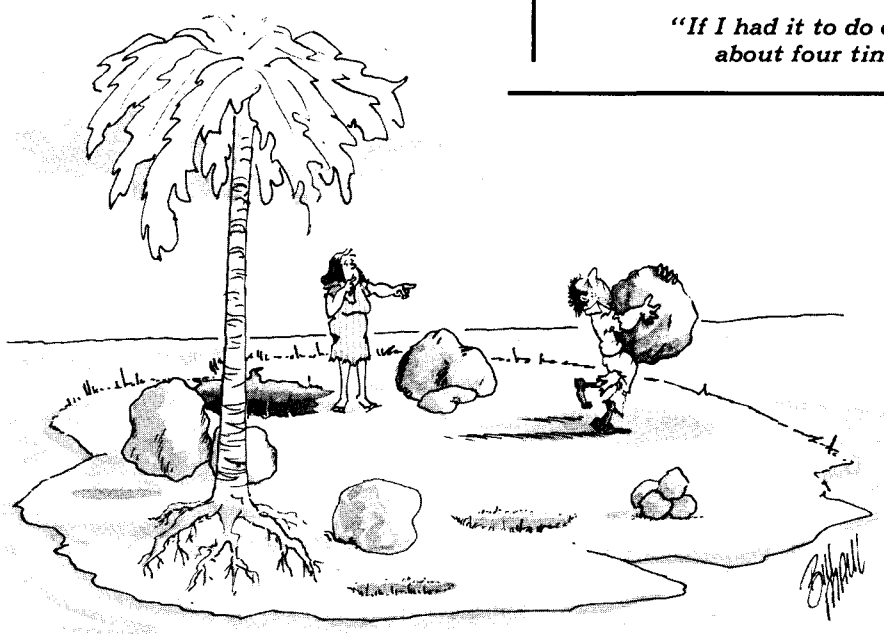


"Edna, you're spoiling that child."



"George, can't you ever relax?"

"If I had it to do over I'd conk her about four times as hard!"



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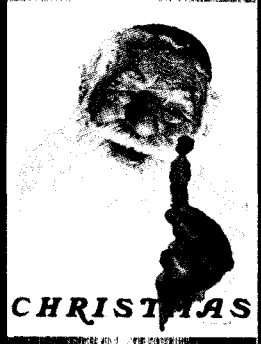
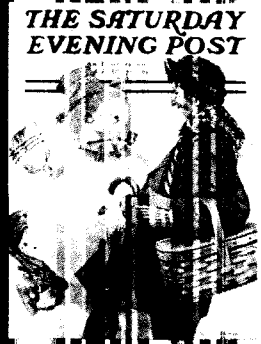
CHRISTMAS CARDS

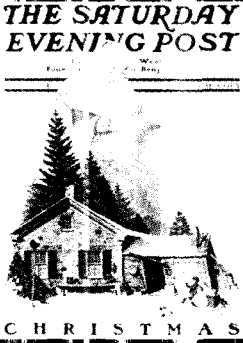
Featuring Norman Rockwell

Christmas time just isn't the same without Christmas cards. Make this year extra special with famous *Saturday Evening Post* cover art by Norman Rockwell. All cards are impressive 5½" x 7¾" size and come with cheerful holiday lined envelopes. We can imprint your address on the back flaps, also your name inside the card for Christmas and to match the greeting. Order right from this ad for same fine quality cards and catalog. Fast, SAME DAY shipment now 'till Christmas. For forty years Leanin' Tree has been serving happy customers who order by mail.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK







16 Month Calendar of Art by Norman Rockwell September 1979-December 1980

Unique calendar contains month after month of framable Rockwell art, 17 illustrations in all. Each month includes a reproduction of the original *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Size is 10½" x 9½", opens to 19" for hanging. A delightful collection of Rockwell art for you, it's also a gift that will be truly appreciated.

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HOW I LOST MY SHIRT

A civilian once more, the artist salted away a small fortune, only to lose every penny of it to an irresistible easy-money scheme.

by Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

The author at work on the front steps of a neighbor's house in Stockbridge, Mass. With him is his spaniel, Butch.

After the First World War ended, Irene and I opened a joint savings account in the New Rochelle Trust Company. We had no idea what we were saving for, but the money was rolling in faster than we knew how to spend it.

Apart from my work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, I was painting covers and illustrations for several other magazines, and I had gone into advertising in a big way—food products, bicycle tires, soda pop, automobiles, and so on. George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor, advised me to charge twice as much for an advertising job as I got for a *Post* cover. The money piled up in the bank until I had $10,000.

One Sunday my parents invited Irene and me to dinner at Edgewood Hall, where they lived. While we were eating, the talk turned upon my career.

"You must be doing very well," said Sadie Miller, the landlady. "Do have some more turnips."

"Norman has saved $10,000," my mother announced.

John J. Roach, the star boarder, pricked up his ears. "A mighty sum," he said.

"Yes," my mother said. "And the trust company gives him four percent interest. Oh, I assure you, if I were not so worried about my lumbago, I would rejoice."

"Ah," said Mr. Roach, "and so you should." He contemplated the steaming heap of turnips on his plate and fingered the gold watch chain that sagged across his vest. He was a short, stocky man with a small pot belly and a black mustache, which he waxed and rolled into dagger points.

After dinner I walked out on the porch to smoke my pipe—some of the ladies objected to pipes—and Mr. Roach followed.

"Norman," he said, "your money lying fallow—ah-ah-ah." He looked downcast. "Men of affairs invest and profit. Profit and grow rich. Grow rich and retire. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and Mellon invested, profited, grew rich, and retired. Some started with nothing. You start with $10,000. A mighty sum. Invested in a scheme of certain growth—say ten percent per annum." He twisted the ring on his finger. "I have a safe, sane, sure, and profitable investment. Capitalization? Immense. Risk? Nil. Expectations? Grandiose. Chance in a lifetime, one in a million, death overtake us before such another; invest now, today, this hour." Here he stopped, rather short of breath.

I knew Mr. Roach and some of the people who had invested in his schemes. He had made money, but everyone else had lost. "Thank you for thinking of me," I said, "but I don't want to retire. I'll just save my money and let it increase slowly." I knocked out my pipe and walked back into the house.

Not long after this conversation my nose became infected, and I underwent surgery. On leaving the hospital I went to Louisville Landing on the St. Lawrence River, where Irene's mother had a summer cottage, to convalesce. A couple of days after I had gone north, Mr. Roach's chauffeur managed to bump into Irene at the grocery store. "Hello," said Irene. "How are you?"

"Couldn't be better," answered the chauffeur, "healthwise and moneywise."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," said the chauffeur. "Mr. Roach has put me onto a good thing. I ain't rich yet, but I ain't worried no more about moola."

A few days later the chauffeur again intercepted Irene and spoke of his investment. "That Mr. Roach sure can pick 'em," he said. "I've made over $1,000 already, on only $500 to begin with."

"Do you think Mr. Roach would let me invest in the same thing?" Irene asked.

"Well," said the chauffeur, "I've heard him speak very well of you and Mr. Rockwell. You ask him."

So Irene went to Mr. Roach and told him she would like to invest.

"No-no-no," said Mr. Roach.

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"Norman does not favor investments. Though they are profitable. Double your money. Riches, yachts, fur coats, mansions. But no. We must not."

He refused to take Irene's money, despite her argument that I was only an artist and didn't understand high finance. Irene kept after him, her desire constantly whetted by "chance" meetings with his chauffeur. Finally Mr. Roach consented, and Irene gave him the $10,000.

Two weeks later I returned home and learned to my horror what she had done. I hurried over to Edgewood Hall. "Where's my $10,000?" I shouted at Mr. Roach.

"Ah, Norman," he said, looking sad, "fortune rules us. A well gushes oil one day. Black gold. The next it's dry. Nothing but dust and ashes. Our little scheme— "

"No more of that hogwash," I said. "I want my money. I'll sue. I'll take you to the Supreme Court. I'll wring your neck!"

The chauffeur, who was a rugged fellow, strolled up. I left, determined to sue Mr. Roach for my money. But there was nothing I could do. Irene hadn't even got a receipt from Mr. Roach. We were out $10,000—flat broke. I had planned to take it easy for a while and let my sore nose heal. But here I was without a cent to my name; I had to go back to work immediately.

These were the years when I was learning caution. For one thing, I learned to mistrust long-term contracts. If you are under contract, you can't develop an idea for an independent project until the terms of the contract are fulfilled. The trouble is that most of the contracts I've been offered stipulated that I was to be paid large sums of money and were thus great temptations. Luckily, I've nearly always muddled through without signing.

The most tragic example of what a contract can do to an illustrator is the story of Leslie Thrasher, who painted one of the most famous *Post* covers ever published. It came out October 3, 1936, and I still get letters from people who think I painted it. The cover depicted a lady and a butcher standing on either side of a weighing scale on which lay a chicken. The lady was surreptitiously pushing up on the scale; the butcher was pushing down.

Some months after this cover appeared, Thrasher came to my studio seeking advice. *Liberty* magazine had offered him a five-year contract, calling for 50 covers a year at $1,000 apiece.

"I can live on $10,000 a year," said Thrasher. "So I can save $40,000. At the end of five years I'll have $200,000. I'll be secure for the rest of my life. How does it sound to you?"

I told him I didn't think anyone could do 50 covers for even one year, let alone five. "Don't accept," I said. "You'll work yourself to death. And after the contract runs out, what'll you do? Nobody else will want your stuff. Think about that."

Well, he thought he'd give it a try, and he signed the contract. *Liberty* dreamed up a family around which Thrasher was to build his series—mother, father, children, and grandparents, something like that—and he set to work. One cover a week. After a year's work he was so run-down from overwork that he caught pneumonia and died. Fifty covers a year? That's just too much.

Over the years I have done many series of ads, but never under exclusive contract. I've always kept up my other work—*Post* covers, illustrations—and I've tried to accept only those advertising jobs which I would enjoy doing, such as Edison Mazda Lamp Company, Montgomery Ward, and Massachusetts Mutual.

My series for Edison Mazda in the '20s was such a success that the art director, T.J. MacManus, decided that we deserved a treat. So he arranged an all-expenses-paid trip to South America—ostensibly an inspection tour of Edison Mazda agencies throughout South America, but really a vacation. I went along as his assistant.

In Caracas, Venezuela, we were followed everywhere by two seedy-looking men wearing tattered white suits. An American who had lived in Venezuela told us they were secret police. We couldn't shake them, but we had a good time anyway, attending an amateurish bullfight, a wedding, and the ceremony held to announce winners of the national lottery.

Hearing rifle shots at odd hours of the day and night, we asked the hotelkeeper what was going on. "Revolution," he said. "You want to see it?"

We said yes, so he hired a guide for us. The guide took us to barricades in an outlying district, and we peeked at the rebels. Then he led us through alleys to the barricade opposite, and we peeked back at the government troops.

The human condition was ever the subject of Rockwell's regard. Even in jest, kindliness shone through.

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The guide assured us we were perfectly safe. Neither side wanted to shoot an American, and have Washington send a battleship full of Marines.

A few days later we caught a ship for New York. So ended our South American tour, except for a stop at Puerto Rico, where a man ran up the gangplank pursued by three other men firing pistols.

The trip was so much fun that it gave me a bad case of wanderlust. One day in 1923 I told Irene that I wanted to visit Europe. Would she come with me?

"No," she said, "I'm satisfied right here."

So I sailed alone. The morning of my second day in Paris I was sitting outside a cafe, sipping a glass of wine, when someone said, "Norman!" I looked around, startled. There was Edmund Greek Davenport—"Davvie"—who had studied at the Art Students League with me. He had his arm around a pretty girl. "This is Sal," said Davvie. "We're on our honeymoon." They sat down at my table.

"We're off on a tour of the Riviera tomorrow," said Davvie. "Why don't you come along?"

"Wouldn't I be in the way?" I said.

"Oh, no," said Sal. "We've been married a month."

So that night we took the train for Marseilles and went on from there—Monte Carlo, Florence, Venice. When we got back to Paris I rented a room all to myself and slept for 24 hours straight.

Then, having ten days before my boat left for the States, I enrolled in an art school, Calorossi's. The first day I became absorbed in making a realistic drawing of the model. It went very well. *That's a nice line there, Norman old boy*, I thought, *real nice. There's blood and bones underneath that shoulder.* As I was going on like this, another American student walked by.

"Oh, Lordy," he said, looking at my drawing. "How old are you?"

"29," I said.

"You must be older," he said. "You can't have been born after 1860."

"No," I said, "I was born in 1894."

"I can't understand it," he said. "Where'd you study?"

"At the Art Students League," I said, "with George Bridgeman."

"Well, that explains it," he said and walked off.

What the devil did that mean? I looked around at the other students' work. The man on my left had drawn three piles of mud-colored cubes jumbled into a rough triangle. The student on my right had painted what looked like a crimson tree trunk on a sky-blue background. Modern art!

I went out to have a glass of wine in the café nearby and think things over. A group of American bohemians were lounging at the next table. "Cubism is dead," said one. "What can you do with a cube? A dead end. Color's our only salvation." He ran on about color for 15 minutes.

I went back to the art school, tore up my drawing, and set out to learn something about modern art and color. I attended lectures in the back rooms of shabby cafés in Montmartre, eavesdropped on conversations at the art schools, tramped around from gallery to gallery, the big respectable ones and the little *avant-garde* ones.

It was discouraging, because after a while I realized that I didn't see things as the modern artists did. *So what*, I thought, *I'll adapt my style. Maybe I'll still be behind the times, but I won't be as far behind.*

On the boat going home I had an idea. The fellow said color; all right, it would be color. Winter and Spring. Winter, an old man, being driven out by Spring, a beautiful young girl. Winter in cold colors, blues and icy grays; Spring in warm colors, yellows, apple green. Symbolic figures.

I had doubts about all this being modern art, but I squelched them and worked myself into a state of enthusiasm. When I returned to New Rochelle, I put aside all my other work and did a *Post* cover of my idea.

Two weeks later I took the finished painting down to the *Post* editor, Mr. Lorimer. It was a surprise; I hadn't shown him a preliminary sketch. He paced up and down before the painting for a long time while I explained about Paris and modern art and catching up with the latest style. He kept on pacing, and after a while I stopped trying to explain. He walked to his desk and sat down.

"Norman," he said, "we had a writer once. Did articles on subjects like county fairs, life on a farm, a town meeting in New England. He caught the flavor of that sort of thing nicely. Then the war came along. He decided he should do articles with bigger themes, subjects that, as he put it, had a bearing on the world crisis. So he did a few articles like that. They

Rockwell humor often catches the mighty in the act of falling, but he is impish rather than sly, and always gentle.

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were terrible. He was out of his element."

"I see what you mean, Mr. Lorimer," I said.

"I'll tell you what I mean," said Mr. Lorimer, who didn't like to be interrupted. "If you do something well, stick to it. Don't go off on a tangent just because people tell you you're old-fashioned. I don't know much about this modern art, but I know it's not your kind of art. Your kind is what you've been doing all along. Stay with that.

"Now," he said, "what is your next cover for us going to be? What about the ideas you showed me in September, before you went to Europe?"

On the train back to New York I felt discouraged. My cover had been rejected; Mr. Lorimer thought I was a fool. Then I remembered something I'd read once: If you fall on your face, don't lie there and moan. Get up. So I took my rejected cover to the *Elks* magazine, where I sold it. The next morning I started a new *Post* cover.

Lovers of modern art were not the only ones who couldn't understand why I painted as I did. Coles Phillips, the celebrated pretty-girl artist, couldn't understand it either, but I lost no sleep over his criticisms. He didn't like Howard Pyle, or Rembrandt, or Degas, or Leonardo da Vinci, or Constable. In fact, he didn't like anybody, and he couldn't understand why an artist would want to paint anything but pretty girls.

"Old men and boys!" he'd say, referring to the subject matter of so many of my pictures. "You're young. Haven't you got any sex?"

Coles didn't decide to be an artist until he had finished college. He announced that he was going to make $100,000 before he was 35. As he was a smart fellow, he did become an artist, and he did make $100,000 before he was 35. (And he married a very beautiful girl, too.) He used to get high prices for his work. First he'd think of the best price he could hope for; then he'd think of his four children and add $400. In the '20s he received $2,000 a picture, which in those days was fabulous.

Coles never painted anything but pretty girls, and he always used the same model, Miss McBain. She had a marvelous figure, but her face was not particularly good. I asked him one day why he didn't hire a beautiful woman. "A plain woman awakes my sense of beauty," he said. "If I painted from a beautiful woman, all I could do is copy. There wouldn't be any juice in the picture." Of course, most of the women in his paintings looked alike—glorified Miss McBains, in blond, brunette, or red hair.

A rebellious hellion was a favorite Rockwell subject. He knew it well, for his was always the heart of a boy.

My work had somewhat more variety. At this time, in the '20s, I was doing nine or ten covers a year for the *Post*, besides all my other jobs. *Post* covers were easier to do in those days. Since the figures were silhouetted against white, I didn't have to provide a background, as I do now.

When I heard of a fad or anything big in the news, I'd do a cover on it: the Ouija board, the first radios, crossword puzzles, the movies. The day after Lindbergh flew the Atlantic I phoned the art editor at the *Post*. "How about a cover on the pioneers of the air?"

"It'll have to be fast," he said. "When can you deliver it?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," I said. I hired a model, dug up an aviator's cap, and set to work. Twenty-six hours later I finished the cover, sent it to Philadelphia, and staggered off to bed.

Ideas came easily in 1929. It was the year of the stock-market crash and the year of the speed traps. I did a *Post* cover of a policeman holding a stop watch and hiding behind a town-limits sign reading, *Welcome to Elmville*. I did a 1930 cover of a butcher's boy, a housewife, a grandmother, a millionaire, and a dog all staring at the stock-market reports. In 1939 I did one on the 100th anniversary of baseball; in 1940 it was the census, the hitchhiking fad, and after that, the first draft of World War II, the blackout, women war workers, the U.S.O., soldiers returning from the war, television.

The unusual appearance of James K. Van Brunt, one of my regular models during the '20s, used to suggest a cover idea almost every time I saw him. I guess the day he turned up at my studio was one of the luckiest days of my life. It was a hot day in June. I was working in my underwear, not getting along too well, because my brushes were slippery with perspiration. Then, suddenly, a peremptory knock rattled the door.

"Wait just a minute," I said, reaching for my pants.

The door was thrust open and a tiny old man with a knobby nose, an immense drooping mustache, and heavy-lidded eyes stamped into the

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KICKING THE HABIT THE SCHICK WAY

Whether the problem is overeating, smoking, or alcohol addiction, this innovative California industrialist believes he has the solution. It's called counter-conditioning, and the success rate is phenomenal!

by Holly G. Miller

The informal "rap" room, locked in darkness hours earlier, suddenly snapped to life as the mounted plastic skull in the corner began blinking on and off. The Schick Center for the Control of Smoking and Weight was closed for business until Monday at 9:00 a.m., but this was special: an after-hours command performance.

"Recognize the voice?" asked the man seated to my left, nodding toward the skull which by this time had begun to speak. "That's Chuck Connors, the 'Rifleman.' Remember?"

Three pairs of eyes stared at the off-again-on-again illuminated brain, now midway through its flashing spiel, courtesy of Chuck, a hidden tape deck and a circuit breaker.

The topic was habits—how they are formed and how they are broken—and the lecturer was not the macho ranch-hand from TV's early days, but the plastic skull, earnestly explaining in down-home terms the dilemma of having a split personality. One side was rational, stated the brain, while the other was spontaneous; one side could reason, the other could only react.

Wall posters, tacked up at random around the room, reinforced the cranial monologue. The reasoning half of the brain was depicted as a scholar, complete with tassled mortarboard, while the subconscious memory portion of the brain was characterized as an apish me-Tarzan-you-Jane primate. For variety, a second poster traded boy graduate for a sketch of a pocket calculator, the complex little gizmo known for its ability always to come up with the right answer. Cro-Magnon was replaced by an artist's rendering of a cassette recorder, capable of absorbing its surroundings, then parroting them back at the punch of a button.

The message, amplified out of the mouth and off the wall, was the same: Blame your habits—admirable or abominable—on what your subconscious "recorder" has picked up and etched in its memory; change them by erasing the "tape" and programming a new set of reactions onto the mental "cassette."

"Turn it off," instructed my seatmate, Patrick J. Frawley, Jr. As chairman of the board of Schick's 36 smoking and weight control clinics and two alcohol addiction hospitals, he'd heard the script before. In fact, he helped write it. Schick Center Director Henry Goetz obliged, silencing the babbling brain and snapping on the lights. If this were a real rap session, explained Goetz, group therapy might follow. Or maybe a film.

Low-key trappings of success

"When a person has a habit, only his reasoning mind wants to stop," explains Patrick Frawley to Post *writer Holly Miller (right). An electronic "zap," administered simultaneously with each puff, makes a negative association in the smoker's subconscious mind (above).*

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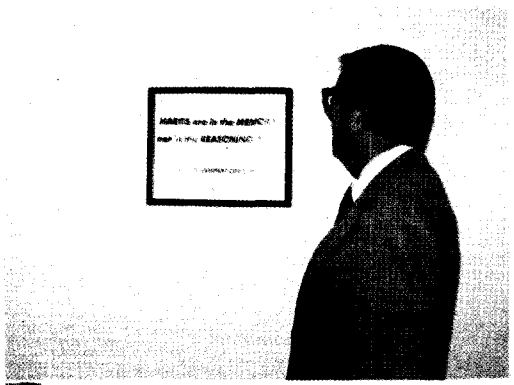
were in evidence throughout the many rooms comprising the Center. In Goetz's private office a wall of fame featured signed photos of satisfied customers: a famous TV star who kicked her pack-a-day habit via the Schick method; members of *Chorus Line*'s chorus line who now are tripping the light fantastically since becoming collectively lighter on their feet. More posters lined the halls and offered encouraging testimonies from non-smoking, slim-trim alumni:

"I knew the desire to smoke was not in my reasoning mind. It had to be in my instinctive subconscious memory." (Michael Crichton, M. D., author of *The Andromeda Strain*).

Like the proud patriarch of a closely-knit family, Goetz delights in flipping through a photo album and reliving the stories told on its pages. All have happy endings. There was the pastry chef, once a pushover for his own cream horns and bismarcks, who reprogrammed his taste buds and lost 74 pounds. An American Airlines pilot, long the butt of blimp jokes, who plummeted from 234 to 160 pounds and shrugged off a 70-cigarettes-a-day habit as well. A woman, never proud of her spare tire and living jodhpurs, who successfully shed 51 pounds in six months and now is in demand as a soft-sell TV pitch-person.

Although Schick Centers advertise heavily, much of their business is generated from the enthusiastic endorsements of past clients. A woman from West Virginia witnessed her husband's and daughter's victories over their tobacco hang-ups and decided to make abstinence a family affair. If her effort equals those of her spouse and offspring, she has a smoking sister puffing in the wings.



Now located in 13 states, all Schick Centers display a similar statement of philosophy: "Habits are in the memory, not in the reasoning mind."

While the routine cases offer challenge enough, an added element of excitement is provided by an occasional "emergency." Goetz mentioned a young actress who called from a movie location in Hawaii with the urgent request for a crash course. With filming set to begin in ten days, her producer declared her a heavyweight. Help, cried the starlet. No problem, replied Goetz.

"This job gives me fulfillment," explained the center director who, in seven years, has progressed from therapist to interviewer to administrator. "I *see* success every day."

Sharing Goetz's fervor for the cause is Frawley, who devotes most of his time to the rapidly expanding network of clinics. His dedication is paying off, literally. Last year the Centers were in the black for the first time since their inception, showing a modest profit of $200,000. His motive, however, is much more than dollars and cents. The self-made millionaire who at various times in his career has controlled such blue-chip corporations as Paper-Mate Pen, Eversharp and Technicolor, and was chairman and chief executive officer of the Schick Safety Razor Company until 1970, puts it simply:

"No one ever threw his arms around me and thanked me for a good shave."

The gratitude that clients feel toward the Centers is easily understood by the 55-year-old Frawley, a graduate of both the alcohol and smoking programs. Next he plans to enroll in the weight control class in order to shed a few pounds. Fifteen, to be exact.

Not that he is ready to diet quite *yet*, he emphasized later over dinner, drizzling a thimbleful of drawn butter down the length of a lobster tail. But when the time is right ("probably in a couple of weeks"), he will transport a wedge of chocolate cake, a slice or two of bread, and a few scoops of ice cream from his West Los Angeles home to LaCienega Boulevard where the nearest Schick Center is located. There, with the help of the 18-member staff, he will undergo the carefully regulated counter-conditioning program geared to quell his desire for the high calorie foods he finds most appetizing—chocolate cake, bread and ice cream. Bringing samples of the fattening fare is a vital part of the treatment, and since the Schick method has gained popularity, it is not unusual to see dieters *schlepping* around major U.S. cities with covered dishes, picnic hampers and mysteriously shaped Tupperware containers filled with their personal temptations.

The weight and smoking programs are offshoots of the alcohol control therapy which Frawley credits with ending his 20-year battle with the bottle and ultimately bringing him into the kick-the-habit fold. Back in 1964, at age 39 ("that's about the age they all arrive"), he finally relented to his wife's urgent plea that he seek professional help. Reluctantly he signed in as a patient at Seattle's Shadel Hospital for the Control of Alcohol Addiction. How serious was his habit? Today he says it was killing him. At the time, he wasn't so sure.

"I remember arriving at the hospital and saying, 'Look, doctor, I don't want to waste your time, and I don't want you wasting mine. My wife's got the thing completely screwed up. I'm chairman of the Schick Safety Razor Company and Technicolor, and I'm not an alcoholic. I know people who drink a lot more than I do.'

"The doctor looked at me and said, 'You're the chairman of Schick? Well, I'm the chairman of this hospital and you look like you're badly addicted to alcohol.' "

After the first day of the ten-day counter-conditioning therapy, Frawley felt immediate relief from the compulsion to drink. Months later, he still had no desire for a replay of those long evenings with bottomless shakers of martinis and tumblerfuls of scotch on the rocks. He was dry. When he returned to Shadel for one of the three required follow-up visits, a counselor asked him to make a donation to further alcohol addic-

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The Man Behind the Method

What do you do when a famous pianist occupies a distant sprig on your family tree? If you're Patrick Frawley, Jr., you enroll your seven children in piano lessons to see if one of the small fry has inherited the gift. No Paderewski emerged but, according to Frawley, everyone benefited from the course in music appreciation.

Family roots are important to this industrialist, whose own roots stretch from Nicaragua, where he was born, back to Ireland and France, the home of his ancestors. From these Celtic forebears comes the susceptibility to alcohol, believes Frawley. His theory is simple: Persons whose ancestry can be traced to the wet climates of the world (Eskimos, Indians, Irish, Scandinavians, etc.) tend to inherit a physiological inability to conserve bodily fluids and thus may be genetically susceptible to alcoholism.

Frawley's interest in habits and heredity is evident throughout the Beverly Hills mansion he shares with Gerry, his wife of more than 35 years. Once owned by Bing Crosby, the home boasts a spacious library with shelves lined with such titles as *Behavior Genetics*, *Know Your Genes*, and *I'll Quit Tomorrow*. Although he maintains offices in downtown Los Angeles, Frawley prefers to work at home, close to his family and surrounded by the comforts that reflect his lifestyle. A decorative Lucite block adorns the coffee table and carries the message, "Thank you for not smoking." A green satin pillow fashioned to resemble a bottle of Perrier mineral water is propped against a chair as a symbol of abstinence. Outside, the family's penchant for physical fitness is expressed in a swimming pool and tennis courts. Inside, a gymnasium and movie theater stand ready to supply rainy-day amusement.

However, "home movies" shown at the Frawleys are several cuts above the do-it-yourself fare seen in most homes. In addition to his duties with the Schick Centers, Frawley is chairman of the board at Sunn Classic Pictures, a company devoted to producing motion pictures for general audiences. Film credits include *In Search of Noah's Ark* and the TV series "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."

With financial independence assured years ago, Patrick Frawley now divides his time between his family and his efforts to help people enjoy their lives as much as he enjoys his. Providing wholesome entertainment via his films is one way. Showing clients how to free themselves from harmful addictions is another.

"The reward is the pleasure you see on their faces," he says. "They're so ecstatic. Their lives have changed, and we've helped make it happen."

Corporate offices are minutes away, but Frawley likes to conduct business poolside, near Gerry and children Michael, Joe and Eileen.

tion research. Frawley went one better. At his recommendation, Schick Safety Razor Company formed Schick Laboratories, Inc., with Frawley as chairman. The new company purchased the Shadel facility, renamed it the Schick Shadel Hospital for the Control of Alcohol Addiction, and immediately invested $6 million in the research of habit formation.

The treatment which caused Frawley to change his lifestyle and eventually his life's work is simple enough. Based on conditioned reflex treatment, or aversion therapy, a mild nauseant drug called Emetine is administered to the alcohol-addicted patient. By exposing the alcoholic to his favorite drink at the precise moment the drug takes effect, the instinctive memory makes the association between liquor and nausea. Thereafter, the taste, odor, appearance, and even the thought of alcohol produce a life-saving aversion which blocks the compulsion to drink.

"The hospitals [another has been built in Fort Worth, with a third proposed for Santa Barbara, California] are run by medical doctors and registered nurses trained to treat people for alcohol addiction, obesity and nicotine addiction. You can go for ten days and get the works, or you can be treated for weight and smoking in an ambulatory way at the Centers.

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No drugs are used in the smoking or weight therapy programs. Because alcoholism is a medical problem, it is treated only at the hospitals."

An alcoholic admitted to Shadel can expect a thorough physical and psychiatric examination, followed by a program of gradual withdrawal from alcohol until his body is completely detoxified. Then he is questioned as to what he has been drinking and in what quantities the liquor has been consumed. Based on this information, his treatment is geared to suit his precise needs.

"If he hasn't been drinking gin, he doesn't need to be treated for gin, because his memory has no association with it," explained Frawley.

Next he is taken to the counter-conditioning room—a brightly lit white room—where he is surrounded by all his favorite drinks. Everywhere he looks are bottles, but the contents resemble iodine against the stark, white background. Frawley refers to this area as the "wet spot." Often relying on analogies to explain the Schick method, he recites his favorite, concerning a not-yet-housebroken puppy who has an "accident" on the living room carpet. The pet's owner repeatedly returns the animal to the scene of the crime and gently paddles him each time. The pup eventually associates the wet spot with the unpleasant sensation of being spanked. Result: no more wet spots. To the alcoholic, the counter-conditioning room is the wet spot. Although 15 years have elapsed since Frawley's experience in the wet spot, he remembers it well.

"The attendant said, 'We'll start with gin, Mr. Frawley. Please take the glass of gin and sniff it. Take little sniffs.' As she's talking to me, she's looking at her watch, and she knows that the drug I was given will make me nauseated in exactly three minutes. 'Now, I'd like you to gargle with the gin,' she says. So I gargle. Finally, she tells me to swallow it. When I do, I'm nauseated simultaneously, and the memory cell closes with a negative association."

The counter-conditioning sessions last about 45 minutes, every other day, usually for a total of five sessions. On the alternating days a licensed anesthesiologist uses Pentothal to see how the treatment is progressing. The patient is dropped just below consciousness and questioned by an attendant. A hypothetical social situation is described, such as a party, at which the patient is approached by a lovely young woman who asks him if he would like to have a martini. If he says, "Thanks, I'd love one," he fails gin, and it's back to the wet spot the next day.

Vital to the treatment program are counseling sessions during which the patient is told his addiction has nothing to do with character weakness or any psychological shortcoming. Frawley and his colleagues at Schick Laboratories believe addictions are hereditary and that some people inherit an innate susceptibility to alcohol, nicotine and fattening foods. This does not mean that the son of an alcoholic is guaranteed to share his father's addiction. In Frawley's case, both his parents are light drinkers. However, two of his uncles died of alcoholism and one of his seven children seemed destined to inherit the problem.

"My youngest boy became addicted when he was 16. A priest at the prep school he attended contacted me and said Michael was drinking too much. I called and asked him exactly how much he was drinking at a time. He said, 'Oh, just a bottle or two of wine on Saturday nights.' I knew he had to be treated immediately, so we sent him to our hospital in Fort Worth. He's 25 now and has never had a drink since."

Independent studies of the alcohol treatment program were completed in February 1977 and substantiate the claims of success. After a period of at least one year since treatment, 62 percent of the patients did not drink. Slightly more than a third had tried to drink, but when re-treated, the success rate rose to 86 percent after 12 months.

While no drugs are used in either the smoking or weight control programs, the basic counter-conditioning principle remains intact. Instead of feeling nauseated when brought in contact with the object of his habit, the Schick client is gently "zapped" on the forearm by a mild electric impulse whenever he puts a cigarette to his mouth or munches a forbidden food. The power source is a small battery, specially built and capable of delivering about 200,000 zaps in its lifetime. It is controlled by a trained technician, but the strength of the impulse is regulated by the client himself. The zap

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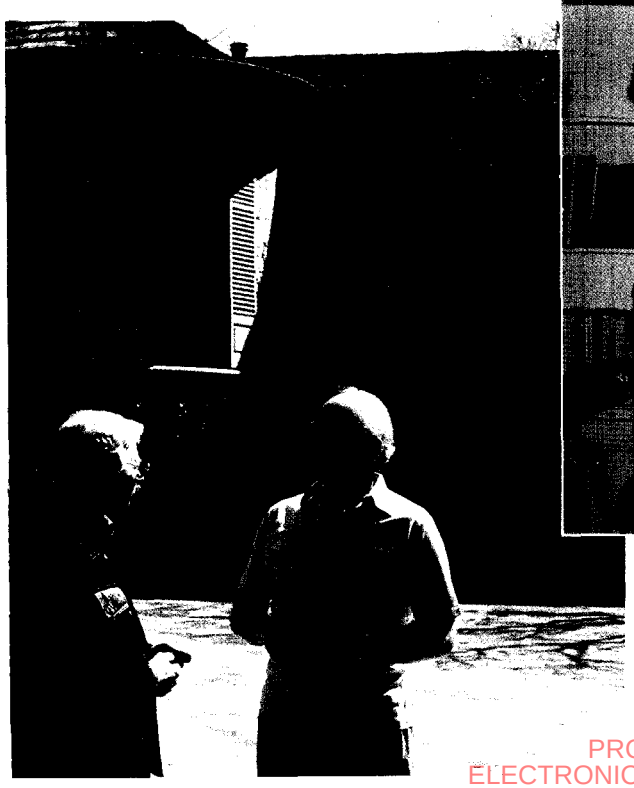

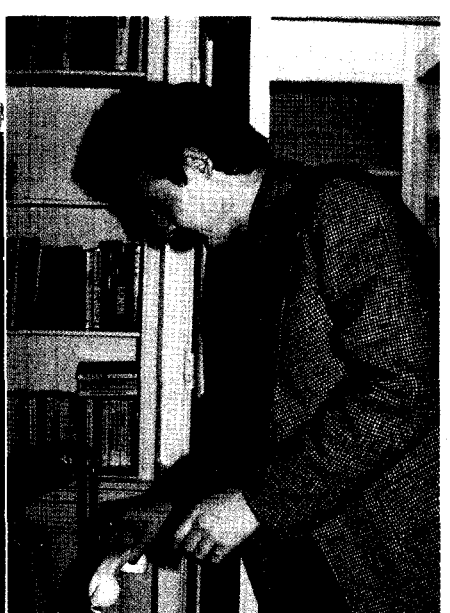

(Above) An honor student in medicine at Southern Cal, Dr. Joe Frawley will join the staff at a Schick Hospital. Frawley, Sr., (right) greets a visitor to the family home.

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DOLLY PARTON: A BASKET OF ORCHIDS

Singer, composer and stage personality, the diminutive Dolly is charged with high-voltage sparks.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

To the Dolly Parton neophyte, the lady seems at first to be an extravagant charlotte russe compounded of such unlikely elements that she cannot possibly exist as a credible entity.

It appears that all of a sudden the charade will be over, the pins come unstuck and the strings snap, and she will be returned to Casting & Costumes for storage until another such vision is called for by the script.

Not so.

The news is good. Not only is Dolly for real, but she is for Everything.

What first appears to be a miniaturized Mae West becomes the bearer of innocent charm rather than seduction.

In this day of our rural commitment, when every barnyard teems with female vocal artists whose whining glottal gymnastics are passed off on us as Song, Dolly comes on as pure as the breathing of a bell.

And to those fortunate enough to get to know Dolly Parton personally, she is revealed as a human and lovable and thoughtful young woman.

These trailing clouds of glory around Dolly Parton are vouched for by so many who have known her and written about her that a conversion is here and now in the making on this very page.

The one who brought about this unlikely change of heart is a young admirer of Dolly's by the name of John Skinner.

He goes to every concert of hers within reach of his hometown, which means he has attended dozens. In her recent appearance at the Indiana State Fair, John went to all nine of her concerts, one after the other.

"I was there, so why miss anything?" asks John, very reasonably.

He has a Dolly Parton room with hundreds of her photographs on display, several of them showing John and Dolly together backstage, which, since he is a very well set-up young fellow, you'd just better not try to acquire. Some of the pictures measure 4′ x 4′, showing Dolly in the large, even at a quarter of a mile.

John also has every record Dolly ever made, and has memorized every one of the lyrics.

It was he, in fact, who inspired the title for this article. Early in his friendship with her, when he first had the chance to say hello at a concert, he decided that only one gesture was possible for such an ineffable presence as Dolly. He gave her a *basket* of orchids.

It was an inspired gesture; and Dolly, you may be sure, got the message.

It's the kind of thing to make you feel good to hear about. Especially when you know that John Skinner, like most of the rest of us, is not really rolling in that kind of money. He just decided that superlatives belong together.

As Dolly's poet laureate, John needs no urging to sing her praises. He admits that Dolly can be said to be a "composition" but all is in harmony.

Says John, speaking eloquently, but personally for all her admirers: "I was born in the country and I think that probably has a lot to do with it. I was raised in Sullivan, Indiana, until I was six and after that, every summer, I would still go back to the country and live with my grandmother and grandfather. 'Country' was my background.

"The first time I ever saw Dolly was an experience I will never forget. It was in July of 1969. I took my sister and my little niece to a place called Mockingbird Hill Park between Muncie and Anderson, Indiana. On the way, I got lost and arrived late. But I shall never forget that experience. It had been raining that morning, but the rain had stopped and the afternoon was shining. There was even a rainbow.

"Mockingbird Hill Park is a huge outdoor area for concerts, and so we were still far away from getting in and near to see Dolly, who at that moment was actually just coming to the end of her numbers. It could have been a terrible disappointment. Instead, it was an unforgettable thrill. I knew Dolly's voice from her records, but had never heard her in person. And now, just as I was getting out of the car, this

Dolly and Johnny exchange quips, summit to summit. Top show biz people have great camaraderie—they're winning the outside world, but have inside signals as they share the battle.

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Autographing the program of an admirer, Dolly's spectacular stage personality softens as her country-girl sincerity shines through.

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voice like that of an angel came over the hill, and before I saw her I knew that the trip had been one of the great moments of my life. She was singing one of the most touching songs of all times, a religious song called 'How Great Thou Art.' It was both beautiful and unforgettable.

"When we got closer and could see her, she turned out to be exactly what I hoped. When you haven't seen Dolly Parton, a photograph cannot express her real beauty and the artful way she puts herself together. This little magic lady, this Cinderella-type thing, just would always absolutely amaze me. By liking Dolly, I started buying records by other country-and-western female vocalists who have, over the 10 or 15 years that I have done this, turned out to be pretty good, too, so I think I am a good judge of who are the best ones. Dolly is always far out among them.

"People are always asking about what Dolly's hair is like under those big wigs—almost as if they expect or hope to discover that she has dark hair—but the truth is that her own hair is very, very blonde, soft and silky, and little strands of it peek out from under the wigs in a very natural way, giving her a soft and attractive hairline, which is not always possible when wearing a wig. Dolly is a perfect blonde, with the peaches-and-cream tones and white skin to go with it. Her beauty is absolutely flawless when you see her in person. She is impeccable.

"One of the things I like most about Dolly is that she always includes a number of inspirational songs in her concerts. Long before that was popular, she always felt quite strongly that, no matter what your background, everyone has God in him or her, and she brings this out beautifully, sincerely, and wholesomely. She herself becomes an inspiration to everyone around her.

"She is really very special. As you may know, Dolly had 11 brothers and sisters, 10 of them living, and she was the only one in the big brood who had the delicate beauty and extraordinary blondeness which so mark her.

"She is a born leader. Her mother believes that Dolly is going to bring millions of people to God, and I think that may be so. As God created her, in my thinking, Dolly is the closest one to the top of the list.

"Among her songs, my favorite Dolly Parton song was done in 1967—'My Blue Ridge Mountain Boy.' It is the song of this poor, lonely girl who has lost her lover, a 'story' song, a sensitivity song. Another of my favorites is 'Light of the Clear Blue Morning'—she always tells stories. One of her best story songs is 'Where Beauty Lives in Memory.' It is the story of an aging beauty who has been let down by her handsome Prince Charming. There isn't a woman alive who hasn't thought about that. The sensitivity and love of Dolly Parton are reflected in almost every one of her songs. She just transforms everyday thoughts into beautiful quotations. In the song 'Pleasant as May' there is a charming description of a lover gently plaiting flowers into his lady's beautiful hair. One of the reasons I brought this special album to you is 'Light of the Clear Blue Morning.' It is about the heartbreak Dolly went through as she grew more sophisticated as an entertainer, and had to tell her family, 'Look, I can't employ you any more; I have to employ more professional people.' "

John Skinner's frank and refreshing admiration for Dolly Parton seems to be shared by hordes of others in every walk of life. In fact, the many articles written about her and the many people interviewed at random about her give an impression of her that is all any celebrity could ask in terms of personal charm, astonishing good looks and musical abilities.

No doubt of it, Dolly is very gifted. She collects music awards as others might collect stamps. In 1978 she was named the Country Music Association's Entertainer of the Year. This year she is in line for the Songwriters' Hall of Fame where she will stand out rather prominently among the predominantly male membership which includes such greats as Irving Berlin, Leonard Bernstein and Ira and George Gershwin.

Dolly's stardom has exploded into a supernova. It is expanding to unpredictable dimensions. On television her specials with Cher and Carol Burnett rattled the ratings machines. In Hollywood, 20th Century-Fox has signed her to a three-picture contract, and now she is entering the publishing world as the author of a novel and a book of children's stories. Is there cause for concern that the real Dolly might somehow be lost in the rarefied space as she spreads her talents farther and thinner? It's unlikely. Dolly knows who she is. Although she has been compared physically to Marilyn Monroe, there's not the slightest sign of insecurity behind the costumes and makeup. If Dolly has any hangups, only her reticent and media-shy husband Carl Dean knows for sure, and he's not telling.

Most likely, Dolly will continue relentless pursuit of the goal one must believe she set for herself long ago, the conquest of as much of the entertainment world as her dynamism will allow, and the world will offer no resistance. Nashville fell with hardly a struggle years ago (1967), succumbing to the heavy artillery of her smashing duets with singing partner Porter Wagoner. New York went down with open arms only last year under the double at-

Loretta Lynn is the queen of country music, but only because she got there first. She and Dolly are good friends who like to swap tales of their impoverished childhoods.

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tack of a free noon-day concert from the steps of City Hall and an evening performance that made city slickers want to return to the farm for good. New York's mayor, Ed Koch, conceded by turning over the keys to the city.

Dolly's concerts were sell-outs in England during her blitzkrieg attack of Europe last year, and this year she'll continue with mopping-up activities in Australia, Brazil, South Africa and Japan. Europe today, tomorrow the world!

"I never had a doubt I would make it," she admits. This is not bravado. It's stated too matter-of-factly for that. It's simply that right from the beginning Dolly had all the requisites for stardom: beauty ("She was the most beautiful baby I'd ever seen," says older sister Willadeene of Dolly's birth, January 19, 1946. She was the first in the family with blonde hair and blue eyes), talent (She composed her first song at age seven. Her mother still has it along with thousands of others. She still remembers every stanza, every melody), personality and wit (With a body like that, five feet tall and the other dimensions left to the imagination, it was either develop a quick retort or take a black belt in karate), but it's the one thing Dolly didn't have that really brought about her success. She had no concept of failure and still doesn't. Perhaps it's because she started from such inauspicious circumstances, the fourth of 12 children from a little backwoods cabin in the Smoky Mountains of eastern Tennessee. There was literally no place to go but up. Her father was a struggling laborer-farmer who somehow kept the family in clothing and food. Dolly recalls freezing cold nights when the only heat to be had radiated from the four or five other young bodies that shared the same sleeping quarters. Somehow the bed supply never quite caught up with the astonishing Parton family birth rate. Bed-wetting was a constant plague, both for the guilty and the innocent.

There was no electricity or running water, and the only news from the outside world came on old newspapers brought by a relative that went straight for use in the outhouse. Sometimes they were read first.

When Papa's transistor radio had batteries, the family tuned in the sounds of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, 200 miles away, and when the batteries were dead, Papa's banjo pickin' and Mama's song leading kept toes tapping. Dolly's dream of success formed early. One morning, still a little girl, she announced to her father that someday she would sing at the Grand Ole Opry.

Dolly didn't have an outstanding voice, but it was a unique one, the result of burst tonsils, her mother says. When the local elementary school teacher took his kids down to the Mid-Day Merry-Go-Round radio show in Knoxville, Dolly went along and soon found herself performing regularly on the Cas Walker TV program that was broadcast from the same studio. She sang spirituals and country-and-western and songs she wrote herself. She was 10 years old when she first appeared, and was a regular on the program during high school.

Dolly was precocious; her physique blossomed early, at 10 or 11, and was full blown at 13 or 14, just in time to catch up with her burgeoning talent and ambition. Undoubtedly this potent thrust of innocence and maturity put the spin on the curve she sent that first Grand Old Opry audience when she debuted there at the age of 12.

She was too young to perform by Opry rules, but her uncle, Bill Owen, had toted her down to Nashville in his beat-up old car for one purpose alone, to sing at the Opry, and nothing could stop it. Finally a performer kindly relinquished his spot to Dolly. She got two encores. Her childhood dream had been accomplished, but it was only the beginning.

The day after she graduated from high school (the first in her family to earn a diploma) Dolly took the bus to Nashville and promised she wouldn't return until she had made it as a country-and-western singer. That night she met Carl Dean, an asphalt worker, at a laundromat. Two years later (1966) they were married. He remains the only constant in the harried formula of her show-business life.

Dolly works hard (she's a workaholic, those close to her say) but she's had some lucky breaks, too. The biggest was in 1967 when Porter Wagoner's singing partner Norma Jean quit his show and Porter selected Dolly to take her place. Overnight she went from poverty to comparative wealth, $60,000 a year. She was 21.

By the time the Dolly-Porter combo finally broke up over incompatibility in the recording studio, Dolly was a seasoned professional with an abundant following. When she went on her own, her income zoomed from $300 a day to about $3,000 a day, and now that she's passed the top showbiz rung and is still going, she commands $25,000 and upwards when she does a show.

Some people say Dolly has outgrown country music, but she doesn't look at it that way. She thinks of herself as a glorification of the country genre, no matter where else her talents might lead her.

Fans like John Skinner (and they must number in the millions) are anxious to pay in cash (if not in flowers) for the next offering from this country girl. ☒

An ecstatically reviewed Parton-Burnett CBS special was just another day's work for the unstoppable Dolly. This summer she will visit New Zealand, Hong Kong and Australia.

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SEEING ARCHIE HOME

Harry knew less than the average man about snakes. How could he presume to guess the final wish of a 20-foot anaconda?

by Keith Coplin

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

I was only slightly surprised to find the anaconda in my living room. It must have been 20 feet long. It stretched from back of the sofa in a semicircle around to the asparagus fern by the front window. When I turned on the overhead light, I saw the snake's head resting on the air-conditioner duct, its tongue feebly flickering about. I turned off the light and went to the kitchen for the Pepto-Bismol.

"Caldwell?"

"Yeah?"

I was calling from the wall phone in the kitchen.

"There's an anaconda in my living room," I said.

"Are you sure it's an anaconda, Harry?" asked Caldwell. "They look a lot like boa constrictors, you know."

"It's about 20 feet long."

"Sounds like an anaconda."

"I don't know where it came from."

"They're indigenous to South America."

"So what's it doing in my living room?" I said.

"Beats me, Harry."

"You think I ought to call the police, Caldwell?"

"I don't know, Harry. They might shoot the anaconda."

"It's not doing anything."

"Snake like that is worth a lot of money. You might get in trouble if something happens to it. You might get sued by the Sierra Club."

"This is a hell of a thing, Caldwell."

"It sure is, Harry."

I should have known Caldwell would be no help. I'd known him for 20 years. It was the most unproductive relationship I'd ever had with another human being.

My wife was no help either, nor were my children. The only evidence of their existence was a note, tacked to the refrigerator door with a plastic grape:

"Watching football game, then have recital to go to. We'll eat at McDonald's. Chicken pot pie in fridge. Be back around 9:30.

"Love, Gwen."

My entire emotional life was summed up in that note.

I had another shot of Pepto-Bismol, then checked on the anaconda. It hadn't moved. Its only sign of life was the suspenderlike tongue that quivered at the front of its mouth. I walked up close to the snake and bent over a little.

"You're not going to do anything stupid, are you?" I asked.

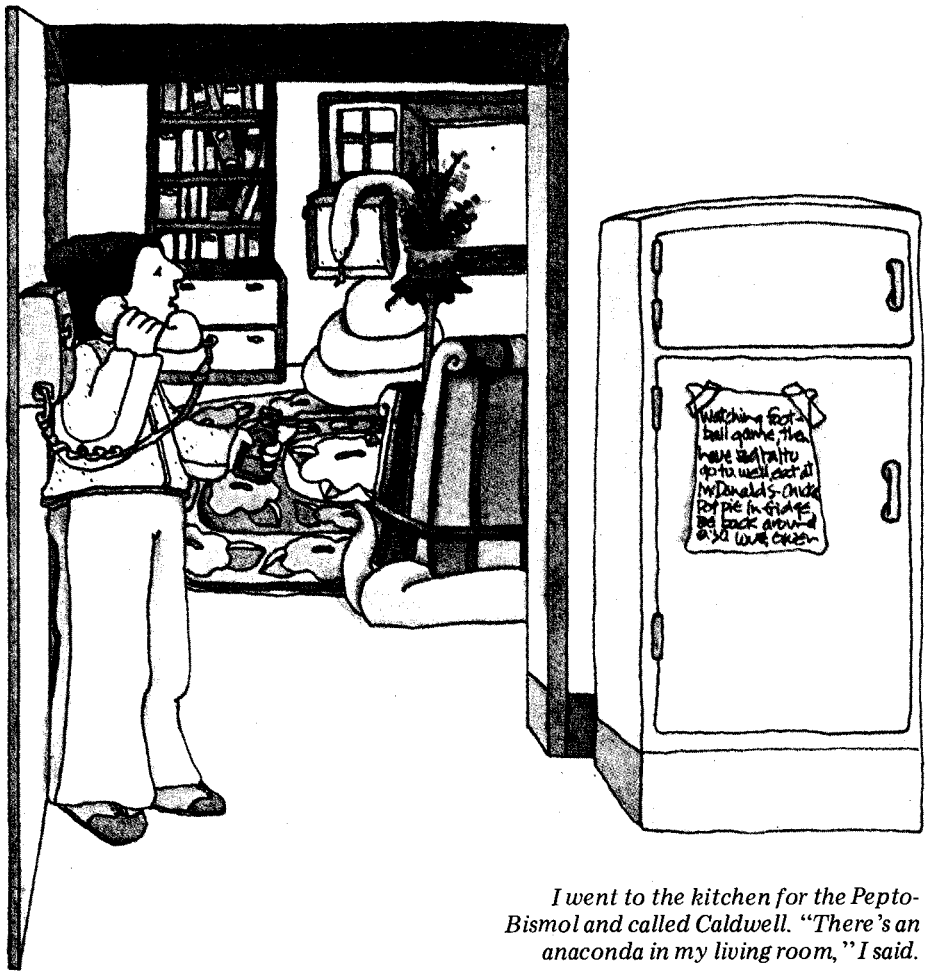
The anaconda didn't even notice me. I got a little closer.

"I know you're an anaconda. And I know you're from South America. What I don't know is, do you attack people?"

That tired old head didn't budge. The tongue didn't tell me anything either. It was the eye that told me. The anaconda was dying. The eye told me. Without thinking, I put my hand on the snake's head. It was warm. The snake was feverish. It had rested its head on the air-conditioning duct for comfort.

I stepped over the snake into the foyer. The front door was open, and there were sneaker tracks, those of my nine-year-old son, Jeff. He let the snake in? No. He would have told by now. He left the door open. The snake just crawled in. But from where? Surely the poor, dumb creature hadn't crawled all the way from Brazil.

I shut the door, then pulled



I went to the kitchen for the Pepto-Bismol and called Caldwell. "There's an anaconda in my living room," I said.

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shut the Venetian doors to the living room. I tested them to see if a dying anaconda could get through. It couldn't. Then I stepped back over the snake. I looked at it a few minutes, then left, pulling the living room door firmly to behind me.

In the kitchen, I called Caldwell again.

"The snake is sick," I said.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Harry," said Caldwell.

"It can't get out of the living room."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

I didn't know when my family got home. I couldn't tell the kids. Jeff would want to keep the snake, and my daughter Rachel would throw a fit. I'd tell Gwen when the kids were asleep.

"The anaconda is going to get you," said Rachel, doing a macabre little dance in the kitchen. She was 13 and into ghoulishness and slime.

"What anaconda?" I asked.

"Archie!" she screamed, darting in to catch the 10:00 news. She liked the car wrecks.

"What is she talking about?" I asked Gwen, who came in lugging Jeff, who was sound asleep.

"Archie the Anaconda, he escaped from the zoo," said my wife. "The Coyotes lost, 60 to nothing. It was pitiful, Harry."

"Jeff's team lost?"

"60 to nothing. The Trojans stomped them."

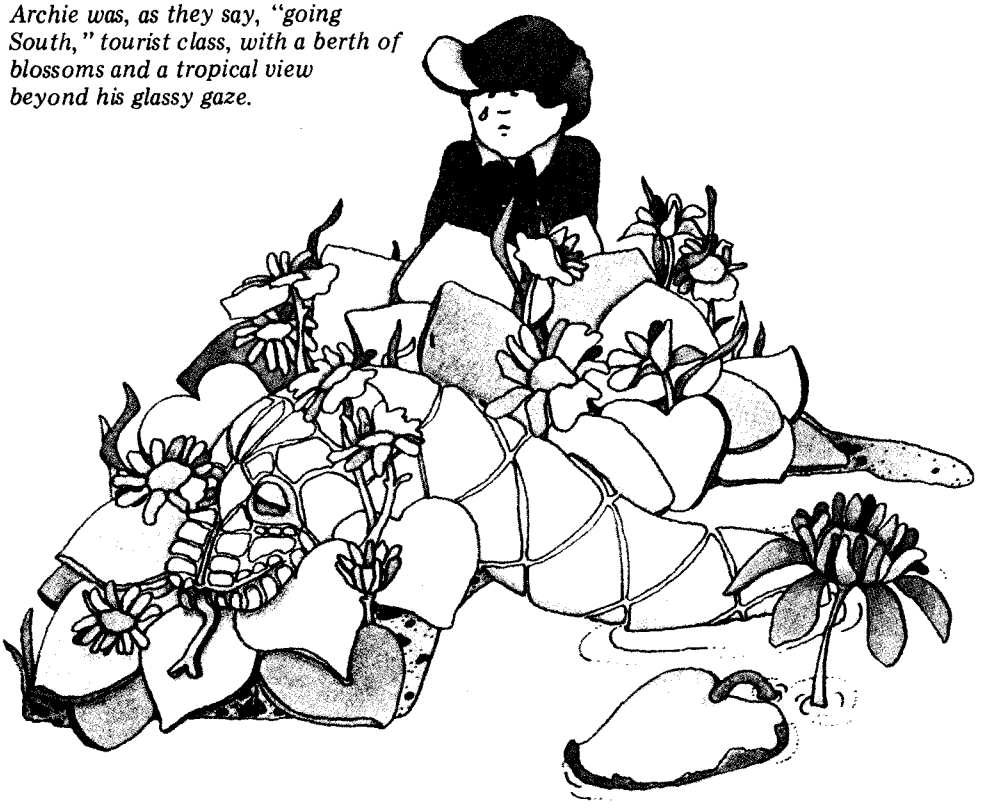
Like father, like son. Terminally bewildered.

In Jeff's bedroom, as Gwen tucked him in, I asked, "Who is Archie the Anaconda?"

"It's just dreadful, Harry. Poor old Archie the Anaconda. He's been at the zoo since I was a kid, gentle as a kitten. I heard on the news last week that he was dying of old age, and now he's escaped. I heard it on the car radio on the way home. Poor old Archie. They've got the police and everybody looking for him. I guess he'll just crawl off somewhere and die."

Life is a bed of nails.

Gwen was asleep before she hit the bed. I started to wake her, but she'd had a rough day so I let her sleep on. I slipped downstairs, after looking in on Jeff, who looked much younger than nine in his Dallas Cowboy pajamas, asleep in his bed.



Archie was, as they say, "going South," tourist class, with a berth of blossoms and a tropical view beyond his glassy gaze.

In the living room, Archie the Anaconda hadn't moved. He lay like a horseshoe fold in the carpet, his wrinkled old head still resting on the air vent. The leathery tongue quivered less. The ever open eyes seemed they would close if they could. I sat down on the sofa.

"Where were you going?" I asked. "South America?"

The tongue moved slightly in my direction.

In the kitchen I made two peanut butter sandwiches and filled a salad bowl with water. I set the sandwiches and the water next to Archie's head, then went back in the kitchen and called Holder, another useless friend of mine.

"Christ, Harry, it's almost midnight," he said.

"Holder, I've got an anaconda in my living room."

"Really?"

"Really."

"How did he get there?"

"He came through the front door," I said. "It's Archie."

"Archie the Anaconda?" said Holder.

"He's in my living room."

"I thought he was dead. I heard on the news last week that he was sick, dying probably."

"What do you think I ought to do, Holder?"

"Gee, I don't know, Harry. Do you think you ought to call the zoo?"

"Yeah, I guess I will," I said.

"Let me know how it comes out, Harry."

"Yeah."

"Archie the Anaconda," said Holder. "Christ, that snake is older than Georgie Jessel."

And dumber than King Kong, I thought.

There was no answer at the zoo. I've never had any luck.

I went back to the living room and sat down on the sofa. The snake hadn't touched the peanut butter sandwiches.

Just then Jeff came wandering into the living room, rubbing his eyes. When he saw Archie, he asked, "Who's that?"

"His name is Archie," I said. "He's an anaconda."

My son bent down and looked at Archie's tail under the far end of the sofa, then, still bent down, he let his eyes circle the room until he was looking at Archie's head behind the asparagus fern.

"He's a big sucker," Jeff said.

"They don't make many like him anymore," I said.

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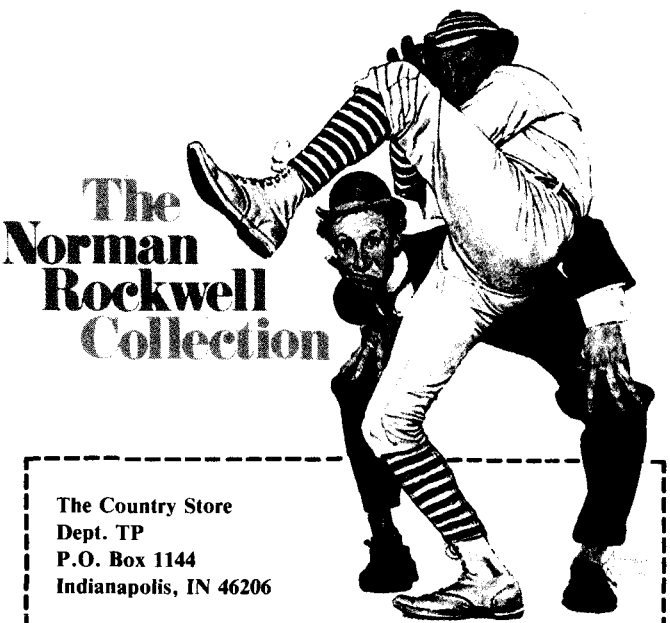

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SHE'S MET THE WONDERFUL WIZARDS OF OZ, D.C.

Nancy Kassebaum, our only lady Senator and Alf Landon's daughter, followed the yellow brick road from Kansas to Washington.

by Sam Sutphin

Illustrated by Joe Krush

Is life any easier if your father is famous? Maybe, but it can also be a liability if you are driven to win at the game he played so well. Rather than risk a load of anxiety, it is often more natural to choose a different course where your identity is all your own.

As an example, take Nancy Kassebaum from Wichita, Kansas. As the daughter of Alf Landon (governor of the state for many years and presidential candidate in 1936) Nancy chose to blaze her own trail as a mother, businesswoman and community leader. Then she became a U.S. senator. Like an afterthought. What could have possessed her?

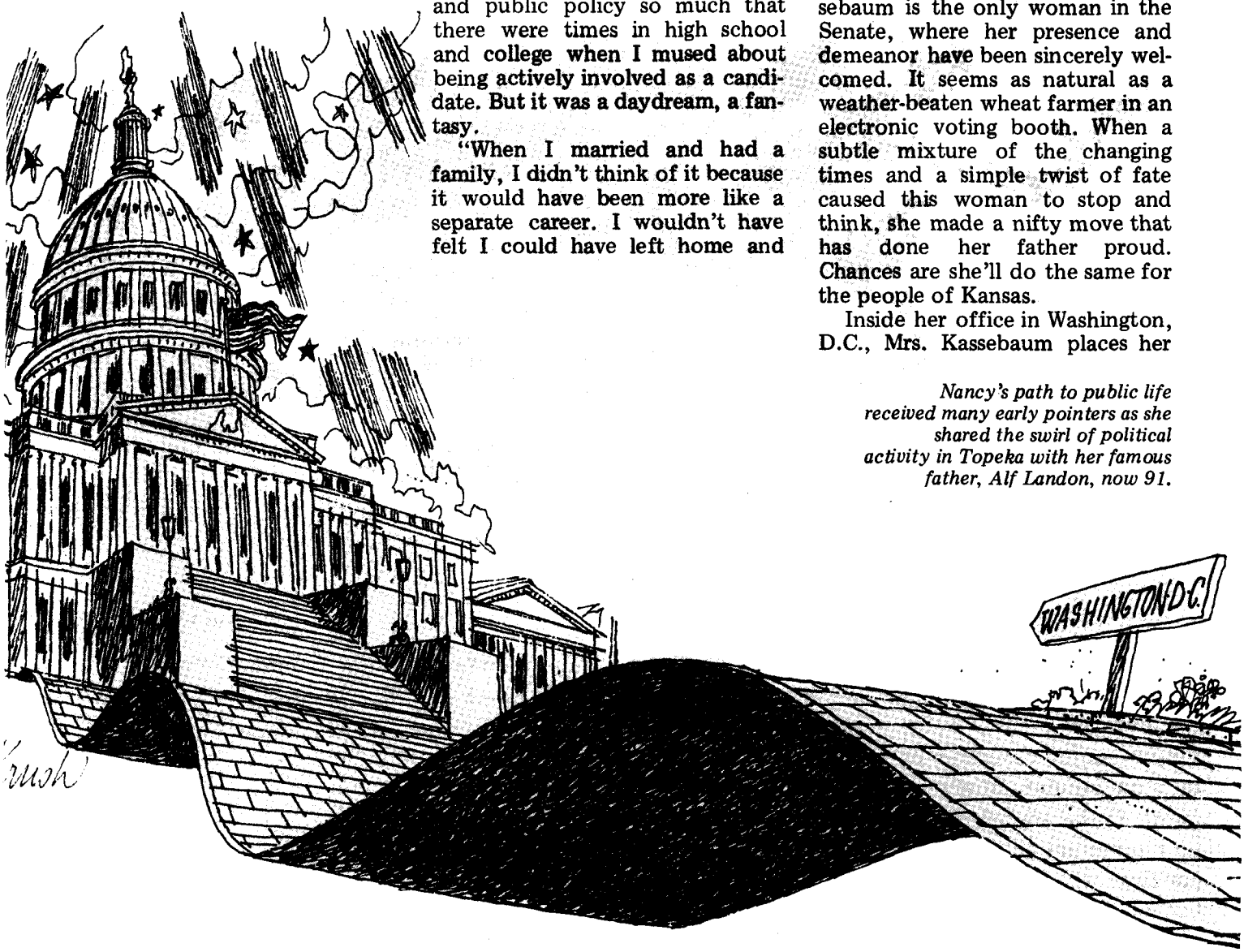
"Our lives change," she says, "and you never know what you are going to do. I enjoyed politics and public policy so much that there were times in high school and college when I mused about being actively involved as a candidate. But it was a daydream, a fantasy.

"When I married and had a family, I didn't think of it because it would have been more like a separate career. I wouldn't have felt I could have left home and gone to the state legislature."

Could it have been that the fantasy of her childhood later reasserted itself in her subconscious and pulled her into the kind of career that consumed her famous father for most of his illustrious lifetime?

Thirty-five years ago, girls were not supposed to aspire to high political office. Today, Mrs. Kassebaum is the only woman in the Senate, where her presence and demeanor have been sincerely welcomed. It seems as natural as a weather-beaten wheat farmer in an electronic voting booth. When a subtle mixture of the changing times and a simple twist of fate caused this woman to stop and think, she made a nifty move that has done her father proud. Chances are she'll do the same for the people of Kansas.

Inside her office in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Kassebaum places her



Nancy's path to public life received many early pointers as she shared the swirl of political activity in Topeka with her famous father, Alf Landon, now 91.

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diminutive frame upright in the middle of a massive high-backed leather couch. Instead of swallowing her up like the big government into which she has ventured, this concession to comfort in public life gives her the appearance of a diamond in the rough.

Indeed, this 45-year-old mother of four does not bring the savvy experience of a career politician to the halls of Congress. In a made-for-TV campaign ad she was the next-door neighbor clad in her familiar blue jeans. Like any other responsible mother or housewife, she was working in the kitchen. This was the image which Mrs. Kassebaum parlayed into a narrow victory in the November election against her Democratic opponent, Dr. Bill Roy.

But really, Mrs. Kassebaum's hands are not dry and wrinkled from hours at home spent hovering over a sinkload of dishes. Nor are they calloused and rough from years on the farm, at work with the milking machine. More than one Kansas journalist likened her to Dorothy of *The Wizard of Oz*, running to the nation's capital via the yellow brick road. In fact, she defies the popular labels. She is an anomaly today—the quintessential citizen politician—the sort (if not the sex) envisioned by the framers of the Constitution.

Mrs. Kassebaum seems to have won over the Kansas electorate with her clear-headedness and candor. She remembers her trips to the state's college campuses: "Several college audiences would say, 'Are you any more qualified than any of the rest of us here?' And I would say, 'I don't know that I am. I just pull together different interests that I think are important to being able to serve well, and it's something that I think anybody here in this audience could do as well if he or she had that particular interest and motivation.' "

And money. She had that necessary stuff because she was also a successful businesswoman in the radio broadcasting business with her husband Phil, from whom she is now separated. But more to the point, she was weaned on politics at the dining room table in the rambling home of her childhood. It was there in Topeka that her father and mother entertained the prominent political figures of the day. When young Nancy was forced to retire, she often followed the conversation through a vent in the ceiling which connect-

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BEACH KIDS TO THE RESCUE

Trained by the world's best lifeguards, these Southern California youngsters know the Pacific tides like their own backyards, a knowledge that has saved many an unwary swimmer.

by Emerson Johnson

The fisherman's pier at San Clemente pokes its finger a quarter-mile out into the Pacific Ocean in the general direction of Catalina Island.

I was strolling outbound on this pier one morning when up ahead I saw a small body with flailing arms and legs hurtle from the pier and plummet down into the sea.

Thoughts rushed through my head. "Dark swimming trunks, no top. A boy. Suicide? Surely not at so tender an age. Couldn't be much over 12 years old."

Happiness is learning to become a tough competitor. Witness the determined expression on this youngster's face. Games geared to strengthening muscles and developing skills pit JG's (junior lifeguards) against each other in three age divisions.

Then another trunk-clad body followed. And soon a third, this time in a sleek, blue one-piece swim suit. A girl. All went in feet first.

Hastening my pace, I became aware of a whole knot of teens near the rail. One after another they climbed over, clung for a moment, and to the cries of "Go! Go!" from their companions, shot outward and down 30 feet into the deep.

The sea below was alive with such youngsters. Maneuvering among them were three long yellow paddleboards. One rider would tumble off a board and another would slither belly down onto it, turn it about, and paddle off in what was obviously a relay race around a flagged buoy some 60 yards from the pier. The racers who had done their stint swam to the pier ladder and came clambering up to rejoin their shouting comrades or to jump back into the sea just for the exhilaration of it.

Amazed at these catapulting youths, I asked a dripping boy, "What's going on? Who are you kids?"

"Junior lifeguards," he replied with a huge smile.

"What's a junior lifeguard?"

But he hadn't time to answer. The two regular lifeguards who were shepherding the flock were calling.

"Everybody back into the water. Time to swim in."

They obeyed enthusiastically. All on the pier leaped into the sea, taking care not to land on a companion. They vanished under the pier, emerged from the other side, and struck for shore a quarter-mile away.

Hitting the beach, they sprinted to a gathering place on the sand in front of a small office building. A sign on the building read: *Department of Marine Safety*. It was there that I began piecing together the heart-cheering story of California's junior lifeguards.

A taxpayers' revolt was rumbling over the state by the summer of 1977. There was lightning, too, by the name of Howard Jarvis, crusader against high taxes.

California's politicians were not yet taking it seriously. No thought of an impending threat to the life of the junior lifeguard movement entered the young minds of the 3,000 members. On the warm beaches that stretched from the Mexican border almost up to San Francisco, these youngsters, ages 10 through 17, cavorted like dolphins in the sea, performed "rescues" on one another, ate much sand in their strenuous beach games, and gathered in studious clusters to practice their first aid and learn to force air in and out of the lungs of Resuscitation Annie.

These kids were being "beach-proofed" by the finest collection of professional lifeguards in the world, the National Surf Life Saving Association of America, most of whose members serve Southern California.

The lifeguards themselves invented the midsummer program. For instructors they selected their own members who "had a way with kids" and had an extra measure of patience. They bent the rules from beach to beach, fitting them to the geographical features and the parents' pocketbooks. Even the age limits sometimes varied a bit.

The older JG's, as the youngsters called themselves, occasionally made actual rescues. The

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After daily warm-up exercises the lifeguards-in-training take turns "reviving" Resuscitation Annie, a life-size dummy.

Practicing routine beach rescues on teammates transforms the Junior Life-guards from helpless onlookers into self-confident achievers.

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younger ones snatched small children from inshore tidal holes in which they could quickly drown.

Knowing their beaches like their own backyards, they warned foolhardy adults of dangerous spots and conduct, although the adults didn't always listen. The JG's could recognize inexpert swimmers who were candidates for drowning, and often alerted the lifeguards.

They seemed always on hand to aid the lifeguards in emergencies. Where no lifeguards were on duty, and in winter when the guards were off duty, these well-trained boys and girls were a decided safety factor, a ready-made auxiliary lifeguard force.

The cost to municipalities was niggling: for printed materials, some extra equipment like rescue buoys, some liability insurance, and occasionally the temporary hiring of an extra lifeguard or two as instructors. Parents willingly paid part of the bill in enrollment fees for their children. It was a good deal all around.

That was the pleasant note on which the summer of 1977 ended. But on June 6, 1978, the state's tax-enraged voters went to the polls, overwhelmingly approved the now famous Proposition 13 Jarvis-Gann Amendment, and knocked $7.5 billion out of the political budgets.

The day after the election a newspaper said the politicians were in a state of "controlled panic." Some cities and counties reacted spitefully by trimming essential services instead of fat. But not all did. As for the JG program, many coastal towns kept it in by raising fees to make it more nearly self-supporting. Enrollment numbers went higher than ever.

Big Los Angeles County, however, with its 1,400 members, dumped the project.

Or so the county board of supervisors thought, until the telephone calls and letters came pouring in from parents who wanted it reinstated. The county did reinstate it a month later and upped the fees per child from the previous seven dollars to fifty dollars.

It might have killed the program, but it didn't. Some 650 still put up their money. The belated program turned out to be the best equipped and most comprehensive in the state. The JG's got their money's worth.

Left out was the county's little town of Avalon on Catalina Island. Its gentle beach offered too few training possibilities for the $50 routine.

A former JG himself, county lifeguard Brian McNulty was stationed there. Sitting on the low lifeguard tower platform at beautiful Crescent Bay, he let the matter run through his beach-blond head and quickly made up his mind. He went to Avalon's director of recreation, Bunnie Putnam.

"If I teach the kids on my own time, in the two or three morning hours before I go on regular duty, will the city come up with $10 per child to cover minimal expenses?"

The city would. Soon 15 youngsters, ages 8 to 16, were devotedly following McNulty in the bay waters, in five weeks of distance swimming, in rescuing little shavers who fell off rubber rafts, in learning to avoid getting run over by the small boats in the bay, and in listening to the counsel of their instructor on the mysteries and temperament of the sea.

Nor did McNulty confine himself to teaching safety for themselves and assistance to others. The famed undersea gardens and sea life of Avalon were an open book to him, and he opened many of its pages to his little band, in whom he took so much pride.

At summer's end, the parents of McNulty's group put on a "bake sale" of homemade pies and cakes, raising the money to send them all to Disneyland, across the channel.

Everywhere the program exists, parents give it the same enthusiastic response. When the JG's go to other beach towns for competition days, the parents chauffeur them in the family cars.

For one thing, the parents are grateful that their children are not drowning in rip tides, the bugaboo of the beaches. Rips account for 80 percent of the rescue trips of lifeguards. A thousand swimmers have been pulled from them on Southern California beaches in a single bad day.

Lifeguard Karl Bohn, director of the JG program for Los Angeles County, explained rip tides—properly called rip currents. They are started by the runback water from the beach. The runback digs channels running straight out to sea wherever it finds soft places in the bottom or around piers and jetties. In such channels the water races like a brownish river. No

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swimmer in his right mind tries to go against them.

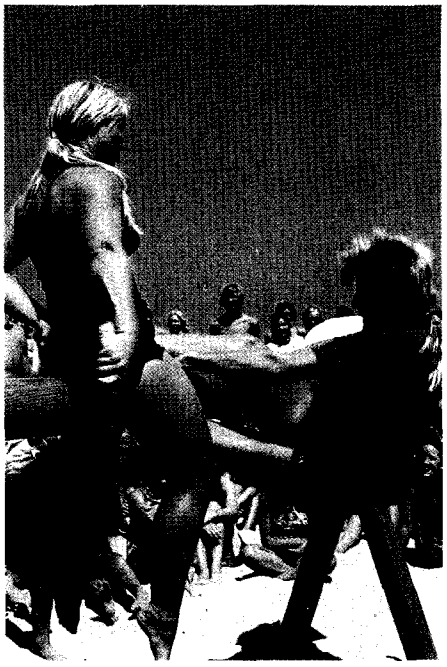
"But when you want to get out beyond the surf in a hurry," said Bohn, "riding a rip is the fastest way. Sometimes when water conditions are bad, it's the *only* way."

He introduced me to Kelly Martz, 16, a part Cherokee Indian girl who was in the habit of massacring all competitors in middle-distance swimming.

Kelly turned out to be a shrewd observer of her teen peers. After praising her instructors and the value of the program, she added casually, "Kids who don't do anything don't think they're any good."

The instructors are good psychologists, turning into games all the hard work of learning so many important matters of safety. In this they are considerably aided by a lady named Resuscitation Annie.

Annie is a remarkable life-size rubber and plastic dummy. She lies still as death on the sand. The JG's, in teams of two, press rhythmically on her rib cage to restore her breathing. They do mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on her in the approved CPR (cardio-pulmonary resuscitation) manner. Recording instruments in Annie's innards keep track of how the young operators are doing. Most beaches have an Annie.



Pillow fighting teaches youngsters to hold their tempers. Girls frequently beat male opponents in the strenuous competition that tests sense of balance.

She, however, is one of the less strenuous activities. Much of the JG training is at full gallop. In an event called Run Swim Run, they race down the wet sand for perhaps a quarter-mile (depending on the age group), dive into the surf, swim to a buoy anchored 200 yards out, and return to charge down the beach again. Or they add paddleboarding to the running and swimming for the Iron Man event.

By such means the JG's turn their bodies into steel and quicken their minds for that day of emergency when seconds may make the difference between a life or death.

Does it all pay off?

Kenny Kramer, age 15, sat on the tower platform at San Clemente State Beach chatting with the lifeguard. Kenny had just been promoted to lifeguard aid. He had never made a rescue.

Scanning the water, they spotted a youth some distance out ineptly trying to catch a wave crest with a surfboard. He was trespassing in a zone restricted for the use of swimmers only.

"Get that kid out of there before he hurts somebody with that board," the guard told Kenny.

Kenny jumped to the sand and automatically picked up his rescue buoy, as guards always do on any mission. Uncoiling the six-foot leash fastened to the buoy as he went, he was soon at the water's edge watching for the surfer to ride in.

But only the board came in, leaping end over end in the waves—no rider. Kenny glanced back at the guard in the tower, who was now pointing to a pair of heads bobbing in the water, the signal for him to go out to them.

Slipping into the shoulder strap of his leash, he ran into the surf, the slim, yard-long rescue buoy trailing behind him. Swimming strongly, he could soon hear a lad yelling in distress and coughing up water. A second swimmer, a man of about 25, had already come to the boy's aid, but now was in danger of being drowned himself.

Kenny drew near with reassuring talk, managing to quiet the boy enough to buckle the rubber rescue buoy around his chest. The man who had been attempting to help willingly gave up his task.

"Kids will usually follow instructions from a person older than they are," Kenny told me, "but sometimes grownups hate to admit they need help. They don't always realize the trouble that they're in."

Such stories are many. The training and toughening the JG's get changes them from helpless onlookers to self-confident achievers. I have asked many if they have ever rescued a person. Often I get the answer, "No—but I could." If they had saved a life, and I asked them how it made them feel, they expressed as best they could the deep satisfaction of the experience.

The feelings of admiration and respect that flow between the lifeguards and their young charges is obvious.

Most JG's are in that difficult age between childhood and adulthood, that trying time when the parental umbilicus must feel the first strains of separation. They hunger for a place in the world and for the sense of being useful and wanted. The lifeguards give it to them.

It may be their greatest gift. ☒

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H.H.P.

Harvey was a bit off-beat, but his music made you stomp your feet.

by Walt Kemp

Illustrated by Peter Blake

I met Harvey Horace Potter in the fall of '65--
He was smellier and uglier than any man alive.
When poor Harv was born, his daddy, hustlin' home
to get a gun,
Said, "My wife may be his mother--but that kid
sure ain't my son!"

I don't mean to badmouth Harvey--but he was
the village slob;
He just lived from day to day, from year to year,
from job to job.
He had body odor problems like a crippled-up baboon;
Folks said, "Stay away from Harv in May--he
takes his bath in June."

O.K., now you know that Harvey weren't no
bloomin' movie star;
Didn't know a bowl of corn flakes from Beluga caviar;
Didn't know pâté de foie gras from a loaf of
day-old bread;
Or a vintage Corton Charlemagne from home-brewed
dago red.

Well, we had a five-piece band in town--called
Buzzy and his crowd.
They played uniformly poorly; they played
uniformly loud.
They could play "O Sole Mio" or the title song
from *Mame*;
Which was which was academic (they both sounded
just the same).

An Italian boy, "Three Fingers" Fink, played
tenor saxophone
And old "Horse Face" Watts, the sheriff, played
saliva-filled trombone.
Not a soul among 'em knew an F-flat ninth from
middle C.
If they played together (in one room) they called
it harmony.

Buzzy's drummer's name was Cootie; Cootie's sister
played guitar.
(Grace was built like a banana and she smoked a
black cigar.)
They were quite an aggregation, Buzzy Wheeler
and his mob--
If you're fond of barnyard music that's been
fresh-cut from the cob.

Late in '68 old Harvey, smellin' bad and
drippin' sweat,
Ambled into a rehearsal with a beat-up clarinet.
Buzzy laughed and Cootie hollered, "Well, ain't
this a nice surprise?
Folks, meet Mr. Benny Goodman--in a stumblebum's
disguise!"

Harvey paid 'em no attention, he put out his
cigarette.
Like a man possessed, old Harv caressed the
beat-up clarinet.
When he put it to his lips, some sort of miracle
occurred;
He played music unlike any Buzzy's bunch had
ever heard.

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Harvey played a little Chopin (one mazurka,
one étude);
He played polkas, he played ragtime, he played
Miller's "In the Mood";
He played nocturnes, he played boogie, he played
solid rock 'n' roll.
Music flowed from Harvey's heart, from Harvey's
lips, from Harvey's soul.

Now I've heard some top musicians but I never
will forget
Hearin' Harvey Horace Potter blow a
B-flat clarinet.
Harvey didn't need no music, just a tumbler
full of rye.
There were times he made me happy; there were times
he made me cry.

I should tell you that I'm talking 'bout a
town in Tennessee—
Just a little place no bigger than a pimple
on a flea.
But the folks there loved their music—even Buzzy's
offbeat brand—
And it weren't too long 'til Harvey was the star
of Buzzy's band.

They played every Friday evening down at
Marvin Grant's café.
Folks flocked in from other counties—just to
hear old Harvey play.
I'm a kinda sentimental slob and Harvey's
clarinet
Made me think about a gal who I keep trying
to forget.

Did I love her? Yes, I loved her—but there ain't
no gosh darn way
That a man can love a woman when she starts to
play for pay.
There's a poem called "Retribution" that
succinctly says it all—
"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small."

I met "Horse Face" Watts last August in a
Phenix City dive.
I've seen dead men who looked better than old
"Horse Face" looked alive.
He said Buzzy's band had broken up and scattered
far and wide.
I asked why and "Horse Face" told me—Harvey
Horace Potter died.

"Horse Face" told me that old Harvey had been
boozin' pretty good;
But old Harv was Harv and no one cared—or really
understood.

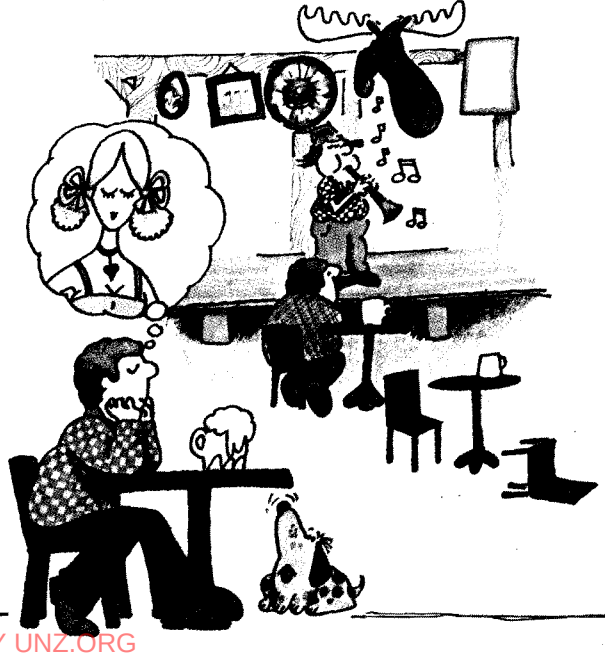
Then one Friday night at Marvin's place, old Harv
ran out of thread.
It was Harvey's turn to solo but he couldn't—
Harv was dead.

Buzzy since has moved to Memphis—he sells hosiery
door-to-door;
Grace and Cootie, they don't do much (which is what
they did before).
There's a discotheque in Chattanooga, called
the "Bobolink,"
And it's run by my old buddy, Mr. Al ("Three
Fingers") Fink.

That's the end of Harvey's story—there just ain't
much more to say.
Harvey came and Harvey played—and then old Harvey
went away.
Lots of folks still say they knew him, but if Harv
was with us yet
He would tell you that his best friend was his
B-flat clarinet.

If you're ever down near Knoxville and you get a
half a chance,
Spend an afternoon and evening in a town called
Charley's Branch.
Folks back in them hills will tell you that old
Harvey's with 'em still,
'Cause each night they hear his clarinet near old
man Thompson's mill.

Maybe someday I'll go back—but not to see the girl
next door.
I don't love her; I don't need her; I don't want
her anymore.
I'll go back for just one reason—Harv ain't easy
to forget,
And I want to hear him once more—playin' B-flat
clarinet.



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The Maple and the Palm

California native Eve Babitz used to dream of snow-capped rooftops, cozy hearths and snug mittens. Then she endured Europe's coldest winter since 1889. Suddenly, she put her dreams on ice and followed the sun home.

by Eve Babitz

Illustrated by Rob Sauber

The maple and palm stand side by side not a block from my house. The maple, every spring, bursts forth with bright green leaves with which it surrounds itself all summer. By October the leaves begin to turn golden until the whole tree is orange; the leaves fall to the ground, and the branches are empty, sealed up for the winter. For four long months the branches stand grayly against the L.A. skies. . .until spring once more occurs to them, and once more the maple is green. The palm tree is 60 feet high, one of those tall, skinny ones, and it does nothing but sun itself from one decade to the next. It's a matter of personal taste as to which tree one prefers.

The weather in L.A. has been relentlessly pleasant since time began. When I was a small child growing up in Southern California, I used to dream of sleighs and snowballs. The song "White Christmas" could induce a nostalgia for something I only knew about from Christmas card illustrations and Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House* books. I yearned passionately with the ravenous appetite of one deprived to see snow fall out of the sky and onto rooftops like cake icing. I had a mad desire to ski and sled down hills, which just wasn't satisfied by ice skating in a Hollywood rink known as the Polar Palace, where the ice melted so quickly from how hot it always was in reality that huge puddles of water inspired bad boys to skid and splash innocent by-standers or get the girls all wet. I dreamed of mittens and boots and long, striped scarfs and woolen hats with pompons, and I longed for a snowman in our front yard. Deep down I craved igloos.

People, ever since I can remember, had been explaining to me the marvelousness of being born in Southern California and of Southern California itself.

"Here we are sitting out by the pool," they'd always say. "Did you read in the paper how it's 20 below in North Dakota? Got a blizzard back there. I keep telling my folks they should come out here to the land of milk and honey, but they say they wouldn't know what to do with all the sunshine."

"Is the snow in North Dakota nice?" I'd reply.

"Nice?" they'd ask.

I was always ruining "Isn't California Wonderful?" stories by pining for snow and just wasn't the right audience for the "land of milk and honey" version of L.A.

My whole childhood went by with Santa motoring down Hollywood Boulevard on a float the night before Thanksgiving, with Christmas mornings that were always somehow sunnier and warmer than the day before, and with assurances from adults everywhere that snow was O.K. the first day but from then on it was "slush." I had no idea what "slush" was and I felt that, like most adults, they were hopeless pessimists and blind to boot. Especially when they said, "The sidewalks, when it snows, are all slippery with slush," for then I thought "adults *would* go around grumpy over sidewalks when the rooftops were all frosted!" Throughout my growing up I knew just how it would be—I would be in a small cottage waking up, and outside the whole landscape would be suddenly white. And there'd be a fireplace.

By the time I was 19, I had yet to see snow fall. I had seen it on the ground in stingy patches up in the mountains around L.A., but that wasn't what I meant. I had yet to see snowflakes actually out where I could catch them with my hands.

My father, the year I was 19, got a Ford Foundation grant to further his musicological studies in Germany. He gathered us all together—my mother, sister, and me—and when the traveling dust had settled, my sister and parents were living in Heidelberg, while I had somehow convinced those in charge that I ought to live in Rome instead. (I had just seen *La Dolce Vita* and couldn't wait to stand in the Trevi Fountain in a strapless evening gown at dawn like Anita Ekberg before I got to Rome, but once I was there the Trevi Fountain slipped my mind, there was so much other trouble I could get into. In fact, I didn't even

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see the fountain until I'd lived in Rome four months—I came on it by accident, and for a moment I couldn't remember why it looked familiar.) I felt punished and mean-spirited when my parents suggested I come visit them in Germany for Christmas, but there was nothing I could really do to get out of it, and so one morning I was getting off the train in Heidelberg.

The winter of 1961-62 was the worst winter Europe had known since 1889, but there was hardly any snow in Heidelberg that first December morning as we drove to the cottage my parents had rented. The landscape was bleak and brownish gray. But the next morning I woke up to see that snow had changed everything. Snow was falling right out of the sky. All the rooftops, those adorable German fairy-tale rooftops, were frosted like childhood illustrations.

My sister, three years younger than I, looked out the window and said, "Ohhhhhhhh. I wanted to go to town today. Now the streets will be all full of slush."

"But it's snowing!" I protested. Surely my younger sister hadn't turned into a blind adult!

The thing was, it didn't stop snowing.

Continued on page 144

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DR. PROHASKA AND MY PROSTATE

A case history of surgery, written this time by the patient, in which he conquers the inevitable by recognizing his own fear, and facing it down with courage born of a smile.

by Hamilton Benz

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Dr. Prohaska had told me he would operate right after lunch. His lunch, not mine. For 20 hours I'd had nothing to eat or drink. While I didn't resent the loss of nourishment—nervous tension had dissipated my appetite—my craving for water was intense. But as the sedation flowed into me, both tension and thirst abated and I became philosophic. What the hell, if the end was to come with a scalpel in my belly at least I would feel no pain: Sodium pentothal, that splendid drug, would allow me to confront mere death not aggravated by torture.

Now I was minutes away from the fatal moment—fatal because assuredly I would become the third fatality in the family, my father and brother having died of cancer. Still, I had lived a good life for 66 years and it was not too early to go. Or was it?

"Time to give him another shot," said Dr. Boden, the anesthesiologist.

The intern, who had been talking incessantly since the start of this procedure, said, "We can piggyback this needle in his right arm."

"No, I want to get the sedation in more directly." Boden scrutinized my left forearm. "Ah! Here's a lovely vein."

The injection made me dizzy and I suddenly felt oppressed by the confines of the room—not really a room but an alcove crowded with small tables and bureaus holding the multifarious paraphernalia of the anesthesiologist.

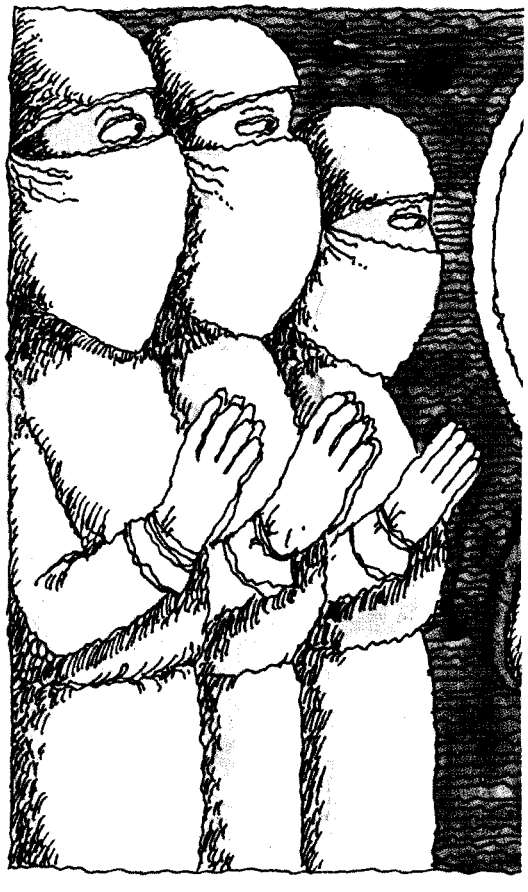
"Time to go," Boden announced. As they wheeled me out into the corridor the intern, guiding the I.V. pole with his free hand, resumed his chatter.

At the open door to the operating room an orderly stood beside an operating table. The three shifted me onto its surface, wider and softer than that of the stretcher. Makes sense, I told myself: Now Prohaska will have room to dig into my entrails, rip me from my gullet to my zatch. (Oh, Thurber, would you have retained your wit in a situation like this?) But dear God, may Dr. Boden give me the full dose of sodium pentothal, let me not come to as Prohaska cuts me up! Then I recalled what a teen-age convalescent had told me the night before and I breathed easier. "Listen, pal," he had said, "when they mainline that juice, if you can count to ten before you zonk out you're some kind of freak."

The intern stopped talking as we entered the O.R. In a brilliant blaze of light from three large overhead lamps it resembled a stage set. In fact, the movements and gestures of the occupants conveyed a studied simplicity as if conceived by a talented director. Grouped about an instrument table were three nurses garbed in green surgical gowns, face masks and rubber gloves. (Macbeth's witches stirring up a poisonous brew?) To one side, similarly garbed and conversing in whispers, stood two doctors who would assist Prohaska. (The murderers of Banquo?)

I was wheeled into position under the lamps which the doctors adjusted to focus on my abdomen. Now they stepped aside and looked "off stage." Boden, the intern, the nurses looked in the same direction. All was quiet, no one moved. The eerie silence drove me close to the border line of panic as I followed their gaze.

Chief surgeon Eben Prohaska, in surgical gown and face mask, entered from a side door and approached me. His eyes, holding steadily on mine, flashed as he raised his scalpel in greeting. I sensed a moment of pure theater, a beautifully timed and staged entrance: the master surgeon, the superstar, taking over front and



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center. I sensed also that behind the mask he was smiling, triumphant yet reassuring. He was in his world, all was right with it and all would be right with me. Or so I hoped as I forced my lips into a weak smile. "Hello, doctor." I wanted to say more but the flow of sodium pentothal had begun.

Statistics show that three out of five men are subject in their later years to some form of prostate trouble. Located at the neck of the bladder, the gland surrounds the upper section of the urethra, the duct through which urine is passed from the bladder. One of its functions is to aid in the excretion of seminal constituents from the testes. It may possibly serve other physiological purposes but to date medical science has not learned of them.

My first trouble occurred in my late thirties. Diagnosed as a boggy prostate, the condition was relieved by a series of massages. In my fifties urinating became abnormally slower and more frequent, occasionally attended by burning and itching. To this I paid little attention, regarding it as one of the miseries of growing old.

Then at age 64 a dramatic change came with the first of several bladder infections. My doctor prescribed Gantanol, and may it rain locusts from heaven for seven years if I ever again see a Gantanol pill. I took one every three hours during the day and that night I had no sleep. I must have been out of bed a dozen times hurrying to the toilet to urinate: The pain was excruciating, as if tiny shards of glass were passing through my urethra. By morning the infection had disappeared along with the pain.

Fool that I was, I stopped taking the pills short of the prescribed ten-day period and within a month the infection recurred. Coward as well as fool, I categorically refused Gantanol and paid for my intransigence in hard cash and a longer recovery: A small phial of Urobiotic pills cost me five times the price of Gantanol. When the infection cleared I was sanguine enough to believe my cure complete.

Months later a third infection set in and I ordered a refill of the Urobiotic #40 pills. "When you're over this attack," my doctor told me, "get to the hospital for an I.V.P."

"What's that?" I asked testily, "and why do I need it?"

"Just playing safe. I suspect your prostate has closed in on the neck of the bladder causing a small pocket of sedimentary urine, thus infection. X-rays will give us the picture, no pun intended."

To avoid a painful truth, man often resorts to any number of evasive tactics. I wanted no part of X-rays lest my doctor be proved right and consign me to the surgeon's knife. Never had I been operated on and at this advanced stage in life I had no intention of submitting my flesh to major surgery. But in the days that followed, the increasing constriction around my bladder was accompanied by more severe burning and itching. The traumatic moment arrived when, after a mid-day nap, responding to an urgent call to empty my bladder I met with complete stoppage. My stomach churned in wretchedness as I paced the house, hoping by physical action to relieve the constriction. It did just that and I was able to pass urine. Promptly I telephoned the hospital and arranged for an I.V.P.

On a bitter cold day in February I drove up to the city for my first meeting with Prohaska. At the receptionist's desk I filled out the required forms and after passing a urine specimen was escorted by a nurse through the office to the consulting room. The nurse had left the door ajar and from the office I heard a crisp male voice discussing over the telephone methods of treatment for a patient suffering terminal cancer. The voice had to be Prohaska's for it carried authority and conviction. What depressed me was the impersonal, even casual manner in which he discussed the morbid subject. The awful thought struck me that if he worked only on terminal cases then I was a doomed man.

Prohaska entered and shut the door. I rose, he showed a friendly

Dr. Prohaska's eyes, holding steadily on mine, flashed as he raised his scalpel in greeting.

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smile and we shook hands. Of average height, in his early fifties with a slight but wiry build, he had about him an air of inner strength and a certain cocksureness which in turn reassured me. This reputable surgeon, internationally known as an authority in his field, would solve my problem not by the scalpel but with sophisticated drugs and pills.

"I have to admit I'm scared," I began. "My father died of cancer of the prostate and my brother died of abdominal cancer at age 39." I went on to describe a history of my prostatic troubles while he penciled notes on a clipboard. Then he had me lower my trousers and shorts and lie back on the examining table. After a cursory inspection of my genitals he palpated my prostate but in such an expert manner that I felt no discomfort whereas the many previous tests had been accompanied by much distress and often a lingering pain.

"It's a big one, my friend."

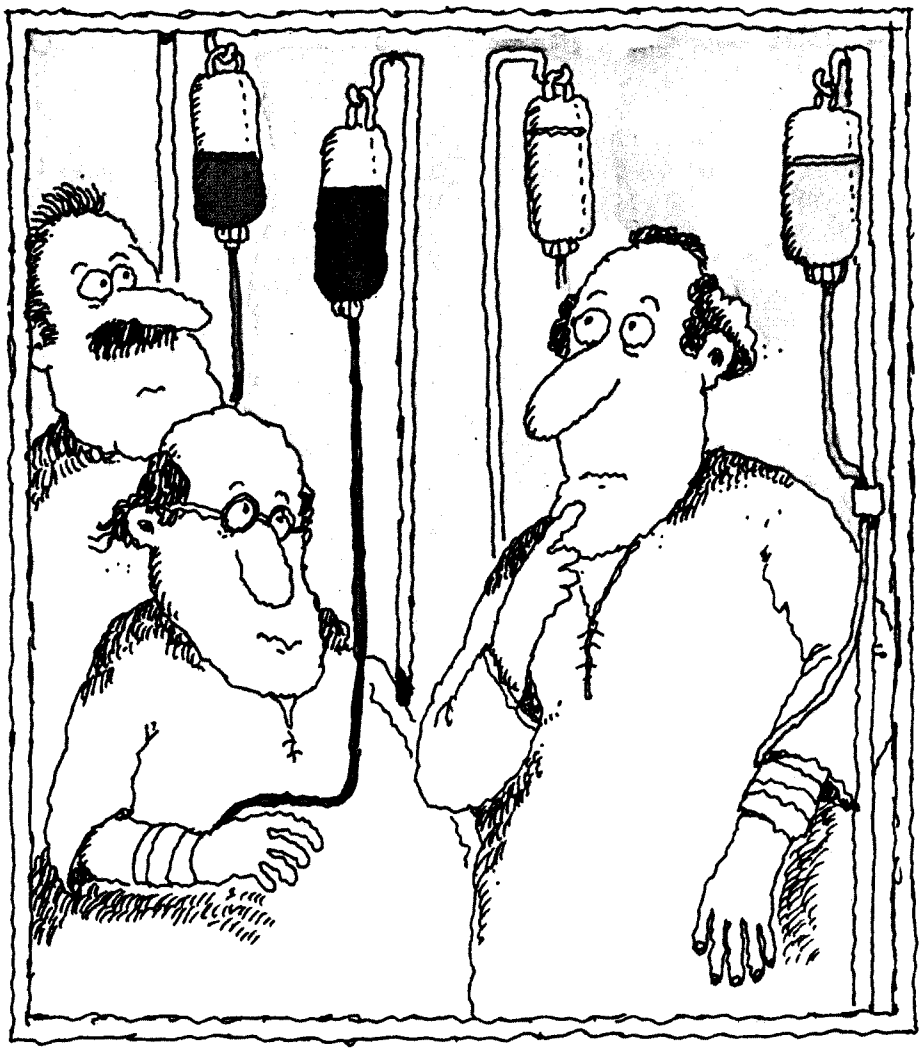
The chill that attacked my spine came not so much from that diagnosis as from the controlled excitement behind his words, couched in inflections an archaeologist might voice upon excavating an uncommon artifact. Now he showed me two colored charts of the urogenital tract, one a frontal, the other a lateral view: Each accented the gland in a sickly pink hue against a buff background. "A normal prostate," he said, "is about the size of a walnut and weighs perhaps 20 grams."

"What do you think mine weighs?" Actually I didn't want to know and he didn't choose to answer; subsequently its weight proved to be 70 grams. "Well then, doctor, what's ahead of me if I don't have an operation?"

"Sooner or later you'll have another infection. Gradually the periphery of the bladder will harden. Your overworked kidneys could fail and that would require your wearing a catheter for the rest of your life. There's also the possibility of a coronary."

I looked away from him and stared at the wall, terrified of such a future.

"An operation has to be done," he went on. "I rule out a T.U.R.—that's going through the penis. I'd do a retropubic prostatectomy, open surgery from above." He placed a pencil on the frontal chart at a point just below the navel. "I'll cut from here straight down to the pubic bone, open you up, pare the gland, free the neck of the bladder and loosen up the urethra. I've done the operation many times. . . "



Eventually the other convalescents and I could promenade the halls, tethered to our I.V. poles, comparing the rainbow fluids in our plastic bags.

In my mind's eye I saw his scalpel cutting and slicing, the blood gushing, my entrails protruding, interns applying sutures, nurses passing instruments back and forth.

" . . .and you're in good physical condition so there should be no difficulties."

Questions I lacked the courage to ask raced through my mind: How would I react to the anesthesia? What was the chance of a blood clot causing heart failure? How could I offset the embarrassment of female nurses shaving my pubis, washing my genitals, bandaging the dreadful wound? Christ in heaven, the incision would be eight or nine inches long! But then what would life be like wearing a catheter and with the ever-present threat of kidney or heart failure? I squared my shoulders and took a deep breath. "Let's go through with it. Better to be cut up now than cut down later."

As March dragged by I answered every telephone call with shaky hands and a sick feeling in my stomach. Toward the end of the month I called on my doctor and told him that if I had to wait much longer I'd become a mental rather than a physical patient. He promised quick action. Thinking a nudge from me might also expedite matters, I wrote Prohaska the following letter:

"I should report that in the last

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few days I have experienced in my lumbar region small pains like that of a darning needle stinging a butterfly. This suggests that my kidneys are either eroded or corroded and that the blight of cancer is imminent. If action is not taken precipitously I will will in my will that I be embalmed with vintage cognac to grease my entrance into Purgatory. It is my earnest hope that you will take these matters into consideration and act thereon with due concern for the well-being of this your hopeless patient who has deep respect for your manipulations on the scalpel and other (unmentionable) instruments. In the hope that I shall soon be under your expert care and attention, I am, sir, your patient patient. . . ."

Someone in Prohaska's office had a mordant sense of humor, for my call to report to the Admissions Office was set for April Fool's day. I arrived at the appointed hour, was assigned to my room and informed that the operation would take place the following morning should all preliminary tests prove satisfactory.

I was awake at dawn after a restless night. At 8:00 Prohaska appeared and greeted me with what seemed effusive cordiality. (Was he "psyching" me up for the forthcoming fray?) "I'd planned to operate at nine," he said, "but I want you to have another I.V.P. The X-rays were incomplete."

I bore the inconvenience of that second session with stoical calm. Back in my room I received a sedative in preparation for the operation. In a not unpleasant stupor I watched the clock and, as the minutes ticked by, thought of life and death and found it difficult to distinguish between the two. Suspended in limbo I didn't give a damn about anything.

At ten minutes to eleven a pair of orderlies wheeled in a stretcher and placed me on it. The orderly who escorted me to Dr. Boden was a garrulous Irishman with the euphonious name of Hugh O'Houlihan. He prattled on in whimsical fashion, touching on assorted topics unrelated to medicine and hospitals. On leaving me in Boden's care he showed a broad smile and raised his hand in salute. I was sorry to see him go. I felt I had lost a friend, perhaps the last friend I would know in this world.

As to the early stages of convalescence my memory is clear on only a few incidents since I was under heavy sedation much of the time.

As I came out of it, I began to have the first disquieting thoughts. I was glad to be alive. It was a fine moment three days later when I awakened early in the morning with a healthy appetite and for the first time enjoyed solid food.

But there was the nagging question always in the back of my mind. When would they tell me whether the operation had been a success or not? Was the report in? Surely it was. Did I have cancer? Surely they would let me know soon.

I tried to read the time away. Finally, I must have drowsed away—I awakened to find Prohaska at the bedside.

"What time is it?" I mumbled.

"Ten past three on a lovely April afternoon with the sun shining, the temperature in the seventies. What else would you like to know?"

"Nothing."

"Wouldn't you like a report on your prostate?"

Abruptly I was wide awake, seeing on his face both pride and gratification as he said, "The report from the lab shows no trace of cancer." He looked at the contents of my plastic drainage bag. "That's improving nicely. I think tomorrow we'll liberate you from the catheter."

Through the window I watched a flight of pigeons circling above the trees. From another room a radio was playing the *Et Resurrexit* section of the Bach B-minor mass. I took several deep breaths to ease the constriction in my throat and then let the tears flow. For the better part of an hour I reveled in a transcendental state, blissfully unaware of my physical condition. Came the descent from that empyrean height but for hours afterward I delighted in the simplest functions of my five senses.

I was freed from the catheter the next morning and after lunch Prohaska stopped by for a final checkup. Satisfied, he informed me that I could go home the next day. "For six weeks," he added sternly, "you do nothing but take it easy, no heavy work whatsoever, and an hour nap every afternoon."

Few pursuits in life are more enjoyable than doing nothing when under strict orders to do nothing. That prolonged respite I mark as one of the most tranquil and enjoyable periods of my life. Leisure gave me the opportunity to reflect on, and read about, the mysteries of the body and the interrelation of the organs. I came upon some interesting observations.

Shortly after the onset of my severe prostatic troubles I began to be plagued with a variety of afflictions: stomach disorders, heartburn, a frequently irritated gall bladder, irregular bowel movements, renal pains and back aches. I associated none of these with my prostate, regarding them as manifestations of the aging process and cursed each in turn as I doctored myself with pills and placebos. One other ailment caused much mental distress for the reason that my doctor couldn't explain, diagnose or cure it. This was a recurrent rash of itchy erubescent pustules on my scalp.

By the end of my first week at home the rash disappeared for good. In the ensuing weeks all the other afflictions faded away so that by the time I was free to return to work I found myself, to use a shopworn phrase, a new man. On the assumption that these etiological facts might prove of value to Prohaska, I spelled them out in a letter and closed with the following:

"I must add that I have done absolutely nothing (0) since having been sprung from your abattoir which is of no consequence to you but I thought you should know that I acceded faithfully to your orders. For one of my advanced age I can report that I am in excellent health, all my systems are 'go' including prostate, bladder, bowels and kidneys, and my taste for gin restored. My one complaint is that when I view in the mirror the scarlet you carved on my belly in intaglio I fall into a faint and chatter incomprehensibly for some minutes. I am, as you know, ever in your debt. . ." ☐

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GEORGE BURNS: RED HOT AND SPICY

Honored this year as Entertainer of the Century, Burns maintains his modesty. His name may be a household word, he admits, but what about his face? "People still get me mixed up with Burt Reynolds . . ."

by Holly Miller

Seeking refuge from his own cigar smoke, George Burns executes a sprightly two-step in my direction, settles down on the overstuffed couch, and bends forward to exchange confidences. Somehow he doesn't look like a matinee idol. Maybe it's his jaunty 5'8" frame. Or his ever-present horn-rimmed glasses shaped like dual portholes. Or the fact he'll be 84 next January 20.

My assignment is to interview Burns on the occasion of his new hit film's release. Called Just You and Me, Kid, *it co-stars 13-year-old femme fatale Brooke Shields. My first question: Who plays the "Kid"?*

At age 83 going on 12, George Burns is a showstopper from the old school.

A throwback to the early days, a vaudeville die-hard who starts each day with corn flakes because the crunchy sound reminds him of applause, he can shuffle off to Buffalo without ever lifting his feet off the floor. A remnant from the era of "23-skiddoo" and "so's your old man," he speaks in syncopated patter and punctuates each line with an artistic wave of a left hand stained ochre by 69 years of smoking, but not inhaling, 33-cent cigars.

He's the bee's knees and the cat's pajamas all wrapped up into one small, fastidious package. When he eases into an impromptu soft shoe the illusion of savoir faire is created more from the action in his eyes than from the motion of his hips. Still, his chutzpah is enough to lure the disco set out of Studio 54 and down to the Roxy. After all, he's probably the only person in existence who remembers *all* the verses to the "Red Rose Rag," and he's willing to prove it at the drop of a hat. Preferably a panama with a striped band.

Shadowing Burns around New York City for a day is like playing straight man at back-to-back matinees in Altoona. I get the feeling he's experimenting with new material and using me as a laugh-o-meter. If a joke prompts a chuckle it will be incorporated into some future act. My suspicions are confirmed backstage at the "Dick Cavett Show" as we wait in the dressing room of channel 13 for his call to the set. He introduces

Forget about generation gaps. Burns and Shields became instant pals while filming Just You and Me, Kid. *At right, he tells his* Post *interviewer about a favorite hobby: singing. "Next time you give a party, call me up. I'll bring my piano player."*

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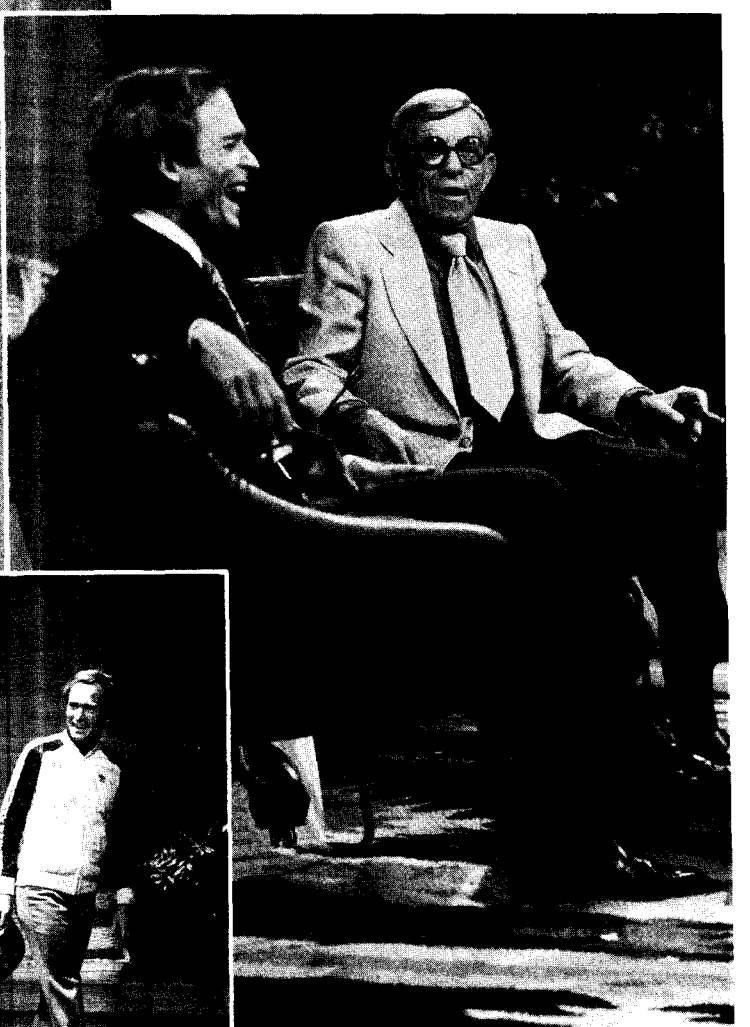
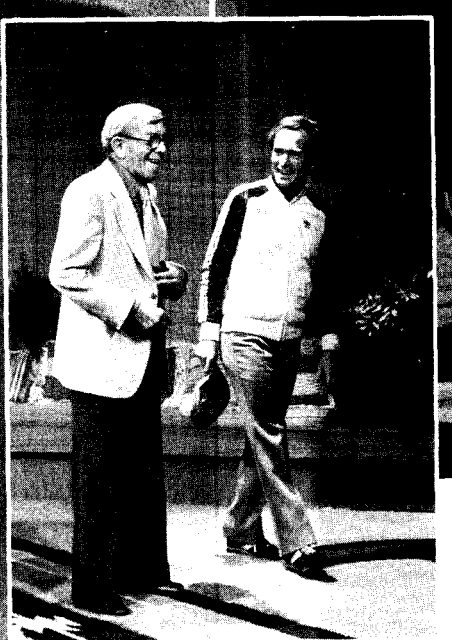
me as his "New Haven." Again a throwback to the early days, this is show biz talk for the old practice of breaking in new acts on the "small town" audiences of Pittsburgh, New Haven, Altoona and points west. Big laughs and rave reviews assured a booking in the hub of vaudeville, New York.

"I think I got the worst review of anybody in show business once in Oklahoma City," he recalls to a gathering of backstage fans. "The newspaper came out after the Monday matinee and said, 'Regarding Burns and Allen: Miss Allen is a beautiful lady with great talent and impeccable timing. And what a dancer! There's no telling how far this girl could go if she worked alone.' Nice notice, eh? Another time a booking agent caught our show, then came back-





On-camera or off, Burns never stops entertaining. Here he trades quips with Dick Cavett. Unlike many comedians, he's never kept a joke file, writes much of his own material, and delivers it off-the-cuff.

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stage with an offer of $750 a week for Gracie or $500 a week for the two of us. That's what he thought of me."

The dressing room, now filled to capacity with members of Burns' entourage and Cavett's production staff, erupts in laughter so loud that the studio audience waiting patiently downstairs probably thinks it's in the wrong place.

"I hope you're saving some of those great stories for the show," says Cavett as he ducks in to say hello before trading his jogging warm-ups for the traditional on-camera blue blazer and gray slacks.

"One minute," yells the assistant in charge of count-down.

"That's not a lot for a guy my age," quips Burns.

He declines the offer of stage makeup . . . who needs it? His face is unlined, his color is excellent and, in spite of open-heart surgery five years ago, he exudes energy. Stage fright is a malady he hasn't suffered in decades, and the prospect of being the lone guest star on a nationally televised talk show is viewed with sheer delight. He admits, however, that his cigar consumption increases notably on performance days.

"Onstage, a cigar works wonders. It helps your timing. If you tell a joke and the audience laughs, you smoke; if you tell a joke and the audience doesn't laugh, you don't smoke. And I use a holder," he explains, exhibiting a tidy plastic gizmo done up in tortoise shell. "When you perform in front of an audience people don't like to see the wet end of a cigar. I'm a very neat Jew. Besides, if you use a holder, you don't have to buy expensive cigars since they all taste alike. These are domestic; cost about 33 cents. Milton Berle pays two dollars for a cigar, and Ernie Kovacs used to pay three. If I paid three dollars for a cigar, first I'd sleep with it, then I'd smoke it."

The cigar has been a part of his act since he was 14. Unknowingly, his mother supported his "habit" by giving him 25 cents a day to underwrite his job-hunting excursions around Manhattan. Determined to break into show business, he would spend seven cents for a Ricora cigar ("It took all day to smoke one"), have his suit pressed for 15 cents, then saunter down to the theater district jingling the remaining three cents in his pocket, radiating an aura of terminal chic.

"I smoked the cigar because I thought it made me look like an actor. That's also how I started to wear glasses. My eyes were fine, but I found a pair of pince-nez with a big ribbon on them. They belonged to a man 72, which sounds young to me now—when I meet a guy in his 70s today I send him for a glass of water—but in those days, 72 was old. Anyway, I found these pince-nez and I wore them. Of course I couldn't see anything, and I kept falling off sidewalks. Ruined my eyes."

His destination was always a theatrical building on 42nd Street where the actors and agents of the day congregated. Burns would ride up and down in the elevator for hours hoping to be "discovered" and tapped for stardom. "Finally, one day the elevator boy said, 'Let me ask you something, don't you play any place except this elevator?' "

"Sometimes I sit back and wonder what would have happened to me if I hadn't met Gracie. I wonder if I would have made it."

Again, the mini-audience in the dressing room hoots in laughter and Burns takes a long draught on his cigar. Such timing. Our "applause" is cut short by a blinking light which indicates the "Dick Cavett Show" is officially on the air. "Shhh," whispers the count-down executive. Burns is escorted to one of two swivel chairs situated on the modest set. "Does Dick smoke?" he asks a studio employee, en route. "No? Good, I'll blow my smoke his way. With Gracie I always had to check which direction the wind was blowing onstage because her fans didn't want smoke in her eyes. With Cavett I don't have to worry."

Burns does no advance preparations for guest appearances on talk shows since he believes spontaneity assures a more relaxed, laid-back atmosphere. "Otherwise you don't really listen to what the host is saying, you're too busy trying to get into the stuff you've rehearsed. The host asks, 'How are you?' and you say, 'Anyway, these two fellas were standing at a bar drinking and . . . ' What the hell does that have to do with how I feel? So I don't prepare anymore."

He prefers conversation related to show business past and present, and shys away from political small talk. When asked about his short tenure (two weeks) at the Manhattan Preparatory School where one of his teachers was an unknown instructor named Leon Trotsky, he replies, "None of him ever rubbed off on me and he never sang any of my songs."

His favorite topics these days are *Just You and Me, Kid*, and his co-star Brooke Shields. In spite of an age gap of some 70 years, the pair struck up an immediate friendship during filming and each pounces on the chance to laud the other's talents. He says of her:

"She really knocked me out. We'd do a dramatic scene and as soon as the director yelled 'Cut' she'd jump up and start be-bopping around the set. Let me tell you, she's a terrific disco dancer. Being an old hoofer myself, I know."

Returning the compliment, Shields says, "He's fantastic. I learned so much from George; just to see how natural he acts, so professional but so friendly. We became real buddies."

The Cavett show winds up on a high note—literally—with Burns' rendition of his "Red Rose Rag." Despite tongue-twisting lyrics, he never misses a beat. Afterward, as we head for his block-long limousine, I remark on his uncanny memory.

"Whenever I make a movie I always memorize all the parts," he says. "That way if I don't do well in my part I'll play somebody else's. Funny thing, though, I've got a very bad memory for names. I used to have a secretary who I took everyplace because she had a great memory and knew every-

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Photo by Pat Crowe

Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the reader who sends us the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick copy. Photographs for next month's photo caption contest may be submitted by amateur or professional photographers. $100 will be paid to any photographer whose picture is published. Black and white photography is preferred.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Swarming to Camelot

The Kennedy "force" is back. It is a thing to be reckoned with, a major factor in the coming presidential election. We use the word *force* for lack of a better one. It implies power and there's fearful power there. It's more than a legend, it lives and grows; obviously it has a present and a future as well as a past. It's more than a political machine. It has world-renowned intellectual defenders on call; men like John Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger have such reputation and power that they can shape academic disciplines like economics and history to suit the needs of Camelot. It calls on speech writers like Ted Sorensen. It has untold wealth, and it is nationwide. The term *political machine* doesn't fit; it's too big and powerful. Political machines in America run "little two-bit" places like Chicago, New York, Boston or Jersey City. The "Kennedy force" makes all that look puny and benign.

We tinkered with the word *cult*. That term implies a strong, charismatic leader at its very nucleus. Presumably, such a leader does his own thinking, phrases his own words, and directs his movements by the sheer power and persuasion of his convictions. The Kennedy force does not have such a central individual. It's more like a swarm of bees or a thriving colony of ants. The colony or swarm has a collective goal which transcends the single ant or bee. The goal: survival of Camelot and the Kennedy mystique.

The titular head of the Kennedy force is Senator Ted. His primary qualification is that he is the sole surviving male Kennedy of his generation. He was tested one night at a place called Chappaquiddick, but didn't prove his valor. He left a young woman to drown, trapped in a car. Perhaps he couldn't have saved her. This has all been gone over before. We are inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he could have had a concussion which left his memory unclear as to his actions and decisions on that fateful night.

Concussion has exactly the right sound. *Temporary insanity* would be out of the question politically. *Amnesia* sounds too medical. *Brain contusion* implies damage which might not be completely righted. Football quarterbacks have concussions and, as everyone knows, in a few days their minds are restored to keen working order.

But what about Camelot and the Kennedy "force"? A little band of them spent that night planning and making phone calls. Their purpose seems not at all to have been to get that girl out of the car. It was sharp and cold as blue steel: save the Kennedy "force"; save Camelot at all costs. Perhaps the girl was already dead, but there was a chance she survived for a while, with the aid of a pocket of air, trapped in the car. The world will never know. One thing is certain: That little band of Camelot thinkers were not all suffering from concussions. Yet they seemed to act in one concerted way—to preserve the swarm.

What about this Kennedy "force"? Does it have morality? Would it act so as to preserve itself and sacrifice American interests if the chips were down? Do we really know? As we start this very political year which will culminate in elections next fall, we urge the American people to search for and select a person for president—not something vague and ill defined like a family, a cult, a movement or a "force."

"Our next speaker, of course, needs no introduction."

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life·style

A Gutless Judicial Decision

Everyone is asking government to solve the energy problem. The nation's nuclear reactor program was a government solution. Once it held such promise that some believed electrical power could be produced virtually free. The impact this would have had on reducing the drain on other sources of energy is obvious. To bring about this miracle the government brought together groups of engineers and physicists so talented and so dedicated no government including ours could come close to matching them today. The nuclear reactors were developed, and they were competitive even with the fuel prices of 20 years ago. From there, economies of multiple production orders, greatly increased reactor core lives and expanding technical training all should have combined to bring down costs even more.

Private industry was dragged into this utopia kicking and screaming under massive government pressure. The giants came first, companies like General Electric and Westinghouse. None of them ever made a killing or even much profit out of nuclear energy. Whatever was driving them it certainly wasn't greed. In due time the utilities themselves got into the act. They didn't make a killing either. They did try to make a profit; greed was hard to find there, too.

From the first there were safety problems; inexorably as answers were found costs went up. Problems of disposal of spent fuel became more critical. Some dangers had been underestimated. Eventually some opponents of nuclear power arrived on the scene whom no amount of safety would have pleased. They wanted to shut the program down. We entered a stage where judges and politicians wrestled with engineering problems. Money was frequently spent for safety which had little to do with safety. Frequently lengthy delays discouraged competent people into quitting. Safety got worse; prices spiraled up. Nothing is as costly as a half-completed project.

Eventually came Three Mile Island—scarey, potentially danger-

Continued on page 113

You gotta have heart in this here life if you're going to get with what it's all about. SO. . . .get a little love message up front, but keep in the back of your mind (and on the back of your T-shirt) the idea that with CPR and a little savvy on your part, you might even save a life next time someone has a heart attack. Life and love, baby—wear that, and let the rest take care of itself!

The Medical Education and Research Foundation
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POST SCRIPTS

Live and Learn

The man was obsessed with the idea that he was dead, and went to a psychiatrist for help. The doctor tried everything, but nothing helped his patient. Finally, he decided to appeal to the man's logic.

"Do dead men bleed?" he asked.

"Of course not," answered the patient.

The doctor then jabbed a sharp needle into the man's arm, causing him to bleed profusely.

"There!" said the psychiatrist triumphantly. "What do you say now?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the man. "Dead people do bleed!"

–Doris Dolphin

Legal Briefs

A talk with my attorney
Really makes me stew;
He never uses *one* word
When *twenty-two* will do.!

–Mary Honsel

Trumped-up Charge

Turning to the best player in the bridge foursome, the timid novice asked, "That last hand . . . how would *you* have played it?"

"Under an assumed name," was the prompt reply.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

All Choked Up

My neighbor was having trouble starting his car and, trying to be helpful, I asked if he had tried choking it.

"No," he replied, "but I'd sure like to."

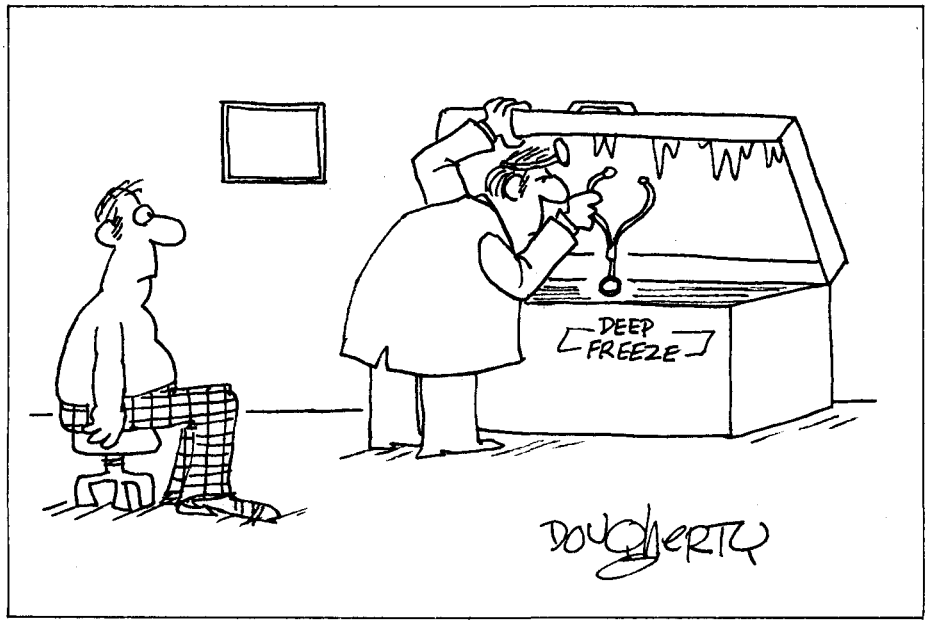
–George E. Bergman

Delusions of Grandeur

A father had just finished giving his son a long account of the part he had played in the war.

The little boy thought for a while, then said, "But, Dad, why did they need all those other soldiers?"

–Al Batt



The Sky's the Limit

An anxious passenger approached the captain of a riverboat and asked, "Why are we stopped? Is it because of the fog?"

"Yep," replied the captain. "Can't see up the river."

"But look at the stars overhead, they're plain as can be."

"Well, we ain't headed that way."

–Samuel J. Stannard

The Wrong Step

During a lull at a discotheque, the young girl impulsively said, "Let's get married, George. I don't want to wait until I'm thirty-five and have wrinkles, bags under my eyes, and a pot belly."

"Well," George replied, "if that's the way you're going to look at thirty-five, let's forget it."

–Morris Bender

Double Trouble

The teacher in charge of the woodworking section was absent, but had assigned work for the boys from the day before. The boys, however, took advantage of the teacher's absence to have a good time. The principal, hearing the noise coming from their section, decided to investigate. Walking softly, he went in through a back door and accosted two of the boys who were making the most noise. He asked the first one, "What are you doing?"

The boy, surprised by his sudden appearance, answered, "Nothing, sir."

The principal then quickly turned to the other boy and asked, "And what are you doing?"

His quick reply was, "Helping him, sir."

–Joshua Smith

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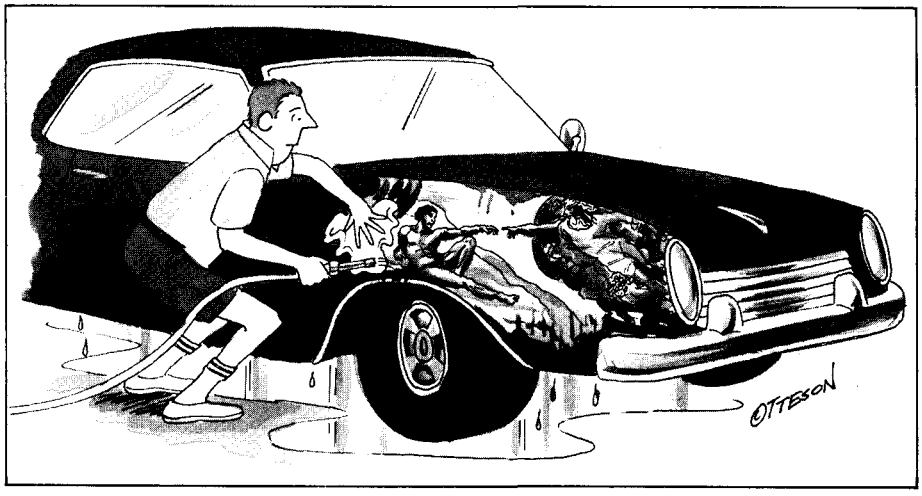


Canceled Delivery

In a Long Beach post office a stamp machine had this handwritten sign: "Warning. Do not deposit any money in this machine. It is just like the employees here. It does not work."

–Morris Bender

Passing the Buck

Don't fail to teach your children the value of a dollar. It's much easier for them to accept the bad news while they're young.

–Honey Greer

Knock on Wood

A man was doing a little carpentering at his house when a friend walked up and commented, "You hammer like lightning."

"You mean I'm fast?" the man asked.

"No," the friend said. "I mean you seldom strike twice in the same place."

–M. Y. Wilcox

Lost in Space

To avoid mid-air collisions, the members of a skydiving club wore red and white flashing lights during a nighttime jump. One jumper steered his parachute toward a well-lighted area he mistook for his predetermined target site. Upon landing, he realized his error and walked over to a woman who had watched his descent. His lights still flashing, he asked her where he was. In a shaking voice the woman blurted, "Earth!"

–Dorothea Kent

Derision of Powers

Why is it presidents are more popular running for office than when they're running the office?

–Bill Iha

College Daze

"I hear you have a boy in college. Is he going to become a doctor, an engineer or a lawyer, perhaps?"

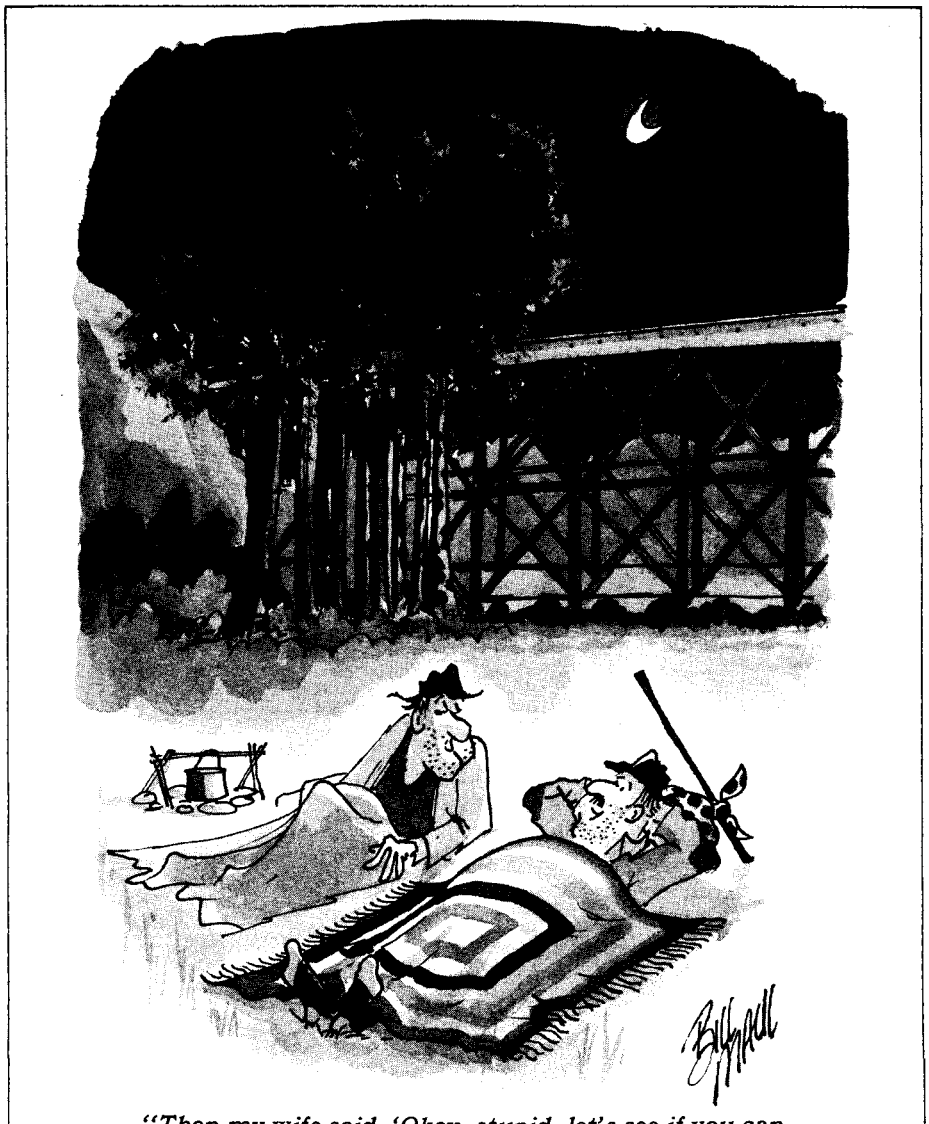
The thoughtful answer was: "That I do not know. Right now the really big question is: Is he going to become a sophomore?"

–Helen Lozanoff

A Holy in One

After Sunday service a young couple talked to the minister about joining the church. The pastor hadn't met the husband before, and asked what church he was transferring from. A little sadly, he replied, "I am transferring from the Municipal Golf Course."

–Henry E. Leabo



"Then my wife said, 'Okay, stupid, let's see if you can do something right! . . . Take this rug and beat it.'"

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Kassebaum

continued from page 75

ed to her bedroom.

Though her political instincts were solidly grounded, Mrs. Kassebaum never seriously considered running for elective office until she reached mid-life.

After graduating with a degree in political science from Kansas State University where she says, "I goofed off more than I should have," Mrs. Kassebaum received her master's in diplomatic history from the University of Michigan. Settling down in Wichita, she attended to her family and business, served on the rural school board and worked on the renovation of some downtown properties.

Then, in a turn of events which might well have released her to discover the fantasies of her youth, she separated from her husband. "I needed breathing space," she says, so in 1975 she called Kansas senator James Pearson for suggestions. He offered her a job on his Washington staff as a caseworker; she accepted and immediately moved to the capital with the teen-age kids. Though she worked there for only a year, the experience brought her face to face with the frustrations of individuals who feel powerless in dealing with the government.

Then she learned of Senator Pearson's intentions to retire at the end of his term. When no clear-cut candidate seemed destined to represent the Republican party, Mrs. Kassebaum says, "Several friends thought it was a good time for a woman and suggested I get into the race. I am sure that if I had really thought about it, I probably would have talked myself out of it."

Not to imply that she did not analyze her situation carefully, but at the memory of it, dimples form on her winter-tanned face and she laughs like a young girl blushing at her own self-consciousness. (At the time of this interview, she has just returned from the snows of Kansas.) Her dark hair has streaks of gray which blend into a loose-fitting beige tweed suit.

Part of Mrs. Kassebaum's pleasant manner can be understood in light of her strong feeling for her parents: "If I was going to run, it seemed like a good time to do it, while the folks could enjoy it. Having won, it has really been a pleasure to see how much it has meant to them. And it was Mother who really encouraged me to do it. Not Dad; I think he thought I would lose."

When asked if she feels she has been an inspiration to women who face crises in mid-life, she says, "I think I've been an inspiration not just to other women but to *anyone* who is challenged by something. You owe it to yourself to go ahead and try it. You shouldn't be intimidated by those who say, 'You can't do it,' or 'It can't be done.' "

Alf Landon did not discourage his daughter, but he knew that politics can take a heavy personal toll. He has survived. At 91, he is still known to take a ride on his horse before breakfast. Mrs. Kassebaum has a different attitude, which is one of the secrets of her effectiveness. "I think where Dad and I differ is that I don't let it [politics] affect me personally. I had very close friends who supported other candidates in the primary, and I could understand that. It didn't bother me at all. But in some of the older political relationships, Dad would have found it very hard to understand a friend not supporting him in the campaign."

Mrs. Kassebaum showed her own toughness when late in the campaign she was criticized by her opponent for paying only $5,075 in state and federal taxes on an income of $92,000. It was a delicate issue because the income was shared with her husband, who did not necessarily need to have his financial records made public. By the time it was shown that her returns had been correct, she had dropped behind in the polls. Nevertheless, when election day arrived, Kansans elected her by more than 90,000 votes. They were, it appears, tired of politics as usual. They sent a fresh face to Washington, but for all the hoopla she has received as the Senate's only woman, her greatest asset is her thoughtful and realistic view of the critical issues affecting the country.

When the farmers invaded Washington this winter, Mrs. Kassebaum and her staff stood ready to work on their problems. She asked President Carter to use existing law to raise loan and target prices for wheat and grain crops to a level that would help "save the family farm from bankruptcy." The President refused her request.

Mrs. Kassebaum offered to demonstrate her support for the agriculture strike by riding a tractor in the farmers' tractorcade. Her offer was refused by the American Agricultural Movement, which said it would not allow her to ride unless she signed legislation that guaranteed the farmers' prices at 90 percent of parity. "They were a little upset with me," she said, "but I told them that I would not support legislation that held false promises for the farmer. The legislation was not realistic. Even if it did pass, it would have carried restrictive government intervention, which I don't think our independent farmers want."

Four days after the tractorcade, Mrs. Kassebaum introduced her first piece of legislation, a bill that would increase the target price for a farmer's crop as the farmer increases the amount of acreage he takes out of production. A not unreasonable bill, it could give the farmers more freedom to determine their own fate.

In the 1936 presidential campaign, Alf Landon was referred to as the "great budget balancer" and the "Kansas Coolidge." Daughter Nancy admits to her own basic fiscal conservatism, but is quick to assert that "the important thing is to be able to keep an open mind to change." She favors federal spending cuts over tax cuts. This kept her off the Kemp-Roth bandwagon which proposed the reduction in marginal tax rates on personal incomes by one-third over three years. "I thought that to cut taxes without making sure that the equivalent cuts in spending were taking place at the same time would really just add to inflation and deficit spending. The phase-in percentages would have caused a short-run surge on the economy and, in turn, would have strained industrial capacity."

New York representative Jack Kemp has since revised his bill to include simultaneous spending cuts, which may win Mrs. Kassebaum's support.

She also favors tax indexation which she feels would result in the partial elimination of the automatic, inflation-induced increases in federal revenues that allow annual increases in federal spending. More importantly, she sees it as giving the taxpayer genuine relief from the squeeze of raging inflation and "tax bracket creep."

"We've become a managed economy," she says, "and when things don't go well, we turn to the federal government for assistance. We need to restore economic stability. Otherwise, we are not going to be able to provide the services that we really need to provide."

One gets the impression that, armed with her understanding of current economic problems, Mrs. Kassebaum will not be struggling through her meetings on the Budget Committee or the Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs. If anything, her voice will be heard and it won't be shrill. "And I don't," she says, "support a Constitutional amendment to balance the budget. To turn to that as some sort of panacea that's going to solve the problem is, I think, a serious mistake."

With so many complicated issues facing Congress, one wonders how the players keep their sanity. Says Mrs. Kassebaum, "I think it is an advantage if you don't take yourself too seriously. It is very important, it seems to me, to be able to keep that perspective."

The concerned smile returns. It is a reassuring sign from a woman who knows what she is doing. And she is eager to meet the challenges of an exciting new job. ☒

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True Grit

continued from page 50

about my family. It was all I could do to reply politely.

After supper some of the men left to go to town, probably to drink whiskey in the barrooms and listen to the hurdy-gurdy. The rest of us went to the parlor. Mrs. Floyd brought out Papa's things that were bundled in the slicker and I went through them and made an inventory. Everything seemed to be there, even his knife and watch. I stayed in the parlor and listened to the talk for a while and then asked Mrs. Floyd if she would show me to my bed.

She said, "Go straight down that hall to the last bedroom on the left. There is a bucket of water and a wash pan on the back porch. The toilet is out back directly behind the chinaberry tree. You will be sleeping with Grandma Turner."

She must have seen the dismay on my face for she added, "It will be all right. Grandma Turner will not mind. She is used to doubling up. She will not even know you are there, sweet."

Since I was the paying customer I believed my wishes should have been considered before Grandma Turner's, though it seemed neither of us was to have any say.

Mrs. Floyd went on, saying, "Grandma Turner is a sound sleeper. It is certainly a blessing at her age. Do not worry about waking Grandma Turner, a little mite like you."

The bedroom was cold and dank and smelled like medicine. Grandma Turner turned out to be more active in her slumbers than I had been led to expect. When I got into bed I found she had all the quilts on her side. I pulled them over. I said my prayers and was soon asleep. I awoke to find that Grandma Turner had done the trick again. I was bunched up in a knot and trembling with cold from the exposure. I got up, my feet freezing, and arranged Papa's blankets and slicker over me as makeshift covers. Then I slept all right.

Mrs. Floyd served me no meat for breakfast, only grits and a fried egg. After eating I put the watch and knife in my pocket and took the gun along in the sugar sack.

At the federal courthouse I learned that the head marshal had gone to Detroit, Michigan, to deliver prisoners to the "house of correction," as they called it. A deputy who worked in the office said they would get around to Tom Chaney in good time, but that he would have to wait his turn. He showed me a list of indicted outlaws that were then on the loose in the Indian Territory and it looked like the delinquent tax list that they run in the *Arkansas Gazette* every year in little type. I did not like the looks of that, nor did I care for the "smarty" manner of the deputy.

In the courtroom itself they were impaneling a jury. The bailiff at the door told me that the man Rooster Cogburn would be around later in the day when the trial began as he was the main witness for the prosecution.

I went to Stonehill's stock barn. The bargain cow ponies, around 30 head, all colors, were in the corral. I thought they would be broken-down scrubs but they were frisky things with clear eyes and their coats looked healthy enough, though dusty and matted.

I had hated these ponies for the part they played in my father's death but now I realized the notion was fanciful, that it was wrong to charge blame to these pretty beasts who knew neither good nor evil but only innocence. I say that of these ponies. I have known some horses and a good many more pigs who I believe harbored evil intent in their hearts. I will go further and say all cats are wicked, though often useful. Who has not seen Satan in their sly faces? Some preachers will say, Well, that is superstitious claptrap. My answer is this: Preacher, go to your Bible and read Luke 8:33.

Stonehill had an office in one corner of the barn. On the door glass it said: "Col. G. Stonehill. Licensed Auctioneer. Cotton Factor." He was in there behind his desk and he had a red-hot stove going. He was a prissy, bald-headed man with eyeglasses.

I showed him the note from the sheriff. After he had read it he was not disposed to be so short with me.

He took off his eyeglasses and said, "It was a tragic thing. May I say your father impressed me with his manly qualities. He was a close trader but he acted the gentleman. My watchman had his teeth knocked out and can take only soup."

I said, "I am sorry to hear it."

He said, "The killer has flown to the Territory and is now on the scout there. He will find plenty of his own stamp there. It is a sink of crime. The civilizing arts of commerce do not flourish there."

I said, "I have hopes that the marshals will get him soon. His name is Tom Chaney. I aim to see him shot or hanged."

I said, "I would like to sell those ponies back to you that my father bought."

He said, "I fear that is out of the question. I will see that they are shipped to you at my earliest convenience."

I said, "We don't want the ponies now. We don't need them."

"That hardly concerns me," said he. "Your father bought those ponies and paid for them and there is an end of it. If I had any earthly use for them I might consider an offer but I have already lost money on them and, be assured, I do not intend to lose more."

I said, "I want $300 for Papa's saddle horse that was stolen."

Stonehill laughed at that. He said, "I admire your sand but I believe you will find I am not liable for such claims. Let me say, too, that your valuation of the horse is high by $200."

"Then you will offer nothing?"

"Nothing except what is yours. The ponies are yours. Take them. Your father's horse was stolen by a murderous criminal. This is regrettable, but I had provided reasonable protection for the animal as per the implicit agreement with the client. We must each of us bear our own misfortunes. Mine is that I have temporarily lost the services of my watchman."

"I will take it to law," said I.

"You have no case."

"Lawyer J. Noble Daggett of Dardanelle, Arkansas, may think otherwise. Also a jury."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is at home in Yell County, looking after my sister Victoria and my brother Little Frank."

"You must fetch her, then. I do not like to deal with children."

"You will not like it any better when Lawyer Daggett gets ahold of you. He is a grown man."

"I cannot make an agreement with a child. You are not accountable. You cannot be bound to a contract."

"Lawyer Daggett will back up any decision I make. You may rest easy on that score. You can confirm any agreement by telegraph."

He worried with his eyeglasses for a minute and then said, "I will pay $200 to your father's estate when I have in my hand a letter from your lawyer absolving me of all liability from the beginning of the world to date. It must be signed by your lawyer and your mother and it must be notarized. The offer is more than liberal and I only make it to avoid the possibility of troublesome litigation. I should never have come here. They told me this town was to be the Pittsburgh of the Southwest."

I said, "I will take $200 for Judy, plus $100 for the ponies and $25 for the gray horse that Tom Chaney left. That is $325 total."

"The ponies have no part in this," said he. "I will not buy them."

"Then I will keep the ponies and the price for Judy and the gray will be $325."

Stonehill snorted, "I would not pay $325 for winged Pegasus, and that splay-footed gray does not even belong to you."

I said, "Yes, he does. Papa had only let Tom Chaney have the use of him."

"My patience is wearing thin. You are an unnatural child. I will pay $225

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and keep the gray. I don't want the ponies."

"I cannot settle for that."

"This is my last offer. Two hundred and fifty dollars. For that I get a release and I keep your father's saddle. The gray horse is not yours to sell."

"The saddle is not for sale. I will keep it. Lawyer Daggett can prove the ownership of the gray horse. He will come after you with a writ of replevin."

"All right, now listen very carefully as I will not bargain further. I will take the ponies back and keep the gray horse and settle for $300. Now you must take that or leave it and I do not much care which it is."

I said, "I am sure Lawyer Daggett would not wish me to consider anything under $325. What you get for that is everything except the saddle and you get out of a costly lawsuit as well."

"Lawyer Daggett! Lawyer Daggett! Who is this famous pleader of whose name I was happily ignorant ten minutes ago?"

I said, "Have you never heard of the Great Arkansas River, Vicksburg & Gulf Steamship Company?"

"I have done business with the G. A. V. & G.," said he.

"Lawyer Daggett is the man who forced them into receivership," said I. "They tried to mess with him. He is on familiar terms with important men in Little Rock. The talk is he will be governor one day."

"Then he is a man of little ambition," said Stonehill. "Incommensurate with his capacity for making mischief. I would rather be a county road overseer in Tennessee than governor of this benighted state."

"People who don't like Arkansas can

Continued on page 128

Man from Ida Grove

continued from page 15

I looked at her across the dim room, firelight flickering across her pale heart-shaped face. "Eva," I said huskily, "I believe I have changed. But I don't think people will accept me as changed."

My wife was silent for a moment, then said: "You mean run away from the problems?"

I looked down at the floor. She was right; that's exactly what I wanted to do. But I knew that wherever I'd go I would take my problems with me.

As I leaned back and watched an ember flare into a bright flame, I thought—wouldn't God be with me right here in Ida Grove where I could work my problems out?

The next evening after dinner I found our Bible in the bookcase, took it into the living room and sat down with it under a lamp. I wanted to know God. I had made a commitment to Him for the first time in my life and I meant to keep it. To keep it I had to know what He wanted me to do. And the best way to find that out, I felt, was to study His Word.

As I looked at the black leather-bound book in my hands, I remembered the last time I had read the Bible. It was while I was in the army; in fact, I had that little metal-covered pocket volume in a drawer somewhere. In the army I had tried to read it as an obligation, forcing myself through the gray type without getting any meaning out of it.

This time I sensed an expectancy as I picked it up. My heart was open. As I opened the pages, there was a movement at my elbow.

I looked up. It was Connie and Carol standing in their nightgowns. Connie was approaching her tenth birthday. And Carol—where did she get those large brown eyes?

"Daddy," said Carol, "we've come to kiss you good night."

My eyes blurred. It had been so long since the girls had done this. Either I had not been home or had been in such a dark mood that they had shyed away from me.

Their kisses felt like angel wings brushing my cheeks and I remembered words I had heard as a youngster: "I will restore to you the years the swarming locusts have eaten."

I thought back to when I was a child standing out on the hillside at night, before the locusts came, looking up and feeling the nearness of God, feeling He had something important for me to do.

What of the wasted years in between? What had happened to the boy who had memorized the 23rd Psalm in Sunday school? I leaned my head back and found I could still say some of the words. . ."Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. . ."

Excitement surged through me. I *had* walked through the valley that night in the bathroom and He *had* been with me! Eagerly I opened the Bible and turned to the Psalms, found the 23rd and read. It was as if that same Being Who had comforted me in the bathroom was speaking to me. I *would* be restored. He would be beside me, guarding and guiding me all the way.

Surely His goodness and mercy would follow me the rest of my life. I found myself being lifted as I read His powerful promises, and when I finished the Psalm I shut my eyes, flooded with that wonderful assurance. ✠

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George Burns

continued from page 90

body's name. To show you how bad my memory is, one day I was sitting with her at the Brown Derby restaurant and she leaned over, nudged me and said, 'George, that man coming your way . . .' I looked up at the fella and said, 'Yeah?' She whispered, 'It's your brother Willie.' "

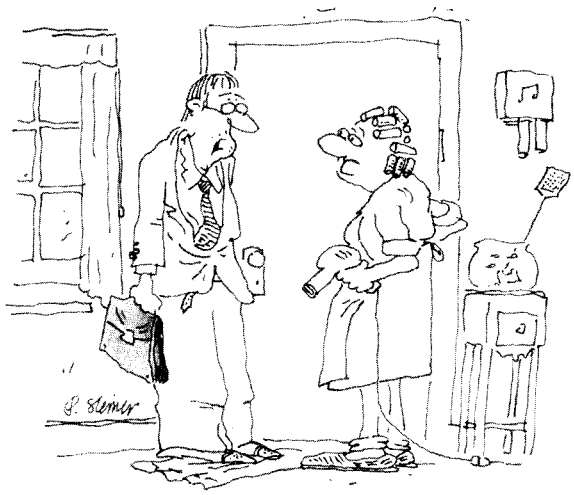
Now a confirmed Californian, Burns schedules frequent stopovers in his old hometown to see the Broadway shows and reminisce with vaudeville compatriots Jesse Block and Eva Sully. They trade tales about mutual buddies Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Groucho Marx and precede most names with the phrase "God rest his soul." Although Burns is very much a part of the present, in rare serious moments he admits, "I sure miss those guys."

His old neighborhood is gone now, as are most of the small theaters he played. But every street and intersection prompts a memory of the early days when he was still Nathan Birmbaum, the comic in spats and pince-nez, making the rounds of talent agents and changing his pitch daily to secure bookings. When his seal act ("Flipper and Friend") folded, he joined a roller-skating team. When he heard about an agent in need of a dog act, he recruited two strays and answered the call. Once he bought a piece of scenery sight unseen, and carried it on his back to a theater where he was due onstage for a matinee performance with the Rose Sisters. Their act was canceled when Burns plus Roses launched into their song "At the Devil's Ball," opened up the scenery, and found it was the exterior of a church.

"I really enjoyed the struggles of vaudeville. What a challenge. Sometimes there wouldn't be any heat in the theater, the dressing room would be in the men's john, you'd walk out on the stage and there might only be 15 people in the audience. Some of the performers with families had to tie their children on the chairs in the wings until the show was over. But we managed and I bet those kids turned out great. You never heard of alcoholics and marijuana. Who had time? We were too busy doing three and four shows a day, traveling from town to town, and worrying whether or not our trunk would arrive on time."

To say he's come a long way, baby, would be an understatement. As we leave the limousine and walk to the Sherry-Netherland Hotel for lunch I watch as unflappable New York becomes unglued at the sight of her native son. Shoppers point and nudge each other and brown paper lunch bags, sales slips from Bloomingdale's and rent receipts are produced from pockets and purses and thrust forward with requests for autographs. A few awestruck fans get muddled. "Look, it's Jack Benny," says one.

Lunch is simple: Bloody Marys, poached eggs, and English muffins. Table conversation is show business. What else? Although Gracie Allen has been gone since 1964, her name is mentioned often, not in sorrow, but in admiration.



"I just ran into Bill Wainwright. 'Ed,' he said, 'how do you do it? You look cool as a cucumber.' 'Oh,' I said, 'it's not that *hot.' Just then I felt the big wilt coming on, so I sauntered off. Just as I got to the door, my beard grew, my arches fell, and I wilted like yesterday's lettuce. I think Bill saw it."*

Occasionally Burns slips, and speaks of her in the present tense, as if she were home, waiting for him back in their sprawling California mansion, still putting salt in the pepper shaker and pepper in the salt shaker ("so if she gets them mixed up, she's right").

"When you're working with someone as great as Gracie, you don't have to be good," he claims. "All I had to say to Gracie was, 'How's your brother?' and she spoke for 38 years. A lot of Gracie rubbed off on me. She was a very, very good actress. Everybody thought she was a comedienne, but she wasn't. She played a part. Sometimes I sit back and wonder what the hell would have happened to me if I hadn't met her. I wonder if I would have made it. I don't think so. She was such an important part of my life."

His appearances as a solo comedian have been curtailed lately, due in part to his booming movie career. He currently is making a film with Art Carney, and a sequel to *Oh, God!* is on the drawing board. In April he was named Entertainer of the Century by a gathering of the film industry. Still, he has no intention of giving up the stage.

"I enjoy working in front of a live audience. But the great thing about films is that you can sit down and act. You don't have to stand all the time. At my age, sitting is nice."

And the offers keep rolling in. Screening scripts is just one of the duties performed by his manager and good friend Irving Fein, who was instrumental in landing Burns the *Sunshine Boys* role which led to an Oscar as best supporting actor of 1975.

"As a matter of fact," says Irving, "a friend sent us a script the other day that had George playing an Irish priest in Ireland. I didn't think it was quite right for him." He laughs.

"You don't think I can do it?" asks Burns, taking up the challenge and launching into an Irish song, complete with brogue and jig. "You know, Gracie was so Irish it was pathetic. Her sister Hazel spoke Gaelic."

It's 4:00 and time for us to part company. George is due next door to rehearse for an appearance before the National Publishers Association. He'll sing, swing, tell jokes and top it all off with a few bars of the "Red Rose Rag." Also on the agenda is an interview with a local television critic and then a meeting with advertising executives who want him to pitch yogurt at TV audiences this fall. All this plus dinner must be shoehorned in before his 9:00 p.m. stage appearance. The next day's schedule is already jammed with a photography session in Central Park, two more magazine interviews and a late afternoon flight to the West Coast. I suddenly remember the one word neither of us has had time to mention: retirement.

"Never!" he says emphatically. "In fact, I'm waiting for vaudeville to come back. Then I can start all over again."

A light peck on the cheek and he disappears, absorbed by the anonymous New York crowds. For a moment I wonder if rejecting that role of the Irish priest wasn't a mistake. He might have a bit of leprechaun in him after all. Eighty-three years old? Blarney. ☒

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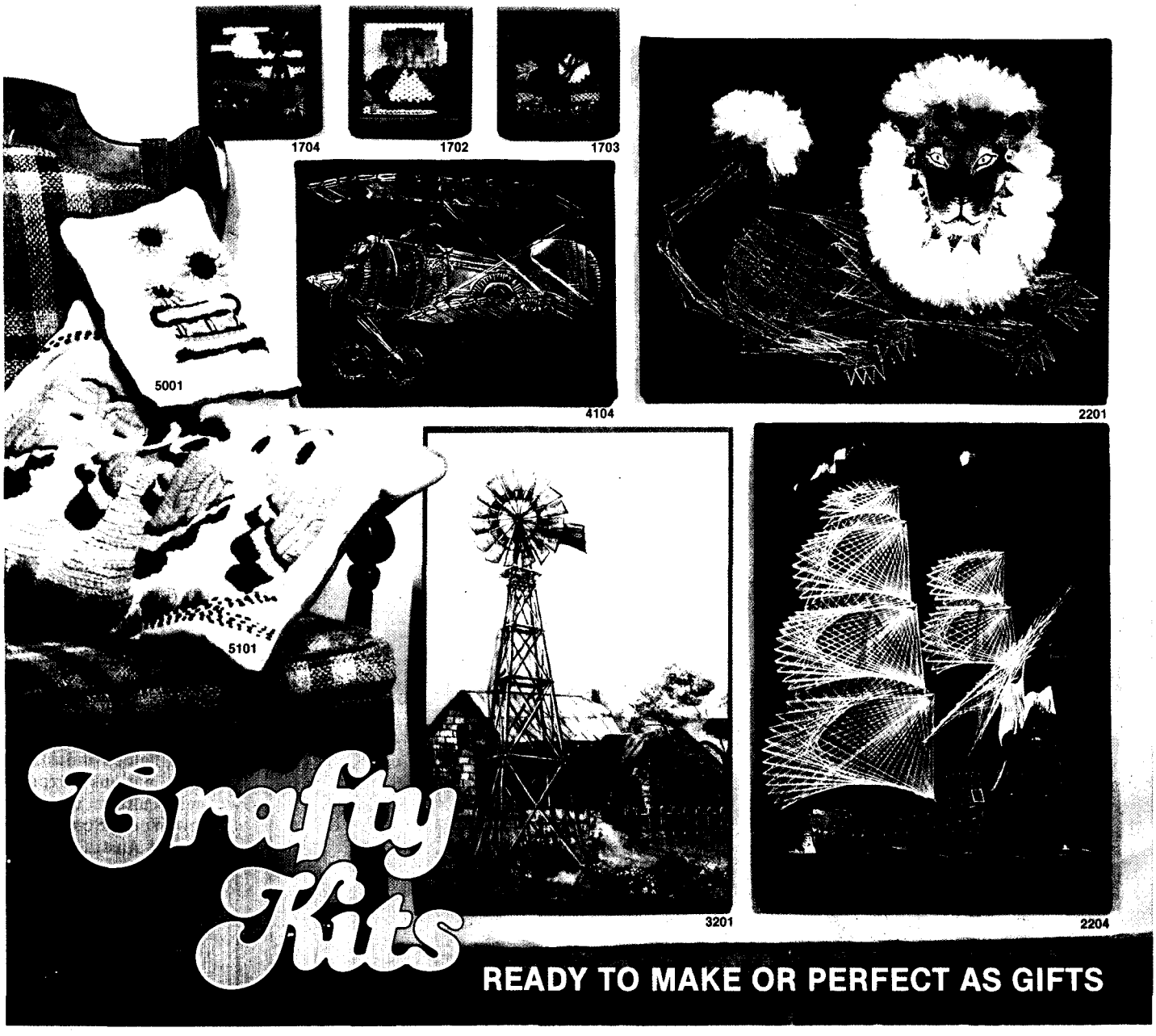

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Death

continued from page 33

was a writer; maybe you heard of her or read something she wrote.

She did not begin writing until she was almost 40 and had raised a family. But when she began, it quickly became obvious that she had an enormous talent. Her poems and essays were grabbed by major magazines and newspapers.

And recently she wrote a witty, perceptive book about herself called *Starting in the Middle.* It was headed for the best-seller lists.

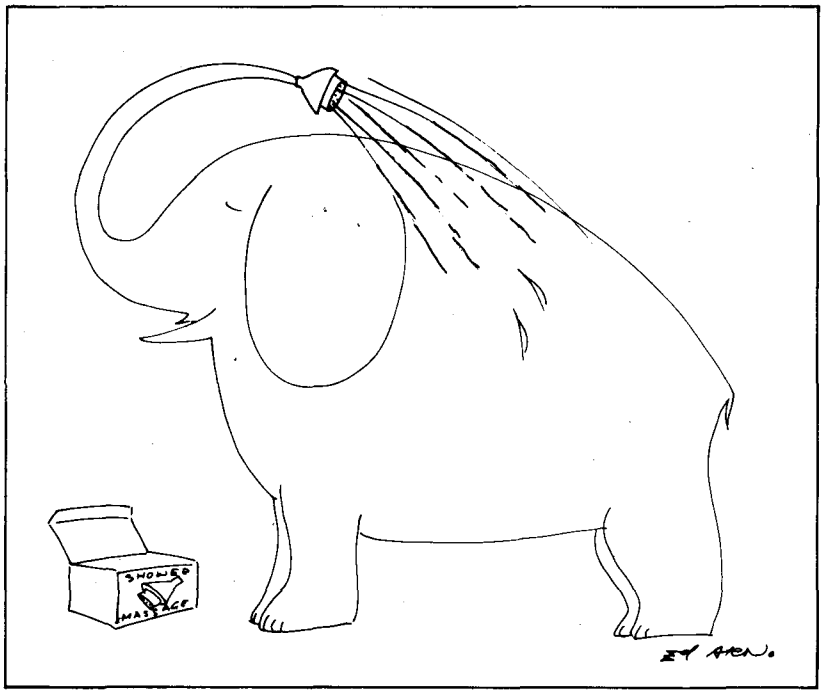
All of these exciting things were beginning, as she put it, "in the middle." That made her success even more satisfying, and more success was going to come to her.

But it was just beginning. And in seconds it ended.

So in a small way, I'm left with that guilty feeling of leaving a loose end. I liked her and had read her book, but hadn't taken the time to tell her how much I liked it. Now the chance to do it is gone.

So if a plane crash makes us think about anything beyond how terrible it is that so many people suddenly died at once, maybe it ought to make us think about not leaving so many loose ends.

And it ought to remind us that there isn't always time to say goodbye and that we should always be sure we've given those familiar hands one last squeeze.



Environment

continued from page 30

amount of vegetation that can grow, and to the total of animals and nongreen plants (including decomposers) that can be supported.

The difference between the world of the last 15,000 years and that of all previous times is in the replacement of many species by far fewer. The animals and plants that are shrinking toward extinction today, or that have recently become extinct, have lost out to mankind and to the favored forms of life, or to pests (such as rats and fungus blights) that man has unwittingly conveyed past natural barriers. The natural successions have been set back to the pioneer stage by man's endeavor to cultivate on every continent the same annual crops of grains, the same livestock. This simplification of the ecological community has biased it toward productivity for the benefit of mankind. But simplification eliminates alternatives in the flow of energy and the cycling of nutrients. This makes the community unstable, subject to outbreaks of pestilence, such as herbivorous insects and infectious diseases.

Demographers agree that, until 10,000 to 12,000 years ago, mankind relied upon hunting and foraging for food that could be pounced upon and killed with a simple weapon, picked with the fingers, or dug up. On this basis, about two square miles of fertile territory are needed to support each person. The extent of lands occupied by people of every kind prior to 12,000 years ago was the equivalent of less than 20 million square miles of fertile territory. Hence the human population was no more than 10 million, and probably less than 5 million. That population relied almost entirely on annual increases in nonhuman life that took place despite man's efforts.

The beginning of agriculture enabled man to augment his access to food and fibers without using nonrenewable resources. It gave the human species a life-support system of greater reliability. The cultivation of cereal grains, of certain fruit trees, and of domestic animals spread first among the peoples of Asia Minor and North Africa, and allowed them to expand their range at the expense of other tribal groups. Agricultural productivity increased as iron tools, particularly plowshares, were made available by an industry whose growth began around the time of Solomon (900 B.C.). By 1650 A.D., this increase in food production supported a human population of about 545 million. Subsidized by agriculture, mankind had doubled in numbers about six times (8.5 to 17, to 34, to 68, to 136, to 272, to 545) in 12,000 years, with some 2,000 years for each doubling.

Until the middle 1600s, wood from trees near iron mines provided virtually all of the fuel for smelting iron. But man did not limit industrial enterprise to the rate at which the forests renewed themselves. Instead, he felled trees so voraciously that the wood resource approached its economic end in industrialized parts of Europe and the Near East. When the Great Fire of 1666 destroyed the wooden buildings in London, the rebuilding had to be done with brick and stone for lack of wood. To continue producing iron, man had to find a substitute fuel. He turned to coal, and learned to liberate usefully the solar energy that had been in storage for 60 to 340 million years. Although his mines and furnaces began to pollute his world as never before, they let him change from windpowered sailing ships to steamships, from horsedrawn vehicles to steam trains. They helped industrialized nations expand their culture into the New World, South Africa, and Australia. They displaced primitive people and increased the total number of mankind to 728 million by 1750, and 1,171 million by 1850. The doubling time had diminished to 186 years.

With an extra subsidy of power from petroleum, with bigger machines, and with improved control over the diseases of temperate lands based upon a scientific understanding of the roles of parasites (particularly microbial kinds), the doubling time continued to shrink.

Between 1850 and 1950 it fell to 98 years, allowing the population of the world to rise to 2.4 million. By 1970, it was down to less than 40 years, and the population stood at 3.7 million. In 1977 the statistical office of the United Nations could count most of the human mothers who will have children by the year 2000, and could anticipate the average size of families favored by each culture. This information makes it possible to predict that, barring a major catastrophe, the total number of living people will be close to seven billion by the year 2000 A.D.

As mankind increased in the past, op-

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portunities for most kinds of nonhuman life decreased. The record of birds and mammals that died out shows a striking parallel to the rise in human numbers. Between 1 and 1650 A.D., about ten species of birds and another ten of mammals went prematurely to their doom, at a rate of one per 165 years. They included the ancient wild oxen of Eurasia, the elephant birds of Madagascar, the moas of New Zealand, and the giant ground-sloths of the West Indies. Between 1650 and 1850, the roster of extinct warm-blooded animals lengthened at the rate of one per five years. The new losses included the famous dodo of Mauritius and the great auk of North Atlantic coasts. Between 1850 and 1900, the rate of extinction rose to one per 9½ months (64 species of birds and mammals), and, between 1900 and 1950, to one per eight months (76 species). In North America, they included the Labrador duck (1878), the bison as a wild animal (about 1900), the passenger pigeon (1914), the Carolina paroquet (1920), the heath hen (1933), and probably the ivory-billed woodpecker.

Since 1950, a file of scientific information on rare and endangered species has been organized by the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources and the World Wildlife Fund, both with headquarters in Morges, Switzerland. Official looseleaf "Red Data Books" have been published and kept up to date for mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians, fishes, and, in 1970 for the first time, for flowering plants (angiosperms). No study of this scope had ever been attempted before. About 8 percent of the world's mammals, 10 percent of its birds, and 10 percent of its flowering plants are recognized to be in danger. The U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, in 1970, brought out a revised edition of *A Red Book on Rare and Endangered Fish and Wildlife of the United States*, which lists nearly 20 percent of the 395 species of mammals occurring on lands of the United States or in surrounding waters, together with comparable proportions of the birds and cold-blooded vertebrates.

The chief reasons for the decreases in wild animals and plants fall into understandable categories. Exploitation of the wild resources for useful products heads the list. Second, and increasing rapidly, is destruction of the natural environment in which the animals and plants live. Third is competition from introduced species, whether livestock or pests (such as rats and plant diseases) or kinds of life from which some good was anticipated (such as starlings or mongooses). Today the most dreadful threat is the unselective poisoning of the environment by chemical compounds that have been added either in attempts to minimize losses from pests or merely as industrial wastes.

Many of the man-made toxic substances resist decomposition and accumulate in the environment. Quantities already distributed seem certain to cause a progressive rise in concentration and damage for decades, particularly to life that takes its nourishment from the oceans. Excretory systems fail to rid the body of such materials, and they move by natural pathways from green plants to herbivorous animals to carnivores; the predators and scavengers suffer by eating so many units of food that are already contaminated with these lasting poisons. Too often the argument that tax revenues would drop and jobs be lost if production and distribution of these poisons were stopped prevents a quick prohibition of their sale and application.

Even the petrochemical emulsifiers and propellants used to disperse materials as unlike as insecticides and paints can have disastrous side effects. Research reported in such respected scientific journals as *The Lancet* and *Science* links some of these substances to new diseases, fatal to children and mice, including Reye's syndrome—named for the physician in Australia who identified its symptoms in 1963. In this case, the volatile chemical appears to make a virus infection deadly, although neither the petrochemical material nor the virus alone normally shows such an effect.

Wastes generated in nuclear-energy production threaten the future for much longer, for thousands or millions of years—a price that boggles the mind and confronts the morality basic to all human cultures.

U.S. General Omar N. Bradley spoke for many an alarmed citizen with his comment, "Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants." Already the dangerous genie is part-way out of the bottle in those infants' hands.

With subsidies of energy from sources that are renewed only by geological processes requiring millions of years, mankind has become a world force in barely more than three centuries. Yet the impact of human activities on the ecology of the world is scarcely appreciated, even in nations with the highest average level of education. In less industrialized countries, customs of diet, agriculture, and family planning lag far behind modern understanding of human needs. Few people incorporate into their daily life the realization that all living things are now imperiled by the struggle to feed the present human population. The industrialized nations are overdeveloped in terms of what the world can support. About 500 million people might be sustained

Continued on following page

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by world resources if these were wisely managed, but only at a standard of living far less affluent and wasteful than is currently maintained in the United States and much of Europe.

Man's ability to create thermonuclear reactions continues to release materials whose decay cannot be hurried in any known way. Emerging nations strive to acquire the requisite technology, regardless of consequences. Even the heat from thermonuclear reactions must be feared. It adds to the heat budget of the earth a new quantity whose effect cannot yet be predicted. It narrows the slim margin of safety in world temperature that keeps Antarctica and Greenland in ice. A warming trend, according to geologists, could trigger a melting of that ice in one decade or less, raising sea level about 300 feet and inundating major cities as well as vast areas of productive land.

The petroleum spilled annually on ocean waters through accidents and carelessness exceeds by ten to a hundred times the natural seepage from undersea deposits. It overloads the natural cycles by which decomposers simplify these compounds. The nitrogenous fertilizer manufactured and used each year for agricultural crops, much of it to be lost by way of drainage streams, exceeds by about ninefold the natural fixation of nitrogen from the atmosphere. It upsets patterns of plant growth in fresh waters and the coastal seas that have evolved over millions of years. The volume of dust-sized particles discharged into the atmosphere from factories and machines, together with mineral matter picked up by wind from cultivated fields and construction sites, now equals that of all the natural dust raised by storms and volcanoes. No one knows yet what effects this doubling of the dust load has on the passage of solar energy through the atmosphere or of heat energy escaping to outer space.

Despite the realization that the supplies of fossil fuels are limited, shrinking fast, and costing more and more, Western mankind continues to exploit them recklessly. Each one-pound loaf of white bread offers about 1,225 kilocalories of nourishment derived from recent photosynthesis, but it commonly costs several times as many calories of coal and petroleum to raise and mill the necessary grain, bake, wrap, and distribute the edible product. Because no one pays for replenishing these energy reserves, which can be used only once, economic gain can be found in countless undertakings.

Profitable employment comes from converting small fishes off the Peruvian coast into fish meal to be used in affluent societies as a food supplement for domestic fowl and livestock, but not to be used to relieve protein malnutrition among people with low purchasing power. It is profitable to build and operate ships and aircraft to catch the last of the world's whales to make food for ranch minks and pet dogs in industrialized nations; and to transport millet and other "bird seed" from the semiarid highlands of Africa to countries where the same grains could be cultivated more efficiently, and to carry canned foods to the Africans who earn a living raising the "bird seed." It is profitable to fly orchids from Hawaii and goldfish from New Jersey to markets all over the world, but not to safeguard the soil or to keep the atmosphere and fresh waters clear of pollution from human wastes. Except as recreational areas for the rich, it is still almost impossible to set aside significant territories in which the harmless and indirectly helpful wild animals and plants may survive as a heritage that human technology cannot replace if it is lost.

Fortunately, some support is being found for technological restraint, despite a decrease in quick profit, and for reproductive restraint, at least as a means of buying time in which to assess potential gains and losses from current and future human programs. Without a halt in the rise of human populations and in the exploitation of resources faster than they can be renewed or recycled, no policy can keep mankind's options open. Overcrowded, hemmed in by wastes, and dependent upon the precarious maintenance of an increasingly artificial environment, the human species needs immediately to correct a past misapprehension: The world does not belong to mankind to do with as we choose. Mankind belongs to the world, and can have a future only as a cooperating part of its ecology. Environment, like nonhuman animals and plants as desirable neighbors, can mean little to the poor who cluster, as though for mutual warmth, in the inner cities, or to a subsistence farmer and his family on land so barren that it should not be used directly by mankind at all. Many of these people, who see neither a legal way to improve their situation nor any gain from striving for a low birth rate, could hardly name one wild plant or wild animal if asked. Yet the malnourished, uneducated poor now outnumber in virtually every country the well-nourished, better-educated, more affluent citizens who *could* answer such a question. Should the views of the impoverished majority, based upon the limited horizons of their knowledge, serve to guide a nation? Despite a claimed respect for the ideal of "one man, one vote," we look for leadership among the enlightened minority. We listen attentively, critically, to individuals who might qualify.

"I said bouffant, *not* buffoon."

We hear a top executive of a large insurance company quote psychologist John Long of Indiana University. The executive is worried because his and associated companies are paying out billions of dollars annually to compensate for losses in the major cities. Long blames it all on "crowdedness," and points out that people who live and work in densely crowded areas become confused, disoriented, and hostile. They have accidents. They lose respect for the private rights and property of others. They commit crimes of violence and other antisocial acts. Long believes that crowdedness alone, by itself, could destroy the insurance business by producing losses of unsupportable proportions.

Is "dropping out" the answer? We meet young people, disenchanted with their parents' culture, seeking relative solitude and a life off the land. To some extent they remind us of Henry David Thoreau, who chose to subsist on what

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he could raise or catch by his own efforts for 26 consecutive months at the edge of the wilderness. He built a shack beside Walden Pond, on another man's land. He hoed beans in a clearing. He fished and thought while floating in a crude boat on the calm surface of the woods-encircled water. But he supported no family, paid neither rent nor taxes, left no heirs, and produced great literature that could be appreciated only in the civilization upon which he had temporarily turned his back. ". . . .My greatest skill has been to want but little. . . . It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do." With such claims to test on educated friends, he walked to Concord each week to enjoy their company and a free meal. So many young people who quote Thoreau today pay nothing toward the cost of the vehicles or the highways on which they ask a ride, or the scientific research, medical skills, and facilities that might extend their lives if they contracted a pneumonia like that of which Thoreau died at the age of 45.

We agree wholeheartedly with wildlife manager Aldo Leopold and with Joseph Wood Krutch, who became a naturalist in Connecticut and then a desert-dweller in Arizona: "Conservation is not enough." The civilized world needs an ethic to which it can be totally committed. The belief must be built on scientific understanding and, like a scientific law, conflict with no known fact nor any that is yet to be discovered. In this way, it has to go far beyond any primitive religion, any fear of the unknowable. It must harmonize with the natural world, be consistent with sharing resources among all living things in patterns of almost unbelievable complexity. No other choice leaves the future open.

Albert Schweitzer—Doctor of Theology, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Music, Doctor of Laws—found time in a busy life to save the lives not only of people, but of local animals and plants. He examined the theological literature of the world's great religions, and found them too centered on humanity, or negative in relation to the nonhuman world. With little help from other scholars, physicians, or missionaries, he identified a credo that could inspire and guide him. He called it "reverence for life"—all life, not just human life. Help any animal or plant that needs assistance if, in doing so, greater harm will not be done. "Do as much good as we possibly can to all creatures in all sorts of circumstances." And coupled with this positive, outgoing, observant, sensitive plan of action, he added another of broader scope: "If man has been touched by the ethic of reverence for life, he injures and destroys life only under necessity which he cannot avoid, and never from thoughtlessness." Yet choices must be made, and some lives sacrificed, some suffering caused, to save other lives.

The temptation is to bias each choice, to reduce the most obvious suffering, to benefit those types of life that display a will to live in a manner most like our own.

We rationalize that human awareness exceeds that of any other animal, and that human suffering must be most intense, most worthy of continued help. Other mammals and birds follow, then cold-blooded vertebrates, next the invertebrates, of progressively smaller size and simpler organization, and, finally, the plants, both green and nongreen. This hierarchy continues our traditional anthropocentricity, whereas reverence for life implies no rank order.

Modern knowledge of the environment reveals that, in the game of life, the final play is not mankind's to make. The trump card (or perhaps it is the joker) takes its power from one simple fact: Whereas mankind possesses the greatest physical and cultural organization, green plants have all the chlorophyll. The photosynthesis they carry on so quietly is the clinching capability in any confrontation between people and the environment.

Photosynthesis alone transmutes the radiant energy from sunlight into chemical bonds of organic molecules, and releases oxygen. The magic of life depends on those food molecules and on oxygen, which is necessary to extract the energy from food in a useful way. Without the oxygen, the nongreen plants and animals—including mankind—cannot continue to live on the surplus organic molecules the green plants fortuitously produce. This food of the living world is the only resource that can be renewed indefinitely without polluting the environment.

Rhena Schweitzer Miller remembers her father saying, in German, the equivalent of "The will to live, amidst other forms of life with an equal will to live, requires us to make many hard choices and compromises." One such compromise, and an increasingly important one, is to sacrifice some human interests to favor the environment, lest pollution defeat our species and all others too.

To hold all life sacred, to see in each plant and animal a separate miracle, as Schweitzer urged, conflicts with the fundamentals of no major religion. As an ethic to follow in making all decisions affecting other forms of life, it supports every move toward restoring the unsteady balance of nature—the balance that produced mankind, and that our species is now threatening

Continued on following page

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to topple.

Leaders in diverse cultures can rely on this ethic of Albert Schweitzer's in coping with a world increasingly out of joint. The sacredness of all life is a cultural view with a timeless quality, a sign of maturity fittingly reached on the great African continent, which produced mankind and perhaps the first cultures on our planet. It is an ethic that offers an ongoing future for life on earth, a joyous future with people as participants. The alternatives are not so comforting to contemplate.

Seeing Archie Home

continued from page 71

"Does he eat peanut butter sandwiches?"

"He hasn't yet."

I scooted over on the sofa, and Jeff sat down beside me.

"What do you think we should do with him?" I asked.

"Let's keep him!"

"I thought you'd say that."

"We'll build a jungle for him behind the garage."

"We're not going to keep him," I said.

"Aww, Dad."

"We've got to take him somewhere."

"Let's take him over to the Trojans' practice field and let him squeeze their guts out!" said Jeff.

"Now sit here and watch him," I said to Jeff. "I'm going to go to the kitchen and call Mr. Caldwell. If he moves, come in and tell me. Don't make any noise or you'll wake up your mother."

In the kitchen I called Caldwell again.

"I tried to feed him but he wouldn't eat, Caldwell," I said.

"I think they eat goats," Caldwell said.

"Have you still got that pickup with the camper?"

"Yeah."

"Bring it over here."

"What are you going to do, Harry?"

"I don't know. Just get over here with the truck."

"Sure, Harry, just let me get dressed."

I went back in with Jeff.

"He hasn't moved," said my son.

"He's sick," I said.

"He looks it," said Jeff.

Caldwell fainted when he saw the anaconda. Like an inflatable rubber man with a puncture, Caldwell quivered, went white, then dissolved into a heap on the living room rug. Jeff and I got him on the sofa.

I did not know how a nine-year-old boy and I were going to move a sick, 20-foot anaconda.

"Skateboards," said Jeff.

He disappeared into the garage and came back with three. We got some cord and some towels, and in about half an hour we had Archie loaded up. Caldwell came to.

"I can't touch him, Harry," he said.

"Yes, you can," I said.

"Really, Harry, I can't. He's a snake."

"Caldwell, if you don't help us load this snake in your camper, I'm going to rip your heart out."

"Do you have any rubber gloves?" he asked.

Just then the phone rang, and I nearly killed myself getting to the kitchen. It was Holder calling.

"Why don't you take the anaconda to the Botanical Gardens," said Holder. "They got this tropical greenhouse, just like a jungle. It's big and hot."

"Are you drinking, Holder?"

"Just a couple to steady my nerves, Harry."

I went back into the living room. The snake, bundled up in towels and tied down to three skateboards, looked limp.

"He's real sick, Dad."

He offered no resistance as we convoyed him out of the house and coiled him up in Caldwell's camper. He was alive, but there was no fight left in him. He weighted the camper down considerably, and as I drove through the deserted night city, Jeff sitting between Caldwell and me, I wondered how I would explain the situation to a cop should we get stopped. *It's an anaconda, officer. He's on the lam.*

The Botanical Gardens were situated on the west side of town, tucked down between some tennis courts and a long, rolling park. I turned the truck's lights off and coasted down to the big, tropical greenhouse at the back. It was after two in the morning, and the place was deserted, but still, my mind's eye saw cops leaping out of the air, .357 magnums blazing.

The three of us were sweating by the time we got Archie unloaded and rolled into the greenhouse. I had to jimmy the lock, and once inside, there was only the reflected light from a street lamp outside. I used my cigarette lighter to guide Archie's head along the asphalt path. It was hot and humid inside, and there was water on either side of the path. Long leafed trees grew up, sometimes joining to make a shadowy canopy above. Sweat was rolling down my face, and the sweet, lush smell of flowers was all around.

"Harry?" Caldwell called from the tail of the anaconda.

"What?"

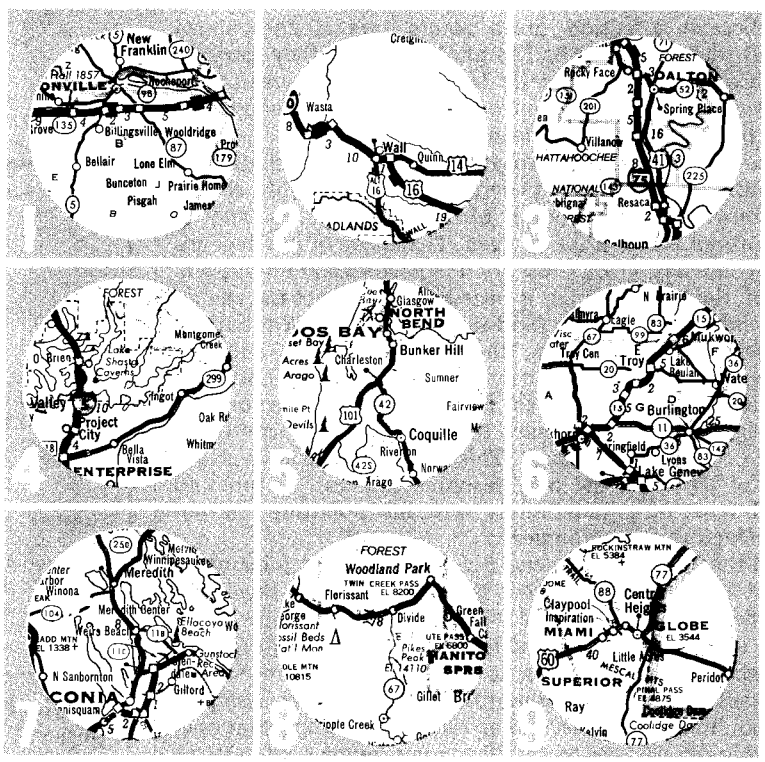
"I think I'm going to faint again."

"Mr. Caldwell," said Jeff.

"What?"

"Be quiet."

There were small plaques on either side of



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 141)

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the path. They identified plants by Latin names and places of origin. I used my cigarette lighter to help read them. Mexico, Nicaragua, Colombia, and finally Brazil.

"I think he's dead, Harry," said Caldwell.

I put my lighter close to Archie's head. The tongue hung limply at one side of his mouth. The ever open eyes were empty of any life.

I stood up and looked at Caldwell.

"I don't know, Caldwell. Sometimes I wonder whether or not this rotten life is worth living."

"Maybe we should have gotten him a goat to eat."

We laid him out in the water, his head resting on a bank of flowers. There were swamp lilies in the water, light blue in the pale light. Jeff cried a little while he worked. He'd never seen anything die before.

Outside in the camper, none of us said anything. It was as still as creation itself, like the entire morning had geared down for that dark, silent moment.

"Daddy?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think he knew we got him home?"

I looked ahead into the dark morning.

"Sure," I said, starting the engine. ℵ

Kicking the Habit

continued from page 65

is only slightly discomforting but is sufficiently irritating to remove the pleasure previously associated with the habit. The subconscious memory is reprogrammed to link fattening foods or cigarettes with discomfort, and gradually the compulsion for these substances is relieved.

As with the alcohol control program, the success rate at the Centers is impressive. Out of 100 people going through tobacco therapy, 94 will stop smoking within five days. Clients still smoking at the end of the week are reimbursed the $495 fee they paid to enroll in the program. Should a client need additional help within a year of his treatment, the Center's services are available to him at no extra charge. Frawley's daughter Eileen worked as a technician for two and a half years, and during that time had only three clients request their money back. Still, she feels those failures indicated a shortcoming in the way she administered the program and not a shortcoming in the treatment itself.

The "wet spots" at the Centers are small, brightly lit rooms, large enough to accommodate one person. The smoker attempting to kick his habit is seated at a table piled high with extinguished cigarettes. The pungent odor of stale tobacco is almost overwhelming. The client enrolled in the weight control program sits at a similar table, laden not with butts, but with the specific food he or she finds most tempting. The Schick technician monitors the client through a window in an adjoining room. With his back to the therapist the client lifts the cigarette or fork to his mouth. Zap goes the electric impulse. Without inhaling the smoke or swallowing the food, the client draws on the cigarette or takes the food into his mouth. Zap again.

Frawley claims that addiction to fattening foods is the most difficult habit to change, but for $550 his Centers are willing to try. Of the 120 persons who daily pass through Henry Goetz's Beverly Hills branch, about two-thirds are there to lose weight. The zap sessions are interspersed with rap sessions, lectures and films.

"We do a lot of personal evaluation with weight clients," said Frawley. "It's important for a person to identify himself and realize that while other people can eat certain foods, he can't."

So enthusiastic is he about the treatment, Frawley personally monitors the work of each clinic from the central office in Los Angeles. Now completely independent of the Schick Safety Razor Company, the Centers report directly to the board of directors, and no franchises are sold. It has become Frawley's personal challenge to market the product, attract clients and get the word out on the streets that Schick can help kick the habit, whatever the habit might be.

To prove the effectiveness of counter-conditioning, he hopes someday to administer his smoking control program to an entire schoolful of youngsters. He then would make periodic checks (similar to well-known toothpaste tests) over the years to see if the children develop smoking habits. Until that opportunity presents itself, he will continue to advertise through conventional media in order to convince smokers and heavyweights to give the Schick method a try. (Because of their medical status, the Schick Shadel Hospitals cannot be touted commercially.) Unfortunately, many of the most likely candidates for treatment turn a deaf ear to the televised messages.

"No one can *make* a person come for help. A man might see our ad, call up and say he wants to quit smoking, but then he never shows up for an appointment. Other people object to our program because it seems too easy—it doesn't cause them to suffer enough. Counter-conditioning doesn't make it *impossible* to smoke, drink alcohol or eat fattening foods. It makes it possible *not* to use these substances. It restores free will." ℵ

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- SICKLY COLOR
- HARDENED FLATTENED PILE
- LARGE SHADOWS LURKING BELOW THE SURFACE
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Diagnosis:
THEY'VE BEEN GOBBLING TOO MUCH GOOK!
Whether you have been feeding them wet or dry foam—with no way to get out more than 5 to 10% of either it or the dirt—they can soon get filled up and look mighty peu-trid.

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THEN KEEP YOUR CARPET LOOKING NEW WITH LESS EFFORT THAN VACUUMING
IF YOUR CARPET'S NEW—START YOUR ARGOSHEEN PROGRAM NOW!

Write for information including tests which allow you to prove to yourself that no shampoo can mix with the soil and dry to a powder which a vacuum can remove; how to prove whether a cleaner is safe before using it; and how to avoid rapid resoiling. Also included are tips for cleaning some of the new carpets with severe soil-release problems.
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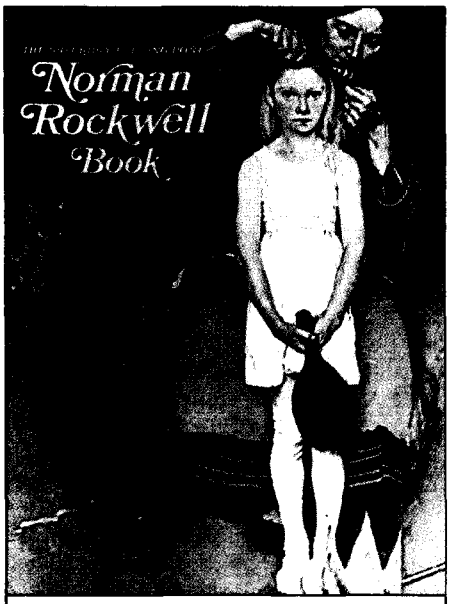

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How I Lost My Shirt

continued from page 61

sweltering studio.

"James K. Van Brunt, sir," he said, saluting me and bowing all at once. "Five feet, two inches tall, sir. The exact height of Napoleon Bonaparte." He pushed out his flat little chest, which was encased in a fawn-colored vest. "I have fought the Confederate Army at Antietam, Fredericksburg, and in the Wilderness," he said. "I have battled the nations of the Sioux under Dull Knife, Crazy Horse, and Sitting Bull. I have fought the Spaniards, sir, in Cuba."

He rapped his cane on the floor and looked at me belligerently. Then, seeing that I wasn't going to contradict him, he took off his gloves and his wide-brimmed hat and patted his mustache. "This mustache, sir," he said, "is eight full inches from tip to tip. The ladies make much of it."

It was a magnificent mustache; there was no denying it. Slightly parted in the middle, it bushed out in a plump arc, hiding his upper lip, the ends sweeping down and out from his nostrils to his jaw. The whole fat, gray, glorious expanse was neatly brushed and trimmed.

"That certainly is the finest mustache I've ever seen," I said.

"I offer it, sir, and myself," he said.

He clambered onto a high stool, and I began to draw. My pencil flew. What a face! That large, long nose, thick and square at the end with a bump in the middle; those big, sad eyes, which somehow held a warlike sparkle. That mustache! And all crammed together in a small, narrow head, so that if you glanced at him quickly that's all you saw—eyes, nose and mustache.

That night I worked out an idea for a *Post* cover featuring Van Brunt as a tramp cooking two sausages, one for himself and one for his dog, over a fire in a tin can.

He was a good model, and pleasant company, too. He regaled me with stories of Army life, all delivered in a loud, fierce voice as if he were giving commands to a troop of cavalry on a windy day in Wyoming. During rest periods he strutted about the studio to stretch his legs. "Military legs, Mr. Rockwell—accustomed to maneuvers. Carried me up San Juan Hill."

After I had used Mr. Van Brunt in two or three *Post* covers and a number of illustrations and ads, Mr. Lorimer said, "I think you're using that man too much. Everybody's beginning to notice it. Maybe you'd better stop for a while. That mustache is too identifiable."

The next morning I told Mr. Van Brunt what Mr. Lorimer had said. "If you take off your mustache, I can use you again. Otherwise I can't."

"Well," he said. "No, I couldn't do that." He picked up his hat and cane and left. I was sorry, but I knew Mr. Lorimer was right.

Two weeks later, Mr. Van Brunt said that he'd shave off his mustache if I'd give him an additional $10. So I paid him, and he shaved it off. Seeing the result, I was upset. Mr. Van Brunt's lower lip stuck out far beyond his upper lip and was just as identifying as the mustache. But now, of course, I had to use him.

I made a great fuss about having him pose for the first *Post* cover in four colors, to make him feel important. Then, because I knew Mr. Lorimer would object if I used him again soon, I thought up ways to hide his lip. I did a cover of a phrenologist measuring a man's head with calipers, posing Mr. Van Brunt as the phrenologist with his hands in front of his mouth. Next I used him in a painting of an old scholar at an outdoor bookstall, absorbed in a book. Really absorbed in it—his chin, mouth, and nose buried in it, in fact. I used him in several ads, concealing his mouth in one way or another.

Obviously, I couldn't go on forever painting pictures of an old man with the lower third of his face hidden behind his hands or a book or a hat, but I couldn't dismiss Mr. Van Brunt either. Finally I told him that enough time had passed so that I could use him with a mustache again, and he grew it back. Almost every day he'd ask me what I thought of the progress it was making. I always said, "Fine, it's coming fine," but the truth was that it wasn't growing too well. I guess it takes years to raise a really magnificent mustache. It never attained its former plumpness or majestic swoop. When I did my next cover of him—a picture of an old cowboy playing a gramophone and dreaming of his past—I faked the mustache bigger and fuller to please him. I did the same in the next two pictures.

Then, ignoring the mustache, I used him for three old ladies with their heads

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together, gossiping. For the next cover I once more put his hand over his mustache. A few months later he died. Not because of the failure of his mustache to regain its former splendor, however. One winter's day he caught cold and it went to his chest and he died. The veterans' groups of New Rochelle gave him a soldier's funeral.

In those days, before I began to photograph my models, it was a problem to get anybody who could take the time to pose. Since it took me three days to paint a single figure, sometimes longer, I was forced to use over and over again many of the models who did have the time available. As with Mr. Van Brunt, the problem of overexposure was acute.

Harry Seal, another of my regular models, was too much of a character to use very often. He had a great bowl of a belly, spindly arms and legs, and a florid complexion. Someone once said he looked like a turtle.

Many years before I knew him the Royal Baking Powder Company had paid him a large sum—I think he said it was $500,000—for his stock in the company; his father had been one of the founders. For 20 or 25 years thereafter Harry lived in Paris, London, and Berlin, eating and drinking like a medieval monarch. Then the money ran out. Harry returned to America, settled in a Brooklyn rooming house, and became a model at the Art Students League.

He still yearned for rich food and strong drink. One day, posing for me, he was seated in an armchair, portraying a man who had fallen asleep over a book. I guess he was really living the part off and on. Suddenly he started. "I'm getting faint," he said, glancing wildly about. "You haven't got a drop of whiskey somewhere?" I ran into the house and brought out a bottle. He drank a shot. "Ah-h-h," he said, "'s better, better. That was a near thing, Mr. Rockwell, a near thing." Every day after that he'd have a moment of faintness, and I'd have to provide whiskey.

Some of my models were unsuccessful actors, like Edward Van Vechtan, who came sauntering down my driveway one day as I was unlocking the door of my studio and handed me his business card. It read: "Edward Van Vechtan, model extraordinary, who has posed for ALL the leading artists of America." Below this were five or six photographs of the man, variously labeled: JOY, SORROW, ANGER, CHAGRIN, and so on.

I looked at him. Nothing remarkable—medium height, sagging stomach, sparse black hair. But his gaunt, drooping face fascinated me. My test for a good model is whether he can raise his eyebrows halfway up his forehead. If he can do that, his face is mobile enough to assume any expression. Van Vechtan could raise his eyebrows farther than anybody else I'd ever met.

A month or so later I engaged him as the model for an advertising illustration. He arrived carrying an old alarm clock with a bell on top. "I pose for 25 minutes," he said, setting the clock beside the model stand, "and rest for eight."

I made no objection, though my other models rested only for five minutes. I posed Van Vechtan and began my drawing. His face was wonderfully mobile. I had him roaring with laughter—mouth open, lips pulled back off his teeth, eyebrows up, eyes popped. He did it beautifully, and he was grand to draw. My pencil glided . . . . *Burrrrrrrr-ANG*! It was the alarm clock.

"Rest," said Van Vechtan, hopping off his chair. I swallowed my heart and asked weakly, "Do we have to have that clock?"

"Ah," he said, looking slyly at me, "you mustn't cheat. How are we to know when it's time to rest?"

Well, I darn near went crazy painting that ad. I could hardly work, waiting for that alarm clock to go off—*Brang*! Van Vechtan had placed it with its back toward me, so I could never judge the time; I was in a cold sweat during the last ten minutes before each rest period.

Only once did he forget to set the clock, and that time he went to sleep. When he woke up, he asked, "What time is it?" I told him. "Why didn't you wake me up so that I could rest?" he asked me earnestly.

Two weeks later he came to the studio and threatened to sue me for a new set of false teeth. What was his reason? "That laughing expression changed the whole shape of my mouth," he said. "My teeth don't fit any more."

"Are you serious?" I asked. Well, yes, he was serious; he was going to call a lawyer. So I settled for $50. This, I said to myself, is the end.

But the finished painting was wonderful. I had another idea that fitted Van Vechtan exactly, so I phoned him. I couldn't resist the urge to paint him. That was the way it went for five or six years. I'd be determined not to use him again; then my determination would leak away, and I'd rehire him.

I got along well with most of my models. One of them, John L. Malone, used to read to me while he posed—Balzac, Turgenev, de Maupassant. Now that I use photographs, models don't spend much time in my studio. Modern technique is wonderful, but I'm awfully lonesome.

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

"If you find something you like, buy it," Cecil Moneybag told his wife, Celeste, before she went to the Famous Art Gallery auction. Mrs. Moneybag did exactly that. She saw a sculpture that she simply couldn't live without and bought it—for a mere $24,999.

Several years later, the Moneybags had a serious quarrel. Celeste hurriedly left their home with a few of her clothes stuffed into four suitcases. Shortly thereafter, Cecil died and his sisters were named as executrices of his estate. When Celeste asked for the sculpture from the estate, the sisters refused to give it to her. She decided to take the matter to court.

"It's my sculpture," Celeste argued. "I went to the auction and bought it myself. Even though Cecil never really appreciated art, he paid the bill for the piece when it came from the gallery. It was his gift to me."

"Hardly," sniffed the old-maid Moneybag sisters. "Anybody knows that when a person pays for something, it belongs to him. Cecil bought that piece of junk as an investment. He would never have given his wife a $25 gift—much less a $25,000 one."

If you were the judge, would you let Celeste have the sculpture?

* * *

The court decided that it belonged to her. The court explained that it was she who attended the auction, signed the bid card, charged her account with the piece and had the invoice sent to her. Before Cecil had become involved in any way, the gallery had become fully obligated to deliver the sculpture to Celeste and she alone had become liable for the payment of the purchase price. The fact that Cecil paid Famous Art Gallery for the sculpture may be construed as his gift to her, the court reasoned.

(Based on a 1969 New York case)

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FOOD

CULINARY WILLIAMSBURG: A TASTE OF AMERICANA

History, hospitality, and a heritage of fine American cuisine are the welcome wagon which greets visitors in Virginia's well-known restored colonial village.

by Charlotte Turgeon

Among this country's proudest possessions is Colonial Williamsburg, where history is revealed and revered. In the 18th century it was a busy and important seat of government, the capital of the large Virginia colony whose boundaries included what we now know as Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Today, thanks to the foresight of the Rev. W.A.R. Goodwin, former rector of the local Bruton Parish Church, and the practical and extraordinary generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his family, Williamsburg is a mecca for tourists who come each year by the thousands to see where and, in part, how this country came to be.

When the statehouse in Jamestown burned down in 1695, the legislators decided to move the seat of government to a safer site. They chose a stockade outpost situated on a high plain between the York and James rivers called Middle Plantation. The town was renamed Williamsburg in honor of William III of England.

That part of Virginia was considered a paradise for food. The land was fertile and the growing season long. The forest abounded in venison, wild boar, turkey, and countless species of birds. The rivers and coastal waters were full of fish and shellfish. The oyster beds were so enormous that navigators had to chart their courses carefully to avoid running into them.

Meal planning, etiquette, and recipes followed the English or the French mode of the day according to the preference of the master and mistress of a household. In the country the practice on the plantations was to rise early—4:00 or 5:00—and to breakfast on boiled milk, tea, coffee or chocolate, and occasionally hominy or yesterday's bread. The main meal (which was gargantuan by today's standards) was served at either 2:00 or 3:00. A very simple supper of soup or hot milk, bread, butter, and fruit was served before bedtime. In the town of Williamsburg living was more formal. Breakfast in the homes of gentry or in the taverns was laid on at 9:00 and consisted of meats and fish served cold or in a hash, a dish of potatoes or hominy perhaps, hot breads, and coffee or tea (but never eggs or fruit). The meal was served from a side table in the English manner.

The main function of the entire household seems to have been the preparation of the principal meal. Miss Jane Carson, historian emerita of Colonial Williamsburg, has made a study of how these meals were served. Etiquette demanded that there be two courses and an uneven number of dishes. If twelve people were to dine, nine dishes were offered. For eighteen people there were fifteen preparations at each course. The diners were seated around the edge of the table

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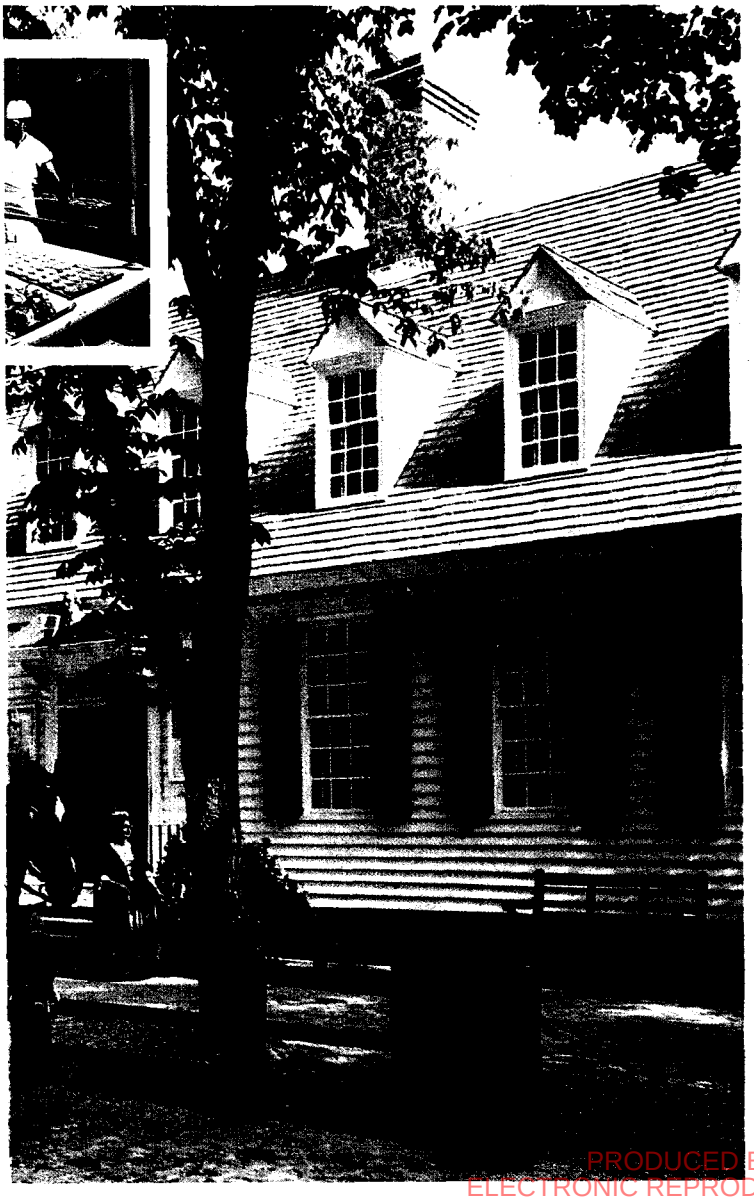
each with plates, cutlery, glasses, and condiments. Happy the hostess who could boast a full set of dishes with matching serving platters and bowls. If soup or oysters "laid in their own shells" were served to begin with, that was not considered a course. The most impressive dish (which accounted for the odd number) was the grosser meat—a haunch of venison, a large home-cured ham, or an imposing meat pie was placed in the center of the table.

Just how do we know so much about food in the old days? Some of our information comes from diaries (William Byrd II recorded in his what he ate at every meal, whether at home on his plantation or in Williamsburg attending the Assembly), household account books, and recipe collections that have survived. Also, from 200-year-old garbage! In colonial backyards were abandoned wells that served as convenient dumping places for kitchen scraps. Under the direction of archeologist Audrey Noel Hume these wells have been explored and they reveal, layer upon layer, the bones of animals and fish, fruit pits, vegetable seeds, broken china, and other telltales.

Settlers brought seeds with them from England to plant in colonial gardens. The produce flourished and was stored in deep, cool wells for residents to enjoy all year.



Where was all the food cooked and by whom? All who could afford it had a kitchen in a building separate from the main house in order to avoid the heat and odors. The kitchen was a large room with a huge fireplace at one end. Inside the chimney was a lug pole or chimney bar which supported the pot hangers. The pot hangers were studded with hooks or nails that allowed the cook to lower or raise the kettles so that they could be near or far from the fire, allowing the cooking to be varied from a rapid to a slow boil. Individual fires were built on the wide hearth for separate baking or grilling projects. Woe unto the unhappy cook with miseries in her back. Andirons or spitdogs held the spits for roasting, which were first turned by dogs or slaves. By the 18th century ingenious clock jacks that were regulated by weights or smoke jacks that depended on the drafts from the chimney turned the wheel that turned the spit.

Some of the diaries attest that, despite all the equipment and all the food resources, there were as many disasters in 18th-century kitchens as there are in the 20th century. But there are also many tales of gastronomical triumphs; these are what today's Williamsburg chefs and cooks offer the public. Dining runs second in popularity only to sightseeing—and for many it's the other way around. Excellent and nostalgic food served in a historic setting by colonially costumed men and women is a combination hard to beat. When Mr. Rockefeller planned the reconstruction and restoration of the town he included modern, well-equipped but unobtrusive institutional kitchens. He also built a commissary where under the eagle eye of Rolf Herrion, head pastry chef, all the bread, muffins, croissants, brioches, cakes, cookies, tarts, and pies are baked for all the eating places owned and operated by Colonial Williamsburg.

Each restaurant, tavern, or inn has its own specialties which are prepared and cooked on the premises. Each visitor can choose a place that fits his purse. For quick popular snacks and fast meals there are the Motor House, the Cafeteria, and the Cascades Restaurant; but for more memorable meals there is Campbell's Tavern, which specializes in a brunch served as the famous hostess Christiana Campbell used to serve George Washington. Sweet potato muffins made from her recipe are a part of the menu. At night assorted seafood creations are enjoyed while strolling minstrels move from table to table. Chowning's Tavern, which was once an ordinary, catering to the less than elite, still serves simple food—Welsh Rarebit, hearty sandwiches, Brunswick Stew washed down by good ale or beer, and, at night, Good Ribs.

For the more refined menu there is the King Arms Tavern with colonial and southern dishes at their best including fried chicken, Virginia ham, lobster and crabs superbly prepared. Outside the compound there are excellent meals served at the Motor Lodge and at the luxurious Williamsburg Inn. A lasting dividend of the whole experience is that you can find the recipes for what you eat in a Williamsburg cookbook or you can second-guess the chef and adapt the recipes for your own kitchen use. You may want to reduce the amounts of salt, sugar and butter—ingredients which today's doctors warn us have no place in a healthy diet.

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Cheddar Cheese and Olive Balls
(3 dozen)

1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
4 tablespoons butter
1/8 teaspoon Tabasco
¾ cup unbleached all-purpose flour
1 jar (5¾ ounces) stuffed olives

Let the cheese and butter stand at room temperature for 30 minutes or place both in the microwave oven for 1 minute. Mix together with a food processor or by hand until well blended. Add the Tabasco and flour and continue mixing until smooth.

Drain the olives and pat them dry with toweling.

Take a pinch of dough (about ¾ teaspoon) and wrap it around the olive roughly. Then roll the ball between the palms of your hands. Place in a plastic bag and keep in the refrigerator or freezer until shortly before serving.

Bake on an ungreased baking sheet for 25 to 30 minutes at 375 degrees F., turning the balls once halfway through the cooking process.

Brunswick Stew
(4 to 6 servings)

Brunswick Stew is claimed by every town and city that bears the name. Some claim that it is only authentic when made with squirrel, but in Williamsburg it is made with chicken and is a whole meal in itself. Make it a day or two in advance so that the flavor will come through. It can be made on a regular stove or in a slow cooker and it seems equally good whether the vegetables come right out of the garden or off the shelf.

1 chicken (3-3½ pounds)
1 cup sliced onion
2 cups chopped fresh tomatoes or 1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes
1½ cups lima beans or 1 package (10 ounces) frozen lima beans
2 cups potato chunks
2 cups fresh corn kernels or 1 can (16 ounces) kernel corn
*Salt and pepper**

Place the chicken, cut in 6 pieces, in a heavy casserole or slow cooker. Add 4 cups of water and 1 teaspoon of salt, cover, and cook very slowly until the chicken falls from the bones. Cool. Remove the skin and bones from the chicken.

Put the chicken and all the remaining ingredients back into the broth. Simmer until the potatoes are tender. Season to taste with salt and plenty of cracked black pepper.

Serve with Colonial Buttermilk Biscuits.

Colonial Buttermilk Biscuits
(24 biscuits)

These biscuits go well with Brunswick Stew, Southern Fried Chicken, and (most especially) Virginia Ham. For cocktail parties cut the dough with a small (¾-inch) biscuit cutter and spread the rounds with butter, a little mustard, and thin-sliced Smithfield ham.

3 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/8 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup (1 stick) margarine
1½ cups buttermilk
2 tablespoons melted butter

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F., and grease a baking sheet.

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the margarine with a pastry blender or two knives until it has a pebbly texture.

Add the milk and blend quickly. Turn onto a floured working surface and roll out gently but quickly into a rectangle 1/3 inch thick. The less the dough is handled the lighter the biscuits will be.

Cut into 2-inch rounds with a biscuit cutter and place on the baking sheet. Brush the biscuits with melted butter and bake for 12 minutes.

Salmagundi

Salmagundi sounds like a stew, but it was a favorite salad in Colonial Williamsburg. The recipe (brought over from England) very much resembles our Chef's Salad. Each cook can make his or her version, but just calling it Salmagundi makes it a very special dish. The essential is well-washed and very fresh salad greens. No quantities are given because each plate is an individual creation.

Leaf lettuce (Boston, Bibb, romaine, chicory, etc.)
Ham, sliced ¼ inch thick
Turkey, chicken, or duck
Hard-cooked eggs (one per salad)
Anchovy fillets
Capers
Celery hearts
Scallions (green onions)
Dressing:
*1 teaspoon salt**
½ teaspoon cracked pepper
4 tablespoons cider vinegar
¾ cup peanut oil

Wash the salad greens very carefully and dry them well in a lettuce spinner or between towels. Break into small pieces. Slice the ham and choice of meat into thin strips. Peel the scallions, removing the bottom tips and all but two inches of the green. Cook the eggs. Peel and halve them. Drain the anchovy fillets and capers. Cut the celery hearts into quarters.

Line individual plates with a generous amount of salad greens. Arrange all the ingredients of the salad decoratively on the greens. Add dressing at the time of serving.

Virginia Fresh Corn Soufflé
(6 to 8 servings)

2½ cups corn pulp
*2 teaspoons salt**
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons butter
3 large eggs
Parsley

To make corn pulp, remove the husks and silks from the ears and scrape off the corn with a sharp knife, getting as much pulp (without the cob) as possible.

Use canned cream-style corn for this dish only if fresh corn is unavailable.

Mix the corn with the dry ingredients. Heat the milk with the butter and gradually add it to the eggs which have been lightly beaten. Combine the two mixtures and pour into a buttered soufflé dish. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 50 minutes or until a silver knife comes out clean.

Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving.

Honey Cup Custards
(4 to 6 servings)

4 eggs
½ cup honey
3 cups milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
*1/8 teaspoon salt**

Separate the eggs. Combine the yolks with the honey and beat with a wire whisk until blended. Gradually add the milk while stirring constantly. Stir in the vanilla.

Beat the egg whites with the salt until they stand up in points. Fold the egg whites into the milk mixture.

Pour the custard into individual cups and place them in a pan of hot water. Bake at 325 degrees F. until the custard is firm, about 1 hour. To test, dip a silver knife into the center; if it comes out clean, the custard is done.

Serve the custard warm, or chill it in the refrigerator and serve it topped with fruit.

For an interesting variation, substitute 2/3 cup maple syrup for the honey and omit the vanilla. Top with chopped nuts.

* * *

**Editor's Note: Nutrition-wise physicians recommend throwing away your salt shaker and cooking without salt. If you're lucky, you've already trained your palate to enjoy food without adding salt. We've reduced salt in these recipes in keeping with present-day knowledge. All the salt suggestions are optional depending on your sophistication in up-to-date health practices.*

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Nuisances

continued from page 27

and abhorred by Keynesians and Friedmanites alike, says the author. "Professionally speaking, he was the sound of one hand clapping," but further: "Practically anyone ever thrown into a Kennedy swimming pool has at one time or another come under Galbraith's spell . . . ." He is described as a man with no talent save the remarkable ability to write down his hollow thoughts and make them sound plausible.

Betty Friedan and the feverish women's liberation movement are described as lacking in substance: "It is doubtful that any movement in history ever went so far on so few ideas." The tedious tendency to equate men and women exactly is disposed of: "What the feminists were saying was that a nut has the same properties as a bolt, and it was beliefs like this that made many Americanoes glad that Betty Friedan and her cohorts were revolutionaries and not mechanics or carpenters."

As for Bella, the title of the chapter says it: "Bella Abzug: A Good Word for Hate." Says Tyrrell, "Her ample jowls were made for scowling." And later: "Madame Abzug would have had all Americans living like Cambodians."

There are lots more chapters; one by one he sets them up and cuts them down: Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale, Henry Kissinger, Larry Flynt, Gore Vidal and many others.

Tyrrell has a pervasive theme throughout the book which overlies his format of one chapter per nuisance. He has contempt for those who show contempt for the long-suffering American people. He chides the press for making heroes of bumbling fools, and he chides the public for being so blasted naive as to take it all in. He pricks the puffy balloons of those who dedicate their lives to the bureaucratic taking from the producers of the nation and the giving to the have-nots. As he shows, both Hubert Humphrey and Joe Califano became millionaires in the process.

R. Emmett Tyrrell seems to delight in dropping an obscure reference here and there in the elitist manner of Saul Bellow, J. D. Salinger or Gore Vidal. (He won't like that comparison.) For example—and there are hundreds—the Camelot legend might have been called "bull s---" or more delicately "BS," maybe "bunk" or even "bunkum." Tyrrell calls it "Buncombe," and likes it so much he uses the term a few more times. Now if you know about Congressman Felix Walker who spoke drivel on the floor of the House in 1820 and insisted it would be clear to the voters in the county of Buncombe, North Carolina—well bully for you. Tyrrell doesn't care whether you understand or not. His busy pen goes hurrying on. H. L. Mencken would have understood, he no doubt mutters to himself.

We hesitate to dwell on what makes Tyrrell tick lest he turn that slashing rapier on us and, zip, zap, zip we're undone. There we stand naked, our puny intellect exposed for all to see, while we paw through our dictionaries to find just what it was that he called us.

Read the book. You don't have to understand it all. R. Emmett Tyrrell is enlightening and hilarious anyway. He's done his homework and he hits the mark. ☒

Editorials

continued from page 93

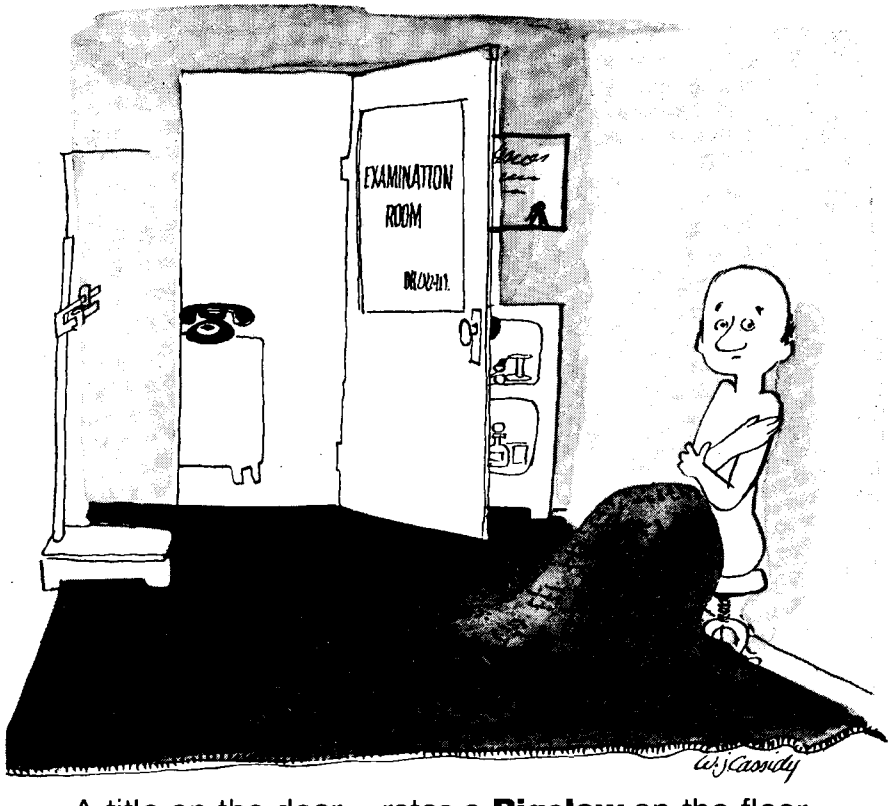
ous, but no one was killed. As best we can tell, of the people within 100 miles of Three Mile Island several hundred thousand may be expected to die of cancer. The accident at Three Mile Island adds between zero and one death to this statistic. Put another way, the entire public health damage of this accident could exactly be countered if three 20-year-old females would kick the cigarette habit.

Nevertheless, the promise of nuclear power as a cheap energy source is gone. Power companies may continue to use what they have and finish the plants well along the way. Few companies will want to invest and be burned in the future. The whole program will wind down. Indeed, this is already happening. Safety is not getting better; good people are fleeing the industry. Few good young people are coming in. Remarkably, the industry which generated electric power from nuclear reactors has never cost the nation a single life.

There's no villain in this part of the story. It's just Americans acting as Americans do. Politicians will be politicians. The press will try to cover exciting news. "Chicken little" scientists will always get more attention than real ones. Some well-fed youthful activists will rally to any cause. It's the price of freedom; sometimes we get informed, sometimes misinformed. For similar reasons, in the old, civilized but uneducated land of India frail women follow thin cows and form their dung into patties for fuel. Think of that: grass stubble into fuel. It's solar and biodegradable.

The Karen Silkwood case is something else. To refresh your memory, the story goes like this. Miss Silkwood worked for a company which manufactured plutonium rods for the government. She was an activist in a labor movement at odds with her company. She and her home became heavily con-

Continued on page 120



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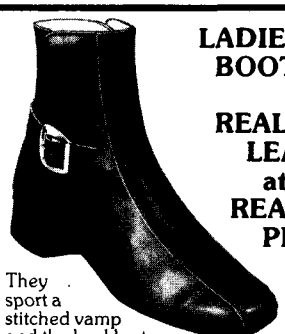

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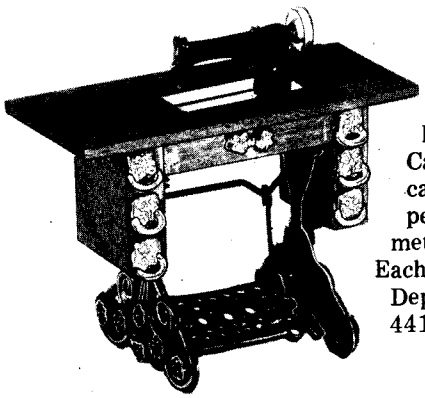

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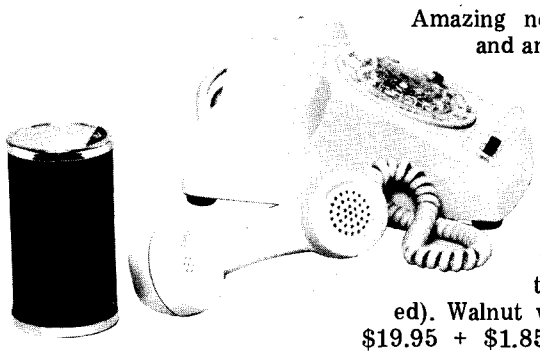

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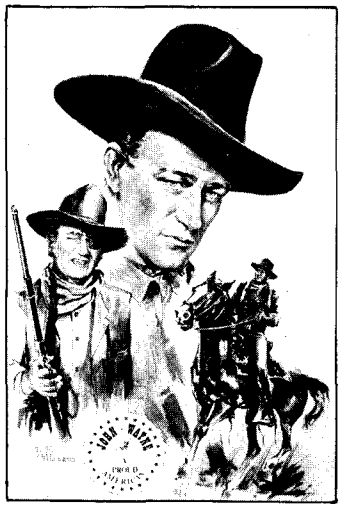

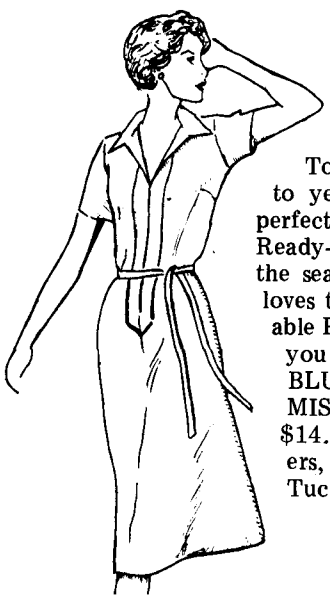

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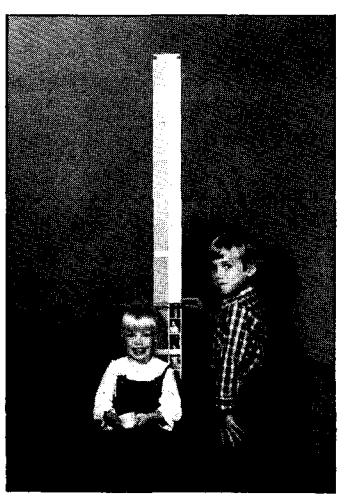

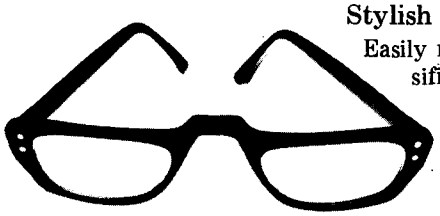

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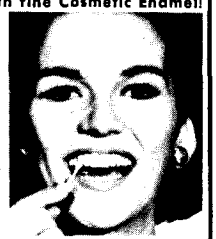

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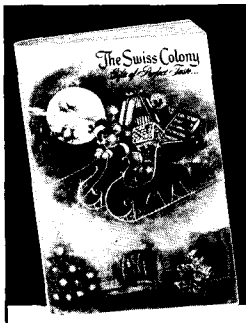

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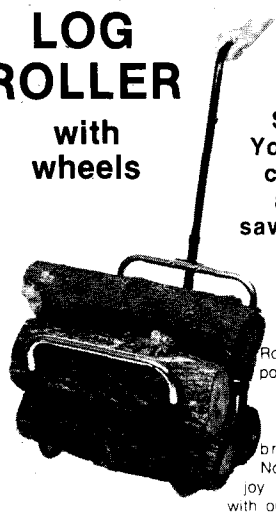

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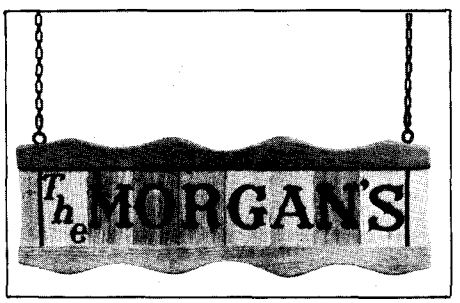

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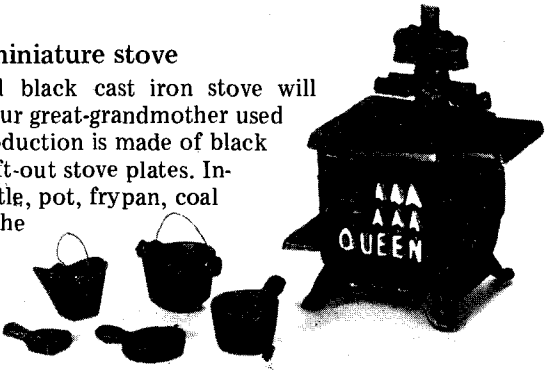

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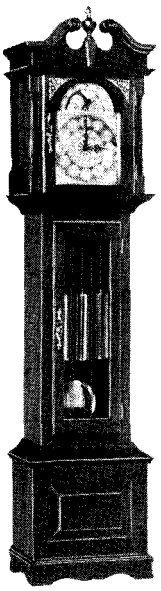

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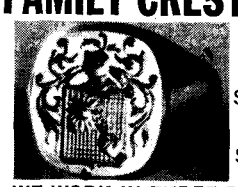

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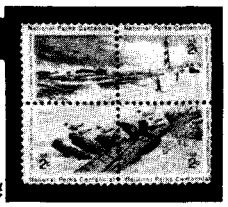

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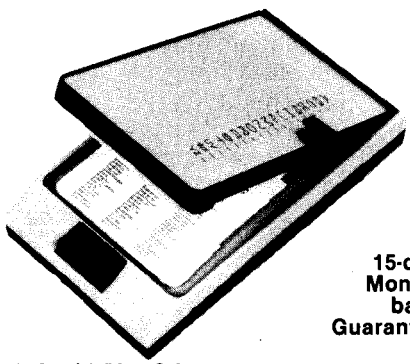

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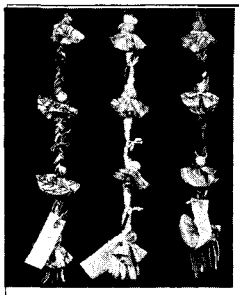

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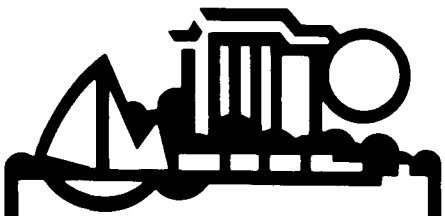

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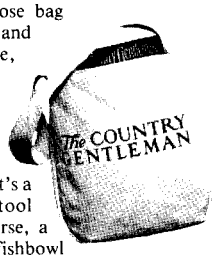

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Editorials

continued from page 113

taminated with plutonium one day. The plutonium most likely—though not positively—came from the plant. There was strong evidence of foul play. Miss Silkwood's apartment roommate and Miss Silkwood's boyfriend were both in the apartment the previous night; they were not contaminated. If Miss Silkwood had inadvertently contaminated herself at the plant she would have had to pass five consecutive radiation monitoring points while leaving—any one of them should have detected the contamination. It would have been quite possible for Miss Silkwood or an accomplice to have smuggled out the material in a sealed container. About one one-thousandth of an ounce of material was involved. A short time later Miss Silkwood died in an automobile accident, no connection with the plutonium ever seriously alleged. All this occurred in May of 1974.

Friends and family of Miss Silkwood contended that the company had purposely contaminated her, no proof of that. The company contended that Miss Silkwood had tried to spike a urine sample with plutonium to embarrass the company. This was never proved either but circumstantial evidence was disallowed in court. Government witnesses testified that the company had met the required federal standards to safeguard the plutonium in this instance. The judge, one Frank G. Theis by name, ruled that the government nuclear regulatory witnesses could merely give an expert opinion. The jury could make up its own minds as to what were adequate safeguards for the plutonium.

The Silkwood heirs were awarded $10.5 million in damages—this to be paid by the company although the company complied with federal requirements; there was no proof that the plutonium had come from the plant (the company admitted that it probably had); there was no proof that Miss Silkwood had not deliberately stolen the plutonium; and Miss Silkwood's death shortly thereafter as a result of an automobile accident was not in any way connected with the plutonium.

Now the entire industry (any companies having anything to do with nuclear reactors or weapons) is waiting to see if this case and that judge's decision will stand. If companies can be held liable in unproven cases even when the government's safety requirements have been met, there will be thousands of lawsuits and there can be no nuclear industry as a result.

A judge who was overawed by the press and *China Syndrome* movies made a decision that was gutless. Unless it is reversed, it will be the final straw.

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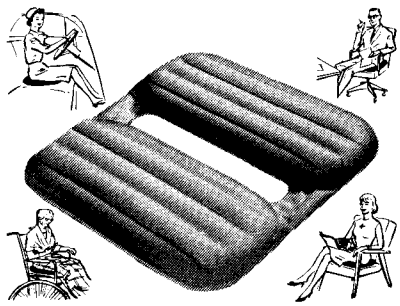

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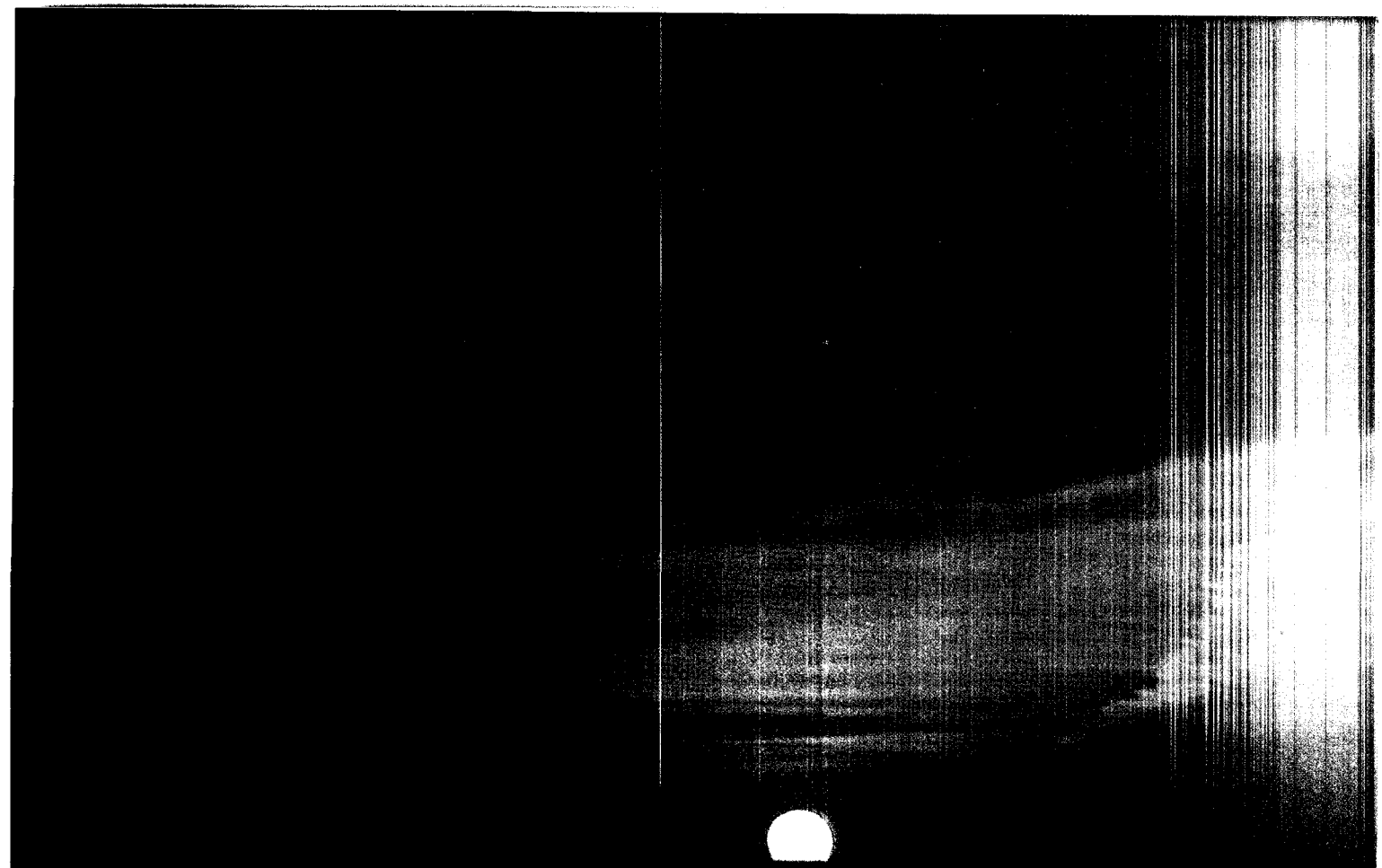

The Last Affordable Luxury

You may never find romance on the high seas, but a cruise does offer congenial shipmates and a multitude of ways to pamper yourself.

by Jenine Howard

By the time you unpack your luggage, the horizon will have swallowed the world you left behind and there will be only endless seas uncrowding your consciousness. Choose a deck chair and let the tensions fall from you as the wake falls behind the ship. Luxuriate in nothingness. No one will bother you. Although a cruise ship is not as quiet as "a painted ship on a painted ocean," even an ancient mariner would agree that it can be a soothing place to get away from it all.

On the other hand, if you have come to get involved and to meet people, you're in luck, too. There are people on board whose business it is to make sure you are able to do just that. As is typical of most cruise ships, morning activities on the S.S. *Volendam* begin at 9:00 a.m. with calisthenics on the boat deck (and, yes, a group of fitness enthusiasts are there,

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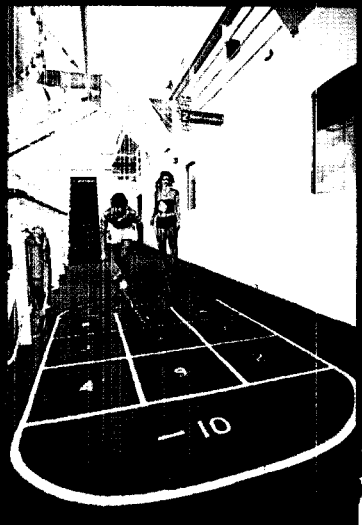
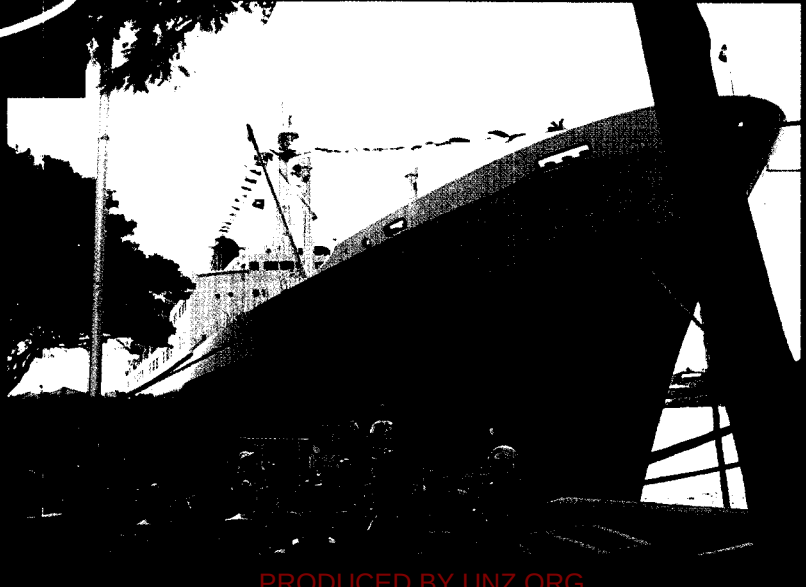
Taking a break from numerous shipboard activities, passengers perform the sacred ritual of poolside sunning. By evening, their skin tones reflect the golden hues of a sunset over shimmering water.



waiting), followed by trapshooting off the aft deck and a teen mixer at 10:00. After that it's pick and choose: travel talks and shore excursions, dance class, shuffleboard and table tennis tournaments outside and backgammon tournaments inside. The afternoon is less strenuous. There are high-stakes bingo and bridge in the card room, a needlepoint demonstration, and the first showing of the day's movie in the theater. In your spare time you can sunbathe, try your luck at high-seas miniature golf, or just socialize.

The cruise business is booming, and no wonder. The aura of tropical beaches and exotic ports of call, along with the enticing



Floating beachside hotels grace Bermuda's harbor (left). Players of all ages enjoy shuffleboard these days (far left), debunking the myth that cruises are for the "newly wed and nearly dead."

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possibility of shipboard romance, still lures adventure-seekers. Television's "Love Boat" has done much to enhance this illusion as well as to dispel another one. The formality traditionally associated with ocean-going vessels has eased into a relaxed casualness. But the real reason—and one that cruise lines like to point out—is the bottom line: Dollar for dollar, a cruise is one of the best values around.

A cruise vacation averages, on most ships, $100 per day per person. That sounds like a lot until you consider what you are purchasing. Your cabin may not be as large as a hotel room (despite the impressions given by movies and TV), but it will be comfortable and have adequate storage space. And what hotel room gently rocks you to sleep each night?

An average-sized ship carries just under 700 passengers when full, and 350 crew members; that is a one-to-two ratio of people looking out for your needs. Cabin service is equal to that of any top-rated hotel. You have no transportation worries, and there are not the annoying packing and unpacking sessions that go with trips on land.

Almost everything is included in your purchase price. Liquor is additional, as are shore excursions. If you're a gambler, bring some money to fritter away in the casino. Tipping will cost around $5 to $10 per day, although Holland America has a No Tipping Required policy. Your biggest expense will probably be shopping.

Food has become legend on cruise ships, and with good reason. The chefs take pride in their work and go all out to outdo each other, visually as well as gastronomically. Ice sculptures adorn the tables of midnight buffets, and birthdays, anniversaries and other occasions are celebrated with songs and sparklers. One or two special dinners highlight every sailing, such as a Dutch dinner and an Indonesian dinner on the *Volendam*, which has Dutch officers and an Indonesian crew. Holland America ships have buffets on their Lido decks for those passengers who can't bear to trade shorts and swimsuits for the formal attire required in the dining room.

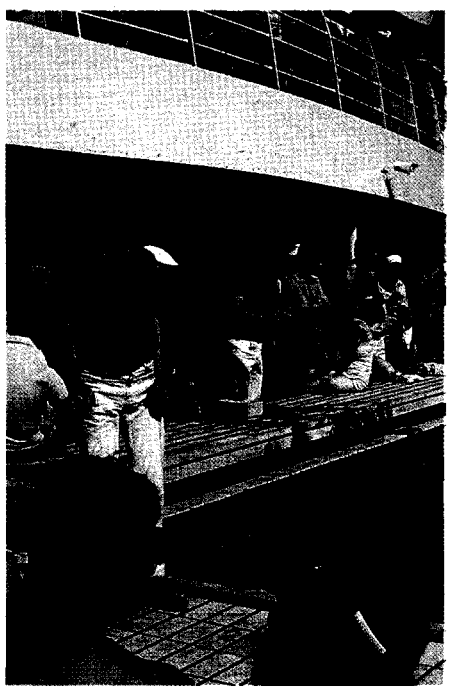
A few kitchens will be stocked with frozen food and microwave ovens, but most lines, like Sitmar, pride themselves on using only fresh food and preparing it all on board. If you have need of special ingredients or food preparation, two weeks' notice will suffice for the chef. Almost any diet can be accommodated.

Dinners are pleasant times on board ship. It's the one time of day when everyone dresses up, and the atmosphere is relaxed and unhurried.

The highlight of the evening is, of course, the entertainment. You may see someone very famous on board—Mel Torme or the Duke Ellington Orchestra for instance—or you may see a play. "Broadway at Sea" was a special theme cruise for theater-lovers introduced by Sitmar; because of the program's popularity, two musicals and two plays are now shown on most of their trips.

All ships have their own dance orchestras which play ballroom music. If that's too tame for you, step over into the disco and boogie. It'll probably stay open as long as you can swing. In fact, that is the attitude about most everything on board—you can have it the way you want it.

Which cruise is best for you?



S.S. Volendam's *assistant cruise director David Lee explains his obvious delight with his job: "I love travel, I love people, and I love ships."*

That depends. Where do you want to go? While the Caribbean and other sun spots are always popular destinations, sea-going vessels these days take tourists almost any place they can reach by water. If they can't get there on water, they may combine a sea route with an overland excursion. Sun Lines even takes you from their ship by air to the Angel Falls in Venezuela.

How large a ship would you like? Passenger lists range from the intimate (100) to the anonymous (1,500), with most settling somewhere in the middle range. Newer vessels have large public rooms, but the cabins are not as large as those on older ships.

Will you be traveling with your children? Commodore has a $150 children's rate when they are traveling with parents, and Sitmar ships are staffed with youth directors who coordinate activities for youngsters all day—until midnight.

Whatever you are looking for in a cruise, there is enough variety to suit your needs. A quick sampling can only whet your appetite.

Single-destination cruises are ideal if you don't care for the whirlwind one-day-in-each-port variety. What lovelier place to spend a few days than Bermuda? Ocean liners dock at Hamilton's famous Front Street; shops and restaurants are close by. Crystal-clear waters attract snorklers as well as swimmers, and clean, uncrowded streets invite tourists to rent mopeds and do their own touring. Bermuda has long been a favorite spot of honeymooners; the *Volendam* leaves for the island Sundays from New York, carrying large numbers of honeymoon couples—107 on one trip!

Play Robinson Crusoe for a day on one of the Bahama "out" islands. Norwegian Caribbean ships stop there for a day while passengers picnic and explore the uninhabited playground. Snorkling equipment is provided for exploring the sea.

Sample foods from around the world without leaving the Caribbean. Each night Royal Caribbean passengers are treated to the cuisine and atmosphere of the port just visited. On leaving Curaçao, Dutch delicacies grace the menu;

Continued on page 127

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

You don't have to be a world traveler to recognize these places and things. We'll give you a few clues; you guess where they are.

Photography by Kelly Rogers

1 ☐ Venice ☐ Liverpool ☐ Amsterdam
Not far from the quaint scene shown here lies a major metropolis consisting of 90 islands connected by approximately 600 bridges. Beginning as a small fishing village, it eventually became the center of one of the world's largest trading empires, but today it is known for its important diamond industry and is a center of the European youth counter-culture.

2 ☐ Savannah ☐ Los Angeles ☐ Sydney
Its situation on a superb harbor with beautiful beaches nearby and a warm, temperate climate has encouraged a vigorous outdoor life for residents of this city and major port which began as a convict settlement.

3 ☐ Athens ☐ Troy ☐ Tyre
Completed in 438 B. C., the structure seen here is only the most recent of a series of buildings which have crowned the most famous hill in the history of western civilization. Pottery found near a spring on the northwest slope of the barren rise suggests that human habitation of the area goes back to the Neolithic Period. More recently, the city upon which this once-sacred temple serenely gazes has become a celebrated haven for tourists from around the world.

4 ☐ Rome ☐ Cádiz ☐ Bogotá
Buildings of almost every period and style grace this city, a major center of orthodox Roman Catholicism. Skyscrapers of the 1970s overlook churches of the 1600s such as the one on the Plaza Bolivar.

(Answers on p. 140)

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Cruise

continued from page 124

leaving Martinique, Coq au Vin and Coquille Saint-Jacques take center stage. The last night before returning home, the waiters don red, white and blue blazers to serve—what else?—Kansas City beef.

If you are the one in your family whose vacation preferences run to exploring ruins or photographing wildlife, don't despair—you can still enjoy a cruise. March Shipping has ships leaving from New Orleans that stop at Playa del Carmen, Mexico; the famous Mayan ruins are close by, where you can dip your imagination into the well of history.

If sun spots are not your favorite places, go north. Royal Viking Lines' newest cruise starts from Ft. Lauderdale. The ship stops in New York before sailing through the St. Lawrence Seaway to Quebec City, making a return trip along the same route.

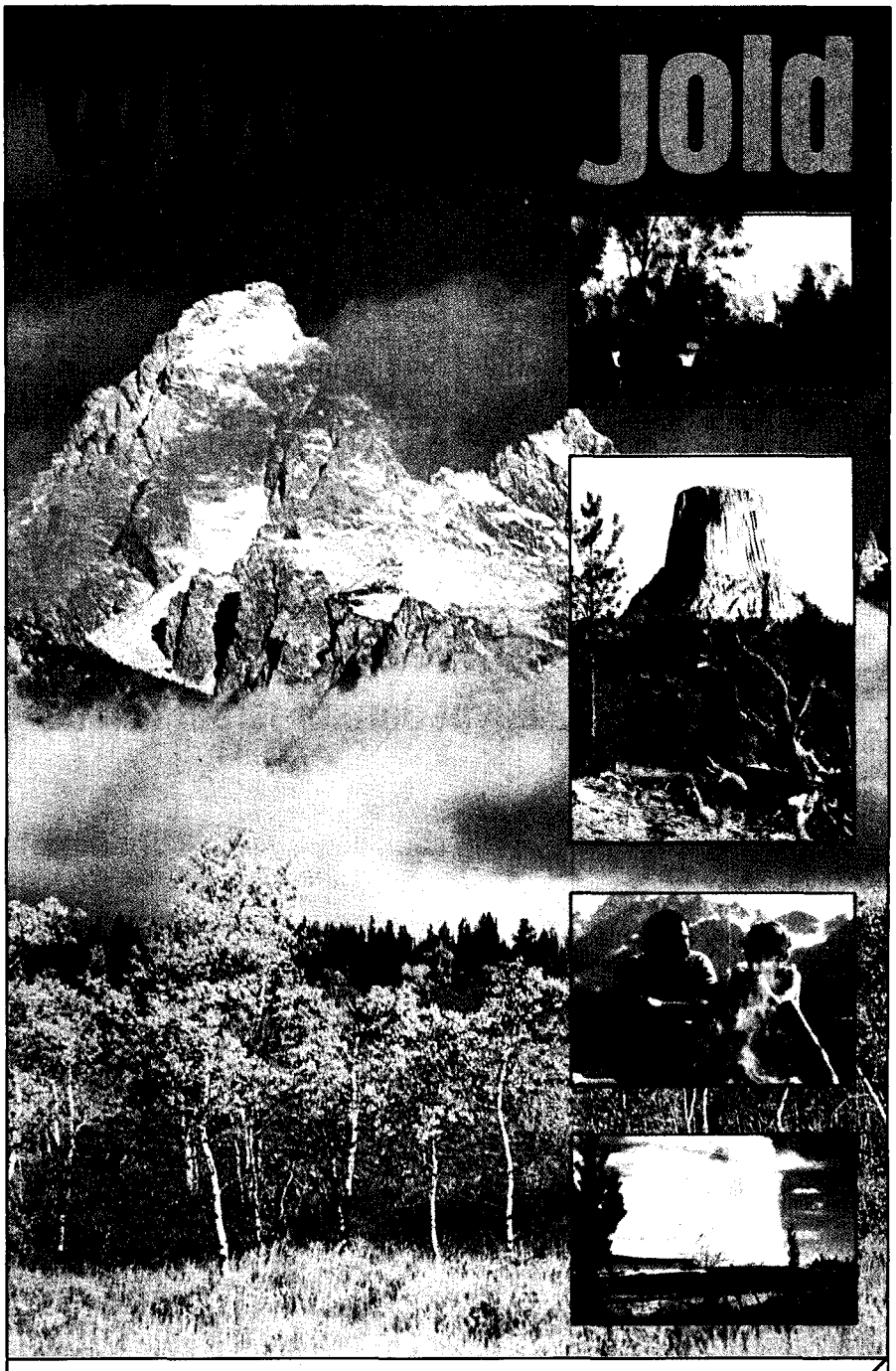
You can keep up on current events and delve into history on Epirotiki Lines' winter cruises to Egypt, Israel and Jordan. Starting from Suez, the ships sail around the Sinai peninsula to Aqaba and Eilat, with overland trips to the rock city of Petra in Jordan and Jerusalem on the West Bank. Then it's back through the coral waters of the Red Sea to the Egyptian port of Safaga, and overland to Luxor and the famous tombs of the pharaohs.

For a different type of cruise experience, make a "crossing." Cunard Line's flagship, the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, sails regularly between New York and Southampton for half of each year. On the way, you can hear lectures from well-known guests in the "Festival of Life" series: a representative from the famous auction house of Sotheby Parke Bernet, television personality Loretta Swit, playwright Tom Stoppard, science fiction writer Isaac Asimov.

There are cruises to suit any sea-lover's taste: through the inside passage to Alaska, around South America, through the fjords of Norway, all over the Mediterranean and Black Seas, to the Greek islands, through the Panama and Suez canals, and around the world. To find out the full range of cruise offerings, see your travel agent. Don't worry about living far from a port city. Most lines now have air/sea packages that include your air fare to the departure city in the price of your cruise ticket. There is hardly a "season" anymore, with ships sailing fully booked all year. It is best to make plans early, but it's worth a phone call to see if something is available for you immediately. There are always last-minute cancellations.

Once you're on board, leave land cares behind and give in to the luxury of life at sea.

Bon voyage!



Wyoming Fall: For the Two of You

An elk's bugle echoes off a snow-dusted mountainside. High plains grasslands ripen in the sun while the flowers sleep. Stark white aspen trunks and green mountain pines counterpoint a symphony of yellow, russet, brown and orange. A deep peace lies over the land. It's autumn in Wyoming.

When fall makes its colorful assault on the high country, it's a perfect time for just the two of you to enjoy the crisp days, brisk nights, uncrowded accommodations (campgrounds to resorts) . . . unhurried sightseeing in Yellowstone, the Tetons, Devils Tower. Golf, tennis, fishing, boating and more await you at quiet time in Wyoming.

Write for the color-laden details.

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True Grit

continued from page 99

go to the devil!" said I. "What did you come here for?"

"I was sold a bill of goods."

"Three hundred and twenty-five dollars is my figure."

"I would like to have that in writing, for what it is worth," said Stonehill.

He wrote out a short agreement. I read it over and made a change or two and he initialed the changes. He said, "Tell your lawyer to send the letter to me here at Stonehill's Livery Stable. When I have it in my hand I will remit the extortion money. Sign this."

I went to the telegraph office. I tried to keep the message down but it took up almost a full blank setting forth the situation and what was needed.

I bought some crackers and a piece of hoop cheese and an apple at a grocery store and sat on a nail keg by the stove and had a cheap yet nourishing lunch. You know what they say, "Enough is as good as a feast." As soon as I had finished eating I made haste to the federal courthouse.

When I got there I saw that another crowd had gathered, although not as big as the one the day before. What had attracted people was the arrival of two prisoner wagons from the Territory.

The marshals were unloading the prisoners and poking them sharply along with their Winchester repeating rifles. The men were all chained together like fish on a string. It was awful to see but you must remember that these chained beasts were murderers and robbers and train-wreckers and bigamists and counterfeiters, some of the most wicked men in the world.

The bailiff at the door did not want to let me in the courtroom as I was a child but I held my ground and told him I had business with Marshal Cogburn. He saw I had spunk and he folded right up, not wanting me to cause a stir.

You will think it strange but I had scarcely heard of Judge Isaac Parker at that time, famous man that he was. Of course we lived in his district but we had our own circuit courts to deal with killers and thieves. About the only outlaws in our county who ever went to federal court were moonshiners like old man Jerry Vick and his boys. Most of Judge Parker's customers came from the Territory, which was a refuge for desperadoes from all over the map.

Now I will tell you an interesting thing. For a long time there was no appeal from Judge Parker's court except to the President of the United States. They later changed that and when the Supreme Court started reversing him, Judge Parker was annoyed. He said those people in Washington did not understand the bloody conditions in the Territory. Well, for their part, those people up there said the judge was way too hard and too high-handed and they called his court "the Parker slaughterhouse." I don't know who was right. I know 65 of his marshals got killed. They had tough folks to deal with.

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The judge was a big tall man with blue eyes and a brown billy-goat beard and he seemed to me to be old, though he was only around 40 years of age at that time. His manner was grave. On his deathbed he asked for a priest and became a Catholic. That was his wife's religion. It was his own business and none of mine. If you had sentenced 160 men to death and seen around 80 of them swing, then maybe at the last minute you would feel the need for some stronger medicine than the Methodists could make. It is something to think about.

I have written a good historical article on the Wharton trial that I titled, *"You will now listen to the sentence of the law, Odus Wharton, which is that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! May God, whose laws you have broken and before whose dread tribunal you must soon appear, have mercy on your soul." Being a personal recollection of Isaac C. Parker, the famous Border Judge.*

But the magazines of today do not know a good story when they see one. They would rather print trash. They say my article is too long and "discursive." Nothing is too long, or too short either, if you have a true and interesting tale and what I call a graphic writing style combined with educational aims. I do not fool around with newspapers. They are always after me for historical write-ups but when the talk gets around to money the newspaper editors are most of them cheapskates. They think that because I have a little money I will be happy to fill up their Sunday columns just to see my name in print like Lucille Biggers Langford and Florence Mabry Whiteside. Lucille and Florence can do as they please.

When I got in the courtroom there was a Creek Indian boy on the witness stand and he was speaking in his own tongue and another Indian was interpreting for him. It was mighty slow going. I was there almost an hour before they called Rooster Cogburn to the stand.

I had guessed wrong as to which one he was, picking out a younger and slighter man with a badge on his shirt and I was surprised when an old one-eyed jasper that was built along the lines of Grover Cleveland went up and was sworn. I say "old." He was about 40 years of age. The floor boards squeaked under his weight. He had a mustache like Cleveland, too.

Some people will say, well, there were more men in the country at that time who looked like Cleveland than did not. Still, that is how he looked. Cleveland was once a sheriff himself. He brought a good deal of misery to the land in the Panic of '93 but I am not ashamed to own that my family supported him and has stayed with the Democrats right on through, up to and including Governor Alfred Smith, and not only because of Senator Joe Robinson. Papa used to say that the only friends we had down here right after the

Continued on page 133

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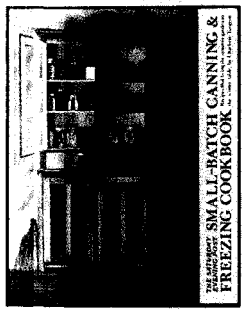

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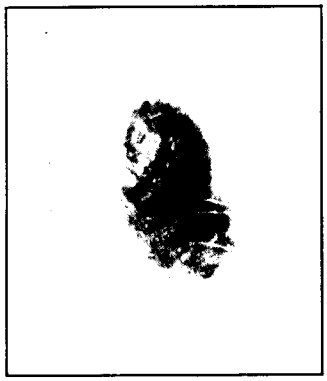
MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief."—B. Franklin

The Killer Mole

Five years have passed since we printed the picture of a malignant melanoma shown below. The magazine fell open to the right page for Gerald W. Malky, an engineer who avoids reading medical articles. His letter follows:



Malignant melanoma
(actual size)
Photo courtesy of American Cancer Society, Inc.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I would like to express my grateful appreciation for the article you recently ran on malignant melanomas (in "Medical Mailbox," September 1974).

I am writing this letter to you from my hospital bed, where I am recuperating from the surgical removal of a malignant melanoma. I consider myself a very lucky person for having read your article. I discovered the new mole on my back in June, at which time I started observing it for change. Quite truthfully I was not too concerned about it. To illustrate how unconcerned I was, a month later I had a complete yearly physical and forgot to mention it to the doctor.

A week after that I went on vacation in Delaware, where I purchased a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* in a drugstore. Late one night, after the entire family had gone to bed, I picked up the magazine and just happened to open it to the medical page. I don't know why I even started to read the article; I ordinarily avoid reading medical articles because I seem to quickly develop the symptoms they describe.

Well, once I started reading it, I quickly discovered I had the perfect profile for a melanoma; and when I compared the photographic illustration with the one on my back, I soon discovered they were a perfect match. Needless to say, I was petrified. But it was this fear that sent me rushing back to the doctor's, and within a few days I was in the hospital being prepared for surgery.

If I had not read your article, I'm quite sure I would have ignored the mole for at least another year (until my next check-up) or until it started giving me some discomfort.

I thought you might be interested in knowing what profound effect your magazine has on its readers, even to the point of saving or prolonging lives.

Thanks again for running the article.

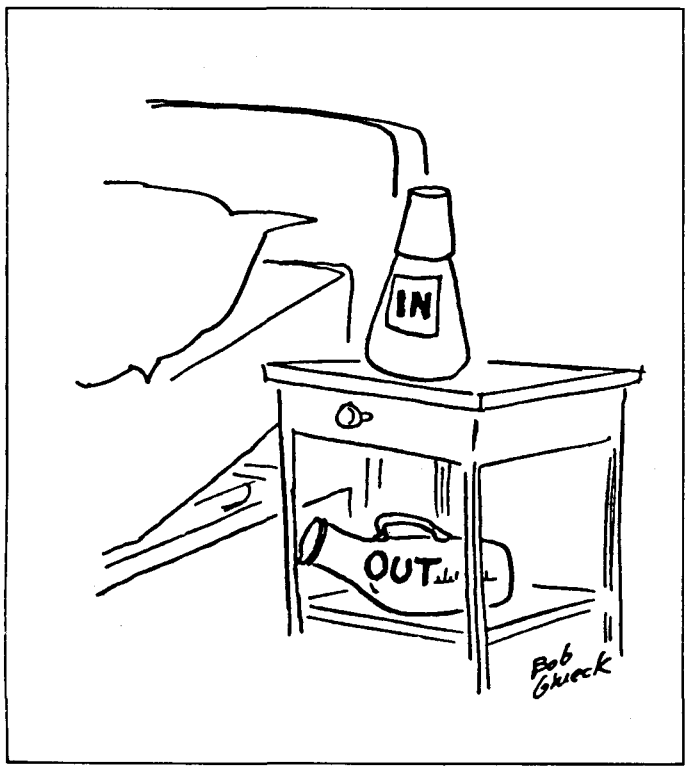
Gerald W. Malky
Oakmont, Pennsylvania

We're happy to report that Mr. Malky has had no recurrence in the five years which have elapsed.

If a mole is permitted to grow *thick* and a malignant melanoma is discovered in it, the chances for recovery are not good. This cancer spreads in the blood stream and just having no lymph node involvement at the time of surgery doesn't assure a clean bill of health.

If treated early, 90 percent of malignant melanomas may be cured. If treatment is not begun until after metastasis, the five-year survival rate drops to less than 10 percent.

Watch all your moles for changes in color, thickening, redness around edges, itching, tingling or spreading. Quickly show them to your doctor if in doubt. As a matter of fact, any growth, even one that has been with you for many years but suddenly begins to behave in a peculiar manner, is an object of suspicion and should be inspected by a physician.



Traveler's Advisory

When the National Federation of Press Women held their convention in Indianapolis last month, I had SOS phone calls over the weekend from two of our group who had packed their medicine in their luggage. The airlines diverted their bags to points unknown and they couldn't reach their hometown doctors. One was on medication for high blood pressure, the other for diabetes—both serious if not medicated. The lesson they learned: *Travelers should keep medicine in hand bags or carry-on luggage.*

Another traveler called last week from Hong Kong where he had been committed to a hospital for three weeks with hepatitis. The most frightening thing about the incident was that the non-English-speaking physician who saw him in the admitting room kept

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trying to send him on his way with a few malaria pills. The hapless patient, a layman with a smattering of medical knowledge, persisted and, by describing his white stools, dark urine and yellow eyeballs, finally convinced the physician to check for hepatitis. His liver function tests bore out his suspicion.

If you're a world traveler, it's best to carry a handy little reference book of overseas English-speaking physicians. Failing that, call the American Embassy for names.

Shelf Life vs. Human Life

Among the most potentially dangerous carcinogens (cancer causing substances) in our diets are the nitrosamines. Nitrates and nitrites which are added to meat as preservatives break down into nitrosamines. It has been discovered that increasing the amount of Vitamin C added to smoked or cured meats retards the breakdown of nitrates and nitrites into these carcinogens.

Since Vitamin C is not altogether stable in storage, even in the best of conditions, it seems a good idea to supply additional powdered Vitamin C in any recipes which use processed meats. These include ham, bacon, pastrami, bologna, corned beef, dried beef, pickle loaf, sausages, hot dogs and other lunch meats. Sixty-five to 70 percent of all pork products in the United States are cured. If your family enjoys cured and smoked meat dishes, it is a simple matter to add one-half to three-quarters teaspoon of powdered Vitamin C per six servings of these dishes. This can be conveniently added to ham casseroles, beans and franks, chipped beef on toast and any number of processed meat recipes.

In addition to alleviating the dangerous effects of nitrates in processed meat, Vitamin C performs as a good substitute for the nitrates in preventing discoloration of the meat. Even though nitrates are under serious scrutiny by the F.D.A. and the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, no practical substitute has as yet been found to prevent spoilage and extend shelf life of processed meats.

A colleague at a recent medical convention lamented, "Alas, it sometimes appears that shelf life is more important than human life."

It's prudent to buy only fresh meats whenever possible. Fill salt shakers with Vitamin C.

Helmets Harder Than Heads

Motorcycle-helmet laws remain a controversial issue in state legislatures. In states where helmet laws have been repealed, there has been a startling increase in the number of deaths. In Texas deaths jumped from 212 to 331 in the 12 months after repeal in August 1977. When helmet use dropped after repeal, the number of fatal head injuries doubled for every 1,000 riders involved in crashes. Similar increases were seen for nonfatal head injuries. Many motorcycle-accident victims do not die. They linger on in an incapacitated or vegetative state, occupying beds in what are popularly termed by hospital personnel "Honda or Yamaha wards." These victims require vast amounts of health care resources.

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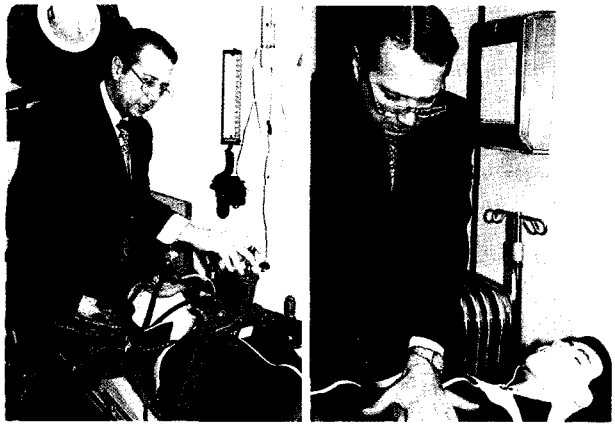

New York Medical Director for General Motors Dr. Nicholas Pace wins the Benjamin Franklin Award of the Month. He is shown above with a complete life support stretcher (left) which he designed for emergency use. The stretcher breathes for the patient, forces blood through the heart, can provide IV fluids, do an EKG and many other emergency functions.

Dr. Pace conducts an employee safety drill on the last Thursday of every month. A resuscitation Andy mannequin (right) is dropped somewhere in the large 52-story GM building. Guards are taught resuscitation and employees are timed to see how quickly they can get the "patient" into the ambulance waiting in the basement.

Dr. Pace once taught all the eight-year-old boys at a summer camp how to perform cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR). One of the campers had drowned and no one had known how to resuscitate him. Following the loss of their friend, the boys were motivated to learn.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.

". . . this has been a recorded diagnosis."

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Going without a helmet is a self-imposed health risk. We live in a society whose government and its taxpayers assume an ever-increasing burden of medical costs.

Dr. Blake Cady of the Lahey Clinic in Boston proposes a most innovative method of making the abusers of this common-sense health practice "pay the freight." He writes, "It should be possible to estimate the medical costs of failure to wear helmets while driving a motorcycle and use distinctively colored license plates for such drivers. If a 'nonhelmet' license plate costs $20 per year, and the 'helmet-user' license plate costs $10, it would force motorcyclists to analyze their driving customs and the cost of helmets. This law would be easy to enforce."

"The greatest piece of emergency equipment in any home is a person who knows CPR."—Richard E. Stetler (Benjamin Franklin Literary Medical Society Award Winner).

Connally/Kennedy

continued from page 8

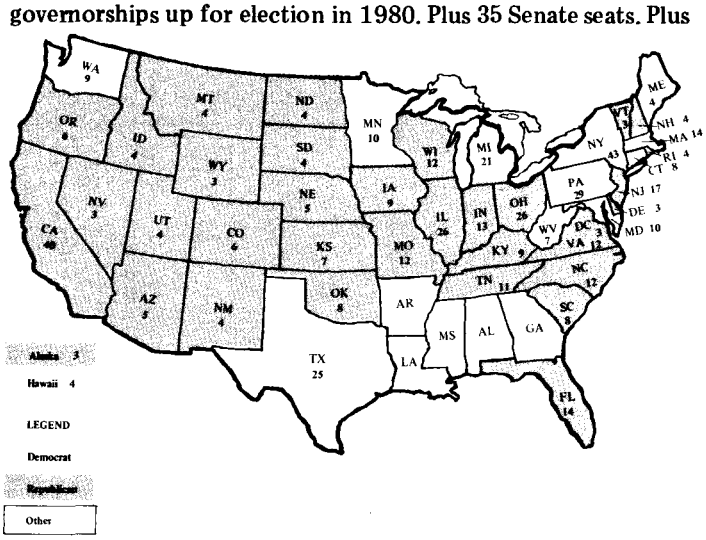
to let oil, not aliens, flow over that border. In short, his strategy protects Senator Kennedy from the need for commitment.

The whole idea of the Kennedy non-campaign is to give an aura of inevitability to his nomination *without* his ever having to take the risk of any kind of commitment.

All this—for Kennedy or for Connally—is not based on wish or on will. It is based on the inner dynamics of American politics, and a rationale which will lead to their nomination.

The dynamic is strong, skeptical, cynical. And real. It states simply that politicians and political parties do what benefits themselves first. If what they do also happens, incidentally, to be in the public interest, then they will accept that fact with all the unbridled enthusiasm they normally reserve for any alien philosophy. What the politicians of both parties want at the top of the ticket is somebody who will benefit them—somebody who is so exciting that people will come pouring out to the polls to support him. And them. They want a marvelously large vote—albeit only in their own party.

"That's what a Kennedy candidacy means," says Mark Shields. "That's where the pressure comes from." There are 15 governorships up for election in 1980. Plus 35 Senate seats. Plus 435 Congressional seats. And the politicians of *both* parties want a pair of Presidential candidates who will have the public aching to get to the polls.



In 1968, Richard Nixon was a survivor. President Johnson dropped out of the presidential race. Bobby Kennedy was murdered. Hubert Humphrey was victimized by the convention-time riots in Chicago. Humphrey started out so far behind Nixon that he couldn't see him, much less catch him. Yet he came very close—in the popular vote. He finished only 499,704 votes behind Nixon, but he lost the electoral votes by a significant margin.
Statistics: Nixon—301, Humphrey—191, Wallace—46. Nixon's edge over Humphrey—110.

From the Democratic perspective, the flaw is not in Jimmy Carter as a President. He may turn out—in the judgment of history—to far surpass either Kennedy or Connally as a President. What Democrats care about is that he is not exciting enough to guarantee re-election to other Democratic candidates. "The key to a Kennedy candidacy *is* the other Democratic candidates," says Mark Shields. "That's what they're most apprehensive about when they think of Carter. I mean, they see with Carter they get a 32 percent turnout, a 35 percent turnout, which scares the living be-jesus out of them. They don't see blacks voting, they don't see Catholics voting, they don't see blue-collar Democrats voting. And if they do, they don't see them voting for Carter."

This is not just an abstract fear. Any experienced politician will tell you of the power of a strong personality at the top of a ticket—but Rosalie Whelan, who also works as a strategist for Democrats, offers a specific example. In 1978, when there was no Presidential race, the Democratic vote in Iowa at the top-of-the-ticket—for Senator, instead of for President—dropped 227,000 votes, more than one-third of the 1976 vote. Thus Democratic Senator Dick Clark lost his seat, by a margin of 28,000 votes. Miss Whelan cites just one result where Clark might have expected to do well: "the 18- to 24-year-old vote in a major university town: only 16 percent of all the votes for both parties turned out. But those that stayed home in that college community—*they* were all Clark votes." Thus she echoes the theme of Mark Shields: "Kennedy stirs up real emotion. Kennedy will mobilize the traditional Democratic vote. He will mobilize the blacks. He will mobilize the Chicanos. He will mobilize the poor. He will mobilize the kids."

Shields reinforces the point: "Say I'm Tom Eagleton in Missouri. Or John Glenn in Ohio. Or Alan Cranston in California. 'Hey, I'm really worried with this guy Carter. What's going to happen? What's the turnout going to be like?' Then all of a sudden I'm looking at Ted Kennedy—the turnout in the base of the Democratic party is phenomenal! The blacks are excited. The ethnic voters are excited. The blue collar workers are excited. I'm going to have 75-80 percent of the basic Democratic vote coming out . . . ."

All this applies just as forcefully to John Connally. "He's a high-intensity candidate," says Mark Shields. "He really builds up the emotion." This was obvious during the early months of 1979. "He really wowed the boardrooms," says a staff worker for another Presidential candidate. But within that grudging compliment was an accusation: "The boardrooms of America don't elect Presidents any more." True. But Connally has the capacity for wowing every echelon of the Republican faithful. For he has—like Kennedy—the gift for arousing all the intense emotions. And that is what makes the two of them ideal opponents in one of the nation's most critical elections.

Mark Shields himself demonstrated the enormous impact of John Connally. He runs a talk show on WRC-radio in Washington—very non-partisan—and one morning in the spring he asked his listeners to select the one candidate they did *not* want to become President. The men who led the "hate" list by a wide margin: John Connally and Ted Kennedy. (The other "entries" were Jimmy Carter—who got only one mention in an hour—and Ronald Reagan and Jerry Brown.) Thus he demonstrated that the impact of John Connally is not confined to the boardrooms; it is as powerful as that of Ted Kennedy on the everyday person. For the listeners who identify the candidate "I don't want to see as President"—the one they "hate" most—are unthinkingly identifying the candidate they "*fear*" most. That candidate is invariably in the party they don't like. In short, they are saying, "This is the candidate who is going to do the most damage to my party." Thus, those who lean Democratic recognize emotionally that John Connally is the greatest threat to the Democratic hold

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True Grit

continued from page 128

war were the Irish Democrats in New York. Thad Stevens and the Republican gang would have starved us all out if they could. It is all in the history books.

Now I will introduce Rooster by way of the transcript and get my story "back on the rails."

Mr. Barlow: State your name and occupation, please.

Mr. Cogburn: Reuben J. Cogburn. I am a deputy marshal for the U. S. District Court for the Western District of Arkansas having criminal jurisdiction over the Indian Territory.

Mr. Barlow: How long have you occupied such office?

Mr. Cogburn: Be four years in March.

Mr. Barlow: On November 2 were you carrying out your official duties?

Mr. Cogburn: I was, yes, sir.

Mr. Barlow: Please describe in your own words what occurred on that day.

Mr. Cogburn: Yes, sir. Well, not long after dinner on that day four other deputy marshals and me was headed back for Fort Smith from the Creek Nation with a wagonload of prisoners. About four mile west of Webbers Falls that Creek boy named Will come riding up in a lather. He said that morning he was taking some eggs over to Tom Spotted-Gourd and his wife at their place on the Canadian River. When he got there he found the woman out in the yard with the back of her head shot off and the old man inside on the floor with a shotgun wound in his breast.

Mr. Goudy: An objection.

Judge Parker: Confine your testimony to what you saw, Mr. Cogburn.

Mr. Cogburn: Yes, sir. Well, Deputy Marshal Columbus Potter and me rode on down to Spotted-Gourd's place, with the wagon to come on behind us. Deputy Marshal Schmidt stayed with the wagon. When we got to the place we found everything as the boy Will had represented. The woman was out in the yard dead with blowflies on her head and the old man was inside. He was still alive but he just was. He said about 4:00 that morning them two Wharton boys, Odus and C. C. by name, had rode up there drunk and throwed down on him with a double-barrel shotgun and said, "Tell us where your money is, old man." He would not tell them and they lit some pine knots and held them to his feet and he told them it was in a fruit jar under a gray rock at one corner of the smokehouse. Said he had over $400 in bank notes in it. Said his wife took off out the door and Odus run to the door and shot her. Said when he raised up off the floor where he was laying Odus shot him. Then they left.

Mr. Barlow: What happened next?

Mr. Cogburn: Spotted-Gourd died.

Mr. Barlow: What did you and Marshal Potter do then?

Mr. Cogburn: We went out to the smokehouse and that rock had been moved and that jar was gone.

Mr. Goudy: An objection.

Judge Parker: The witness will keep his speculations to himself.

Mr. Barlow: Marshal Cogburn, what did you find, if anything, at the corner of the smokehouse?

Mr. Cogburn: We found a gray rock with a hole right by it.

Mr. Barlow: What was in that hole?

Mr. Cogburn: Nothing. No jar or nothing.

Mr. Barlow: What did you do next?

Mr. Cogburn: We waited on the wagon to come. When it got there we had a talk amongst ourselves as to who would ride after the Whartons. Potter and me had had dealings with them boys before so we went. It was about a two-hour ride up near where the North Fork strikes the Canadian, on a branch that runs into the Canadian.

Mr. Barlow: What did you find?

Mr. Cogburn: We spotted the two boys and their old daddy, Aaron Wharton by name, standing down there on the creek bank with some hogs. They was butchering a shoat. It was swinging from a limb and they had built a fire under a washpot for scalding water. We tied up our horses about a quarter of a mile down the creek and slipped along on foot so we could get the drop on

Continued on page 142

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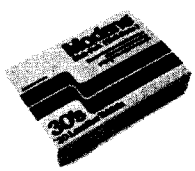

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on the White House.

It is simply his responsibility to demonstrate to his fellow Republicans that the impact he's had in the "boardrooms of America" is identical to the impact he has in the "living rooms of America."

"*. . .There is still a long struggle and a bitter one before them.*" Walter's voice droned on and on. By the time he is finished, not only will both men have nailed down the nominations of their parties but they will have begun shaping the strategy that—they hope—will carry them into the White House.

They both know the goal: to get at least 270 electoral votes (out of a total of 538).

They will approach it in different ways.

John Connally will seek to develop a "regional strategy." At its core is a plan to sweep all the states west of the Mississippi River. To them he will seek to add the states of the "solid South."

What is his rationale for this strategy?

Consider first the western states: The Republicans have deep roots there; President Ford took 18 of them (including Alaska, excluding Hawaii) in 1976 and Connally has a chance to make it 20. The reason: President Carter has done little to win the affection—or the votes—of the Westerners since he's been in office; his celebrated "water policy," which he has expressed as being anti-pork barrel, hit hard in the West and did not gain many votes for any Democrat. Moreover, John Connally's physical image as a free-wheeling Westerner—a man of *their* soil—can only help him in the West.

Consider next the "solid South": This is a strategy he can use only against Ted Kennedy. Obviously it would be very difficult to take many southern states against Jimmy Carter of Georgia. For one thing, Kennedy is far more liberal than the South. ("He scares me. . . ": This was the comment of three different people interviewed in a 12-minute period in Atlanta recently.) For another thing he will have defeated a man of the South—Jimmy Carter—to take the nomination and his acclaim in the South over that feat may be restrained. Finally, he is two things—opposite things, in a way—that the South doesn't much admire: He is a Catholic and he has a reputation as a philanderer. There is still a deep fundamentalist spirit in the South and people of both practices tend to offend that spirit. It is a strategy built on the negativism of Ted Kennedy rather than the positive aspects of John Connally. But it is likely to be effective nevertheless.

Politics and campaigning is hard on most wives, but Nellie seems to thrive on the challenge. The Connally children, grandchildren, Picosa Ranch and traveling with John are the things she loves.

For his part, Ted Kennedy will develop a "big-state" strategy. He'll aim to carry eight of the ten most populous states in the nation. To them, he hopes to add the "Atlantic strip," the states reaching from the Canadian border to the northern border of Virginia, along the Atlantic coast.

His rationale for the "big-state" strategy is reflected in the power groups he's catered to in the Senate: big labor, the organized blacks, the ethnic groups. They are part of the "old coalition" of the Democratic Party and they are concentrated in the big cities within the big states. He feels it is useful to aim at the "Atlantic strip" because so many of the states there are neighbors geographically and, one might say, spiritually.

But strategies are imperfect. And it is in those imperfections that votes are shifted—and surprise elections are won.

For instance, the imperfection of the strategies cited above is that California—with its 45 electoral votes—is on the "strategy list" of both candidates. Obviously, it can go only to one candidate or the other—and both candidates will make strenuous efforts to carry it. There are a great many contradictions in California. The registration of Democrats far outstrips that of Republicans, and yet the Republicans have carried the state in four of the last five Presidential elections (including a massive win in 1960, over Jack Kennedy—when Ted Kennedy was among those primarily responsible for carrying votes for Kennedy). The imponderables are even more tantalizing in this Presidential campaign. The reason: California is offering notable candidates for nomination by the two major parties—Ronald Reagan among the Republicans, Jerry Brown among the Democrats. Will they go home and sulk once they are defeated? Or will they throw themselves energetically into helping elect the man who humiliated them and crushed their own ambitions. (Some hints: Ronald Reagan did not make a spectacular effort to help President Ford after Ford beat him in the 1976 convention—yet Ford carried California for the Republicans anyway. This time, Reagan may—as he approaches his seventies—accept that his Presidential prospects have ended, and thus offer Connally some meaningful help in California. But Jerry Brown, as a man in his early forties, may reasonably conclude that he'd have another shot at the Presidency in 1984 *if* Teddy Kennedy does not get it in 1980. And thus it's to his benefit to sit on his hands in California, allowing Teddy to lose there—and perhaps across the nation.)

There are logical exceptions to other aspects of the strategies of both candidates. Kennedy, for instance, is not likely to carry all the Atlantic-strip states; Connally has a good chance to carry the northernmost tier (Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire—though representing a total of only 11 electoral votes). Similarly, Connally cannot carry *all* the states west of the Mississippi. Kennedy has a very good chance to carry Arkansas and Missouri—on the western bank of the Mississippi—though Connally may take Minnesota, a state the Democrats carried in 1976 (and indeed in four of the last five elections). Minnesota, it should be noted, has been moving strongly to the right after years of being dominated by the liberal Democratic Farmer-Labor party put together in the 1940s by Hubert Humphrey and his friends. In 1978, the Republicans astonished everybody—particularly the Democrats—by taking two Senate seats (then held by the Democrats), the governorship (ditto), four of eight

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Congressional seats, and almost winning one house of the state legislature. That trend may be accelerated in the 1980 Presidential race by the fact that Vice President Walter Mondale—long a favorite of the Democratic Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota—will be a lame duck and have little pulling power in Minnesota. Or little interest in demonstrating it, since he will have been thrown out of office by the Kennedy victory at the convention.

Further, there will be targets-of-opportunity within the core-strategies of both candidates.

For instance, Kennedy can contest for certain states west of the Mississippi. Nevada, for example; it has a high Catholic population and may easily go to Kennedy. Or Oregon; Ford carried it by only 1,713 votes in 1976. And its Democratic vote is increasingly liberal, so that it is precisely the kind of basic-Democratic vote that will be terribly excited by Kennedy's appearance in the Presidential race.

Similarly, Connally can make some contests in Kennedy's "big-state" strategy. Certainly he'll carry Texas, his home state (and tied for fourth in the electoral-vote count). He'll likely carry Florida as part of the solid South. He doesn't have much chance of carrying New York or Pennsylvania and he'll very likely find that Michigan will switch from the Republican to the Democratic column. (Ford carried Michigan in 1976, perhaps because he was a home-state product. Much has been made of the lessening of the once-solid labor vote in the big auto-making centers in Michigan but two factors will be perceived in the 1980 race. One is that the union membership isn't disappearing; it's retiring and moving upstate to the resort-and-relaxation communities, but it is organizing there and giving a more Democratic complexion to once-Republican territory. The other is that Douglas Fraser, head of the United Auto Workers, is a close friend and ardent supporter of Senator Kennedy and he will simply not accept the humiliation of letting a UAW-dominated state go for John Connally.) But Connally has a viable chance to carry Illinois, particularly if he has its governor, James R. Thompson, as his running mate. (Thompson carried Illinois by 1,000,000 votes in 1976—which was enough to give President Ford a chance to carry Illinois by 93,000 votes.) He also has a chance to get Ohio to switch from the Democratic to the Republican column. Jimmy Carter carried it by a very narrow margin in 1976—by 11,100 votes out of more than 4,000,000 cast. And in a Connally vs. Kennedy race, a good many people in the southern-oriented portions of the state—which are more akin to the border states than the liberal North (and which voted for Southerner Jimmy Carter in 1976)—are likely to vote against Ted Kennedy in 1980. Because of their southern roots: He's liberal, he's Catholic, and he's got a reputation as a philanderer. If Connally can pick up Ohio, he will gain a little ground even if he loses Michigan to the Democrats. The reason: Ohio has 25 electoral votes and Michigan has only 21.

There are, in fact, a good many alluring "targets-of-opportunity" on both sides. And swing states that may unexpectedly turn up in either column, no matter how sound the basic strategy of the candidates.

What factors can influence how those states will swing?

Here are several of them:

Personality: Both men have very strong, forceful, forthright images physically and temperamentally. They are tall. They are square and trim. They are good-looking. On the public platform, Kennedy is likely to be more specific and intellectual; he will tell you exactly what he thinks and why you should think the same. Connally tends more to work on feelings, not the mind, in his public appearances. But he communicates feelings so contagiously—he draws his listener so completely into the ambience of his presence—that his listeners often do not notice what he is saying. An example was his appearance before some 2,000 delegates of the National Federation of Independent Business in Washington in mid-June. He'd been preceded by a number of speakers from the world of public affairs—everybody from Congressman Jack Kemp on the right to Senator Kennedy on the left—and many of them had been received respectfully if not

Joan Kennedy's personal problems with alcohol and family buffeted by Ted's complete immersion in politics and play seem to have caused their estrangement, now a way of life.

enthusiastically. But when Congressman Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, got up to speak—on the same card as Connally—he was badgered and booed, perhaps because he was a Washington career man (he's represented Oregon in the Congress for 22 years) and perhaps because he was a Democrat. When Connally got up, he lit a blazing fire with his combination of folksy fervor, straight downhome talking and Republican conservatism. The audience rose with a roar of shouting and applause to point after point after point—he was interrupted 16 times for applause in a 35-minute speech. The audience seemed to be not merely uplifted but made transcendent. It was all the more impressive because Connally was cheered wildly for making, in many respects, exactly the same points for which Congressman Ullman was badgered and booed.

Off the public platform, Connally has much the same force that he demonstrates in public. Kennedy tends to be more diffident, more hesitant if he does not have a public statement in hand or in mind. His conversation is studded with ". . .uh. . .and uh, uh. . ." and it is becoming so pronounced a characteristic that some newspapermen are quoting the "uh's" when they read their notes and find they have almost nothing of substance. For Kennedy has a way of letting his conversations drift away without ever quite making a point. And when he does make a point, it is usually tangential to the point of the conversation. Nobody outside of those closest to him knows if this is deliberate—to keep from getting quoted on every possible issue that comes along—or whether it is a natural flaw of his mind and personality. In any case, it does not appear that he has the natural humor of his brother Jack. He gets off some very good lines but invariably these lines are prepared for him by his staff; he cannot come up with them spontaneously. Nevertheless, he does not seem to be—privately—trying to make an impression on a listener, as Connally often is.

Politics: On the face of it, it would seem that a Connally vs. Kennedy race would be a classic confrontation of the Right vs. the Left. Not so. As soon as he gets the nomination nailed down, Connally is going to move off the right toward the center of the political spectrum. And he's going to do it so fast that it'll make the speed of light seem dawdling. Kennedy is going to be much slower in moving off the left. For one reason, he is deeply committed to the issues of the left and the roots that gave those issues life; he is not going to give up the specifics or the personal sense that this is what the nation needs. Nor is he going to be able to: His position on the left is so well-defined that any movement by him toward the center is going to look—to his advocates as well as his adversaries—as a betrayal of his long-time positions.

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Connally, by way of contrast, will be dealing in magnificent generalities—free enterprise and the way to enhance it—and thus simply merge the center into the right. (He will, of course, be aided by the indication that the nation as a whole—and obviously the middle or moderate position—is moving right. To meet him.)

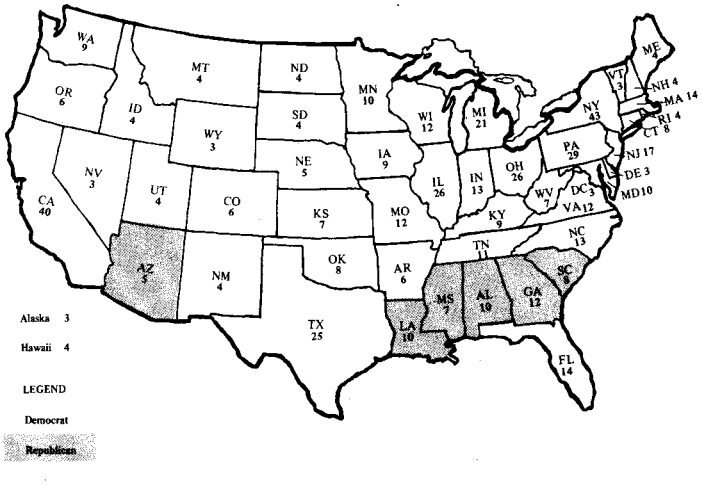
In any case, this will not be a Right vs. Left confrontation. It is—if John Connally can do anything about it (and he can)—going to be a Moderate vs. Left confrontation. With John Connally occupying every piece of political ground from the broad span of the moderate over to the far right, leaving the left to Teddy. He could not easily do this in a campaign against Jimmy Carter but Ted Kennedy's position has set him up for this approach. Connally and his supporters are going to try to make Ted Kennedy seem like a wild-spending, wild-eyed left-winger who would bankrupt the nation with his inflation-inspiring schemes. He is going to try to make him seem, as George Wallace might put it, to be "the prisoner of the pointy heads." And if he is successful, this is going to be very effective strategy—particularly in a nation which is increasingly wary of liberal, i.e., left-wing, projects and policies.

Issues: Kennedy is deeply committed to the policies of the left and—though he'd rather talk in vague generalities—his position has been too well-defined in the Senate to be anything other than specific about the issues and his response to them. Nor will he easily be able to avoid questioning on his recorded attitudes on SALT II, on health care and its costs, on voting down the B-1 bomber and certain other new weapons systems, on his "soft" approach to dealing with the Soviet Union, on such labor-backed measures as the common suit bill.

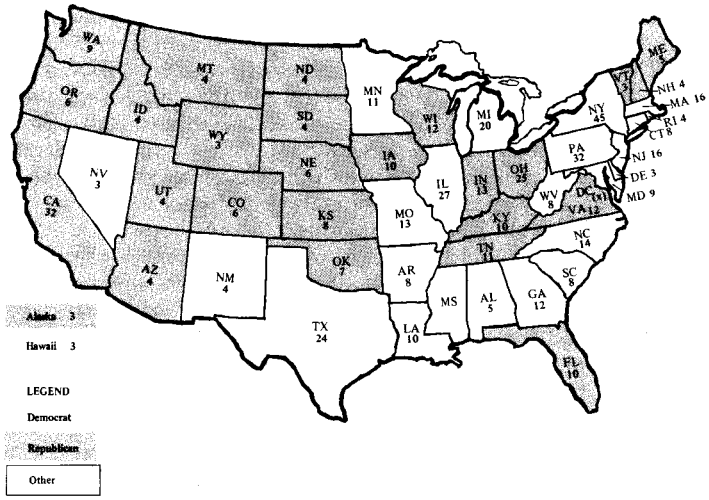
Connally is going to be a great deal less specific. For one thing, he does not seem to have thought through a number of issues; he does not always appear to understand the details—or much care about them. Generally, he is against inflation—all politicians are. But in a TV appearance recently, he suggested reducing government spending and increasing defense spending as a way of controlling inflation without acknowledging that the three goals are not precisely compatible. But Connally is very strong in expressing his generalities—in citing his faith in America, in calling for greater leadership, in arousing a better vision of the future, one that is positive rather than negative. Moreover, he has the gift of sounding as if he's talking about an issue without quite approaching it in depth. One example was an enthusiastically received speech he made at the World Trade Conference Dinner late last March. In it, he criticized Presidents of the past—and some of their Cabinet officers (including those in the Nixon administration)—for failing to perceive the importance of having an international trade policy. He came out against bribery by American business as a way of pursuing a trade policy, and against "giving political answers to economic problems," and against those who allowed " 'profits' to become an ugly word," and for allowing Americans to work overseas without punishing taxes on both sides of the sea, and for the achievements of American technology. (About the visit of the deputy prime minister of China, Teng Hsiao-ping, to the U.S. last winter he said: "And why did he come to us? A country of 6,000 years of history, why have we been able to do in 200 years what they haven't been able to do in 6,000 years? Largely because of those of you here. Largely because we had an economic system that permitted the inventiveness of the human mind and the willingness of the human hand to build and to create and to grow and to expand unfettered, uncontrolled, and undictated to by strong central government.")

It was a bravura performance. It was an evangelistic performance. Billy Sunday or Billy Graham could not have done any better in calling up the need for virtue and acceptance of the divine. But—though he talked repeatedly of the *need* for an international trade policy in general terms—nowhere in that speech did he mention what our international trade policy should be or would be under John Connally. Or what factors he would consider in shaping it. Or how it would fit into other aspects of his administration—foreign policy, defense policy, tax and tariff policy. Not only was it a bravura performance but there are some among his supporters who suspect that it was bravura Connally: that he simply observed a need of the nation, and expressed the need in forceful terms, and pretty much left it at that. No policy. No recommendations. No specifics. No

Continued on following page



In 1964, Lyndon Johnson gave up the South—and that's about all. Otherwise, he swept states in all parts of the nation. Even Arizona, the "most Republican" state in the Union by some measures, went for home-state candidate Barry Goldwater by an edge of only 4,782 votes. Once a Democratic bulwark, Arizona has gone Republican in every presidential race since 1952—the only state in the Union to do so.
The statistics: Johnson—486, Goldwater—52. Johnson's edge—434.



In 1960, John F. Kennedy had to wait until 3:00 a.m. to learn the final results in four states—Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois and California. He won three of the four; he lost only California. Thus, he won the election by 84 electoral votes. But his final "official" margin in the Associated Press tabulation of the popular vote was only 113,057 votes out of 68,832,778 votes cast for both candidates. The switch of just one vote in each precinct in the country would have given Nixon the edge in the popular vote.
Statistics: Kennedy—303, Nixon—219. Kennedy's edge—84 electoral votes.

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COME TO OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY

How'd you like to go on a world tour for your vacation this coming season . . . and spend only as much money as if you were travelling in one country?

Come on over to sun-drenched, warm and welcoming South Africa.

It won't cost a lot (like it does in Europe or anywhere else) because South Africa is one country left where the dollar still buys you the great life.

And travelling in South Africa is like taking a world tour because this is the land of contrasts. 24 million people speaking over 50 different languages.

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Take the sub-tropical cosmopolitan city of Durban.

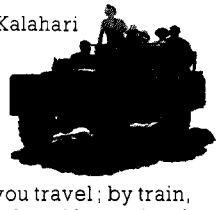
Here peace-loving Hindus worship their gods (and make some of the greatest curry anywhere), while just around the corner proud Zulu tribesmen stamp the earth in a ceremonial victory dance.

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU SIT DOWN TO DINNER WITH A KING FOR LESS THAN $4

Imagine you're one of the people in the main illustration of this advertisement. It's twilight over the bushveld, there's a giant steak sizzling over an open fire, (we call it braaivleis), the beer's cold, the company great. Then somewhere out there among the thorn bushes an African lion (our king) roars his defiance in the growing darkness.

Isn't that living?

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU GO DUNE HOPPING ACROSS THE DESERT IN SEARCH OF THE FABLED UNICORN AT A DAY RATE OF LESS THAN $20



The legendary Kalahari desert, where the gemsbok (our unicorn) runs free and tales of lost cities echo on the wind.

No matter how you travel; by train, by air, by automobile (with a trailer if you like).

No matter where you stay; in 5-star luxury hotels, mountain chalets or thatched cottages by the sea.

No matter where you are in South Africa from the beautiful Cape of Good Hope to the Kruger National Game Park, you'll discover how it's possible to live in the civilisation of the 20th century . . . and leave unspoilt the primeval splendour of a continent as old as time.

You've heard and read a great deal about South Africa during the past few years.

Now come and see the truth for yourself. It's going to cost you a lot less to discover:

OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY.

I want to come to your world in one country

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SEP 79

WELCOME TO SOUTH AFRICA
THE DOLLAR'S BEST FRIEND

South African Tourist Corporation: New York: Rockefeller Centre, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Los Angeles: Suite 721, 9465. Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212. Toronto: Suite 1001, 20 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto M4R 1K8. Also at: Chicago, London, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Zürich, Sydney, Salisbury, Tokyo, Buenos Aires and Pretoria.

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details.

That will be a significant conflict within the campaign: Kennedy will tend to speak in specifics and he is not about to let Connally get away with speaking in vague generalities.

There will be another difference between them. Kennedy will address the issues from the perspective of the past—from the points-of-view already hammered out by the power groups that support him: the labor unions and the blacks and other organized minority groups, for example. Connally is exploring another perspective: the use of new and inspiring ideas. He did not have them all ironed out mid-summer; there were very few details—that is not quite Connally's style—and there was no guarantee that they would all be made public. But here is some insight into matters that John Connally is considering:

• *Individual Investment Accounts* as a way of providing tax relief for individuals now taxed heavily on their assets: These would be akin to the private pension funds that people can set up outside their places of employment—the Keough and IRA accounts. Connally's proposal is that the individual could put his savings accounts, stocks, bonds and perhaps certain other income-producing assets in that account. Then the income that the account produced—the interest or the dividends or the capital gains—would not be taxed. . .*as long as* they were re-invested promptly in assets eligible for the Investment Fund Account. ("Some sort of 'cap' on the amounts involved might be desirable," says Connally.) In this way, the individual could accumulate a nest egg that would help him pay for the college education of his children (which will shortly become as costly as building a new home), or for handling the costs of sustained illness (without a Kennedy-style health-care-and-cost program), or even for retirement. Eventually, of course, there would come a time when the income from the assets would be taxed; it would be at that time when the income was not re-invested in eligible assets but was used for the personal benefit of the individual—perhaps with educational and medical costs being excepted. In this way, John Connally would hope to provide tax relief and private financial goals for the middle-class American. And at the same time provide a source for something desperately needed in the nation—the formation of new capital.

• *A North American common market for oil:* In this plan, Connally would seek methods whereby the oil-producing countries of North America—obviously including Mexico and Canada as well as the United States—would agree to trade oil at certain prices, in return for other products one nation or the other might need (such as technology and perhaps certain mutual defense needs). There are, as we are beginning to see, different qualities of oil produced in different countries, and the U.S.—or Canada or Mexico—may find that it can swap one quality of oil for another it needs, along with other needs within its economic life. The name "common market" is suggestive since the European Common Market is exclusionary or preferential: The goods go first to nations within the common market and are not just thrown out into the broad international market. Since some Mexican oil goes to France and some Canadian oil goes to Japan, there may be changes in present patterns so that the nationals in the North American common market get first call on the oil. That may prove to be disturbing to our sometimes-friends overseas but they may find, in that sense of upset, an incentive for cooperating more enthusiastically with the United States in other elements of an international trade policy.

• *A trade-off with Mexico on oil* in return for generous help from the United States in tutoring what are now illegal aliens to the New Technology: The idea is to help Mexico develop its own economy by training a labor force to more skilled labor. That labor is in the U.S. right now doing unskilled work. And costing the U.S. money in trying to control the flood of illegal aliens. Connally's idea is to make them "legal," to welcome them into the United States for specific periods, and to train them for higher skills while they are here. Then when they go home, they can use those skills in a developing Mexican economy. Of course, the U.S. would have to take steps to help that economy develop faster. That means providing either capital for the development of new industries—or the enlargement of old—or technology to help overcome the particular industial or agricultural problems of Mexico, or simply to provide the "offshore" industry that could find a comfortable home in Mexico and provide employment for a more highly-skilled work force.

These are ideas that are as refreshing as they are innovative. And they will provide a dimension to the image of John Connally that will be missing in a Ted Kennedy—a Ted Kennedy rehashing the suggestions of the past.

Consider all these elements—personalities, politics, policies. Then consider the enormous excitement—indeed, the explosive potential—they'd all offer to a series of debates between Ted Kennedy and John Connally. "It would set," says one salivating TV executive, "new records for ratings on politics." He paused and thought it over. "Or maybe just for ratings on anything at all."

There is one more factor which must be included: scandal.

Both men have their problems with scandal in the past. Already the public concern is beginning to surface. The tragedy at Chappaquiddick began to surface again in people's consideration of Ted Kennedy. The trial and acquittal of John Connally on charges of taking kickbacks or bribes in setting certain milk policy is also on the public mind. (One Democratic gibe: "John Connally acquits himself well.") But there are dimensions to this that have not been explored thoroughly—up to now.

First, consider Kennedy: It has been said that any individual's sex life is his own business. This is said most urgently about the Kennedys, perhaps because their "business" appears to be so active. But there are inevitably very grave areas in which the private life of a public figure raises questions that overlap urgently into their public responsibilities. It is more clearly seen in the political life of John Kennedy than in that of Ted Kennedy, perhaps because JFK's public life was more fully-realized.

One question which arises—involving the private life of any President—is what kind of priorities the President establishes in his public-private life. As citizens, we want a President to put the Presidency the highest priority. We would be severely disappointed in any President who put, say, a private compulsion called "making money" illicitly—on a higher priority. Similarly, we would be disappointed in any President who put getting sex—particularly adulterous sex—on a higher level-of-priority than the Presidency. And yet it appears now that John Kennedy did exactly that. He repeatedly put aside his Presidential ambitions to seek sex with women he was not married to. Judith Campbell Exner has written that her first assignation with John F. Kennedy took place on the night before the New Hampshire primary in 1960, that Jack Kennedy left the battleground in New Hampshire in order to fly to New York to have sex with her in the Plaza Hotel. She wrote further that another assignation was set up—apparently three in a bed, with, she claims, JFK dividing his interest between her and another woman—for one night during the Democratic convention in Los Angeles, the convention where Jack Kennedy was fighting for the nomination. That suggests that all through the pre-convention campaign of 1960, Jack Kennedy was seeking sex as much as he was seeking the Presidency, that illicit sex was so important to him that he would jeopardize his chances for the Presidency to get it. As President, says Exner, he was just as determined in his pursuit of her. The disturbing dimensions of a man who puts sex on as high or higher priority than the Presidency is suggested by the developments in the Judish Campbell Exner narrative: She also developed an affair with Sam Gianganca, arguably the most important Mafia figure in the U.S. Thus Kennedy might have unwittingly put the Presidency in thrall to the leading gangland figure of America—through his willingness to place sex on a higher priority than the Presidency. Had that become known at the time—had the public known that Kennedy might be linked to the Mafia through his mistress—the Presidency would have been severely damaged. As an institution as well as the possession of John Kennedy. Thus placing sex on a higher priority than

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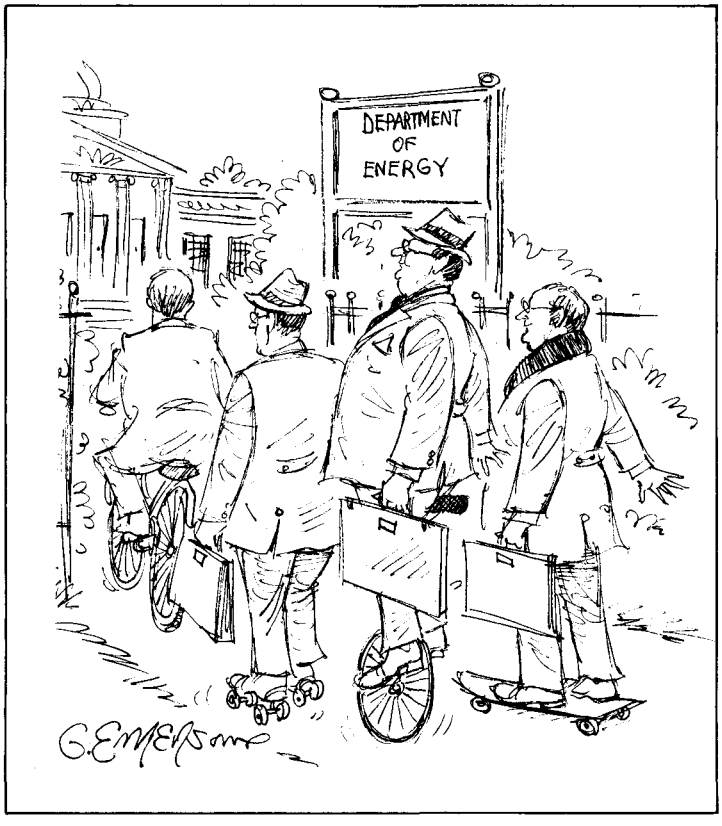
the Presidency itself would have cost the American people far more than it did the man who did it. It would have cost them their respect and regard for the highest institution in the land.

There is another private-cum-public issue in such matters. The obvious one is how the individual shapes the value system which motivates him publicly as well as privately. If he feels free, in his value system, to violate a vow of marriage, will he feel equally free to violate an oath of office? The answer to that question is far from clear in the Presidential career of Jack Kennedy; there is no suspicion that he ever violated his oath of office—merely that he violated his marriage vows. However, his value system is clear in another perspective: He tried strenuously to mislead the voting public about his priorities and about his values. Every effort was made to portray John F. Kennedy as a devoted, faithful and loving husband and father. Many, many people—notably those of his own faith—accepted him as such and supported him joyously. If they had known he was committing adultery enthusiastically and regularly, they might not have supported him—not simply because of their attitude toward illicit sex but because he was making a lie of his public life. Kennedy did not seem to care—or know that he should care about this. But there is another and more profound question that affects all public consideration of such a man: If Jack Kennedy would deceive and betray the people who believed in him most, what would he do to the rest of the people?



To be sure, Ted Kennedy must not be blackened by what his brother did. Nor can it be said that he can much mislead the people—the publicity about his associations has been pervasive. But there lingers the question of whether his hunger for this kind of affair reflects on his value system—the way he treats his wife, his family, his sworn vows—and on his priority system.

The hazards are just as great on John Connally's side. He must deal with the bribery charge and overcome the doubts among some people that acquittal meant innocence. And is there a hidden time bomb from his past resting in sealed boxes in a suburb of Washington: the tapes of the conversations in the offices and on the phones of Richard Nixon when he was President?

Connally was, you'll recall, Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon. He had a number of other meetings with him, before and after his service in the Cabinet. Thus, a great many conversations involving Connally in person—in the presence of both Connally and Nixon—must appear on those tapes. A good many other conversations about Connally—between Nixon and certain of his aides—might also appear on those tapes. It is unjust to Connally even to hint that anything in those conversations might be damaging to him; it is judging evidence without hearing it. Connally himself must know only the details of some of those conversations; he cannot know all about the conversations about him in his absence. He must know also that, if there was anything improper or in any way compromising in any of those conversations, it was recorded on those tapes. And that in any campaign against Teddy Kennedy, the contents of those tapes will somehow—mysteriously, inexplicably—appear in public. No matter how well protected they are. Or sealed. Or bound up in court judgments.

And thus extends a vast irony—that the tape system of Richard Nixon, which effectively ended his own Presidency, might also become the instrument which crushes the chances of John Connally becoming President. The irony is all the greater because Connally was the man that Nixon wanted to succeed him—until events intervened.

"*. . .Until on November 4, 1980, the American people—in one of the historic and hallowed acts of western civilization—go out to choose their President.*"

Thus concludes Walter Cronkite. As the act begins.

The first polls will open at midnight in a few of the frigid little snow-seiged villages of New Hampshire. It is still 9:00 of election eve on the West Coast and, as the first votes are being cast in the East, some Californians will be belting down their third or fourth or fifth martinis and cursing the rest of the nation for—in the gas crisis—suggesting that Californians might have to change their lifestyle. The nation is that large: People at one end of the country will be observing one ritual of mankind while those at the opposite end will be observing quite an opposite one. It will be 22 hours after the first polls open on the East Coast that the last polls will close in California. Yet today, almost 15 months before the voting, some things can be said for certain about a Kennedy-Connally race:

Arizona will go Republican. So will Indiana.

Massachusetts will go Democratic. So will the District of Columbia.

And the whole tempo of the day will appear to the average voter—the one who is following the election on TV—in a particular way:

• The morning news shows will announce that Ted Kennedy has an early lead, or at least is much closer to the lead than anybody anticipated. "But this is not to be interpreted as a trend," says Tom Brokaw of NBC's "Today" show, very properly. The reason: The report will be based upon 12 or 15 votes cast in the tiny towns of New Hampshire—in Sandown or South Sutton or Hart's Landing or all of them. They will not be indicative of the nation. But they will be indicative of the enterprise of certain of the candidates. For Ted Kennedy will have long ago dispatched some of his staffers to those little towns in New Hampshire and they will have talked and talked again with all the registered voters there and they will have handed out autographed pictures of the Senator and told them how Kennedy will, as President, help them personally. They will know exactly how that handful of voters is going to vote. And if they go for Ted Kennedy, his staffers will wait until the count is official and then flash the word to a panting media world—in time for TV to inform the voter who's just getting up that Ted Kennedy is already in the lead. And that he'd better get on the bandwagon.

If it develops that John Connally is in the lead, then the word will be lost in the slush. And so will all the visuals that the Kennedy forces had prepared for the networks when the

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First Word was televised. Which means that—if there are no visuals—the news will be dropped swiftly from TV.

• The early evening newscasts, coming on about 6:00 or 7:00 in the East, will show that John Connally has a comfortable lead. It is inevitable: The nation is always Republican until a couple of hours after sundown on election day. Why? Because the electoral process starts in normally Republican upper New England, where the polls open early and close early, and then moves first across a heavily Republican landscape. It is Republicans who are up early and to the polls early, to do their duty by God, Country and the GOP. (By way of contrast, most people who punch a time clock—who are more likely to vote Democratic—rush off to work in the morning and put off going to the polls until they come home from work at night.)

Other factors will bulwark that impression in 1980. In certain of the rural areas of Tennessee, the polls close at 4:00 in the afternoon; in Kentucky, they close around 5:00. Both are likely to be strong Connally areas. Some of the farm states—notably rural areas of Kansas—also come in early with their results because the election officials there allow the workers to maintain running tallies of the vote (particularly in paper-ballot precincts) so that the workers can get home early to make dinner for the family. Thus, everything combines to give a very pronounced lift to the Republican prospects.

The impact of this trend was seen in 1960 when IBM worked with CBS to get early projections on the meaning of the vote. IBM hired political analysts, social scientists and mathematicians to analyze the vote in hundreds of key precincts and voting areas. Then it had all the information put into an IBM computer, analyzed and cross-indexed according to rural, urban, white collar, blue collar, Irish, Jewish, black, WASP, Italian, German, Scandinavian, jobs, incomes, *everything* you could imagine. With the addition of a final vote count in any of the key precincts, IBM could get in micro-seconds everything that was significant about that vote plus how it fit into a projection of how the election would go nationally. So at 7:15 on election night, CBS announced that IBM had selected the next President of the United States. He was Richard M. Nixon and he had an insurmountable lead. Jack Kennedy had only one chance in a hundred to win. He would have 78 electoral votes to 459 for Nixon.

Of course, Kennedy won that election with 303 electoral votes to 219 for Nixon. IBM had every vital piece of information except the most useful one: Because of the timing of the polls and the counting, America is Republican until nightfall of election day.

• Between 7:45 and 8:00 on election night, Ted Kennedy will begin cutting into John Connally's lead. The reason: The polls in the big cities of the East—which are at the center of Kennedy's strategy—have finally closed. The results are counted swiftly by machine and begin flowing into news centers. The results are predictable: Rhode Island is 60 percent Catholic—it will go for Kennedy. Connecticut is 40 percent Catholic—it will go for Kennedy (though the state and its Catholic vote went for Richard Nixon in 1972 and against born-again Christian Jimmy Carter in 1976). The force of this Democratic surge is so great that in 1960 IBM suddenly abandoned its insistence that Richard Nixon was the winner and, within 45 minutes, decided that Jack Kennedy was the winner. In 1968, Nixon held a very comfortable 8 percent lead over Hubert Humphrey at 7:05 p.m. Three hours later, they were tied.

Watch for the Democrats to pull a sly little maneuver. About 7:30 to 7:45, they'll make sure that they can rush onto the television screens with the news that Connecticut has gone Democratic. (Polls close at 7:00 in Connecticut; the votes are taken and counted by machine; so the result can be assembled around 7:30—while the voters in California still have 2½ to three hours to make a choice.) The idea is to create a bandwagon effect for California voters. It also inspires Democratic workers in California to redouble their efforts to get the last laggard vote out to the polls. Similarly it can dishearten Republican workers, make them feel that their cause is lost, and persuade them to give up without making one big last-ditch effort. The result may be to swing 10,000, or perhaps 50,000 votes, into the Democratic column—and in a race this close, that may turn out to be critical.

(Of course, the GOP would do the same thing if they could. But if Connally carries Connecticut against Kennedy, you can figure who's won at that moment: If Kennedy can't carry Connecticut, he can't win the election.)

• Late at night, after 11:00 or midnight in the East, the vote will begin swinging back to Connally again. That's when the polls will close in the western states and the votes will have finally been counted and reported. And those votes will come in for John Connally, slowly perhaps, but inexorably.

In all of this, there are some things to look for to give you a hint beyond the soon-to-be-boring accounts of television. Ohio will be important but the early tipoff will be how the counties south of Interstate 70 go—counties like Washington and Gallies and Scioto and Hamilton and Warren and Monroe and Morgan and Meigs and all of those close to the southern border of the state. If they show a heavy Connally vote—and he cannot possibly win in all of them—then he has a very good chance of carrying Ohio. Which would put a big dent in Kennedy's big-state strategy.

Or watch the result in Wayne county, Michigan (which includes Detroit). Jimmy Carter won it with 548,000 votes in 1976 and *still* lost the state of Michigan by almost 200,000 votes. If Ted Kennedy doesn't have a total of 700,000 or 750,000 votes in Wayne County, then he'll be in trouble in Michigan. (But look also for some of the northern counties in the lower peninsula: Cheboyan, and Leelanau, and Charlevoix. If Ted Kennedy begins edging into the lead in those areas, he'll need Detroit a little less—and he'll still probably carry Michigan.) Then watch Cook

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 126)

1 To protect themselves from floods, early settlers of Amsterdam built dikes on both sides of their river. In 1270, they built a dam between the dikes—the Amstel-dam. Today, over 500,000 bicycles wheel daily through the lovely narrow streets, perhaps to one of the 100 Chinese restaurants!

2 Discoverers of Port Jackson (now Sydney Harbour) were astonished by its size and security, and the British quickly developed the area as a penal colony. Today, American surfers long for a chance to sample the waves at Sydney.

3 The Acropolis has always been the focal point of Athens, rising 500 feet out of a basin ringed by mountains, and offering only one side for easy ascent. The devout of three religions have worshipped in the Parthenon.

4 Bogota, Colombia, stands on a plateau in the Andes 8,660 feet above sea level, at the site of the ancient Chibcha Indian city of Bacata. Out of the spectacular mountains which surround it have come the world's finest emeralds.

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County in Illinois to see if the remnants of the old Dick Daley machine can do for Ted what it once did for Jack Kennedy. If the vote for Kennedy falls to 1,000,000 or 1,100,000 in Cook County, then John Connally has carried the important state.

The bottom line may not come in until the sun streaks the sky in the east on the morning after election day. For it is going to be an extraordinarily close election—one which John Connally will surely win.

For Connally will win the electoral vote by a very narrow margin—by 278 votes to 260 for Ted Kennedy. Not much, admittedly, but enough to put him in the White House.

But Ted Kennedy will win the popular vote by a huge margin—simply because he will have focused on the most populous cities where his family name has the clout. He will have carried California, Ohio, New Jersey, and indeed every one among the Top Ten except Texas, Illinois and Florida.

For his part, Connally will have picked up the northern New England tier, and won Minnesota, and held Oregon with a struggle.

And two days after the election, there will be a cry for a recount—and a demand that the Constitution be changed so that the winner of the popular vote be declared the winner of the Presidency. Henceforth.

There will still be doubts about other elections. The Republicans will have to take eight seats away from the Democrats in the Senate *and* persuade Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr.—who is an independent—to cast his vote with the GOP for organizing the Senate. And then have a Republican vice president who can break the resulting tie by casting *his vote* for the Republican to be the "Majority" in the Senate.

And in time everybody will calm down. And reflect. And wonder.

And consider that it was a splendid experience. And a wonderfully bloody fight. And, on the whole, everything that is in the grandest tradition of America. ☒

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
From *Self Reliance*

Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 106

1. Missouri
2. South Dakota
3. Georgia
4. California
5. Oregon
6. Wisconsin
7. New Hampshire
8. Colorado
9. Arizona

SALE $16.95 NOW $7.77

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Porcelain Doll

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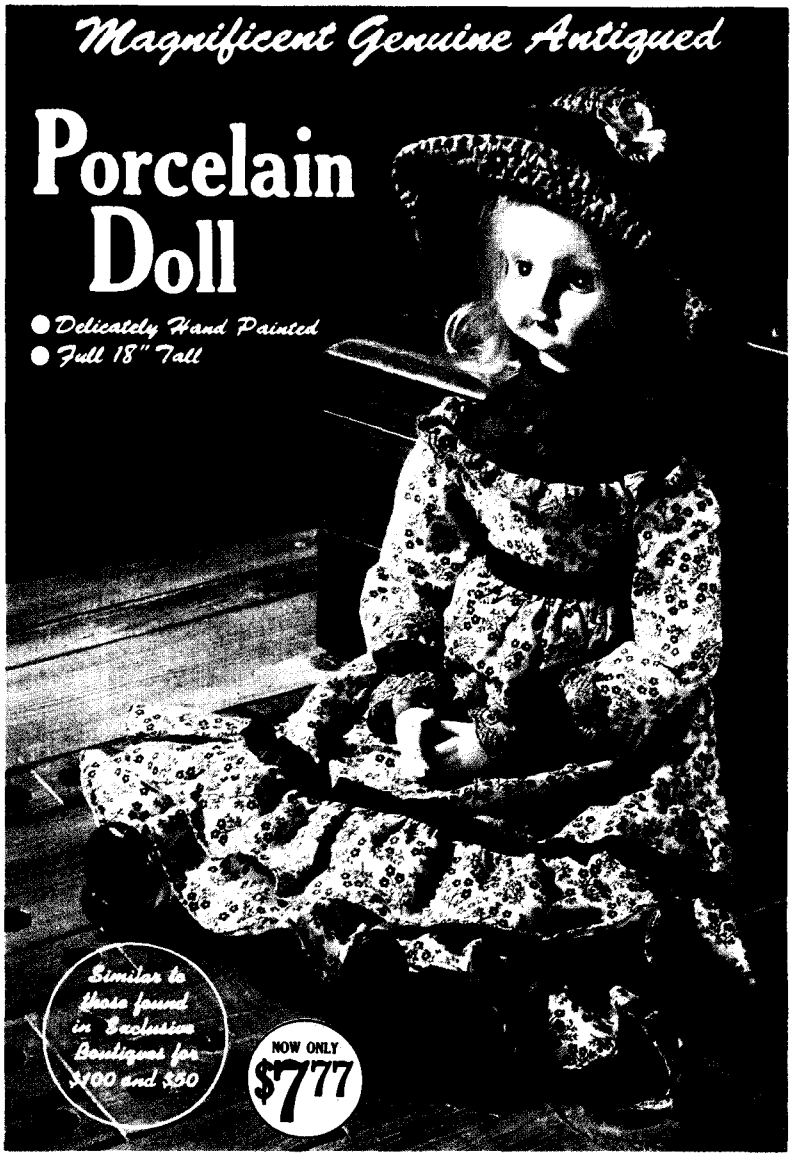

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True Grit

continued from page 133

them. When we showed I told the old man, Aaron Wharton, that we was U. S. marshals and we needed to talk to his boys. He picked up an ax and commenced to cussing us.

Mr. Barlow: What did you do?

Mr. Cogburn: I started backing away from the ax and tried to talk some sense to him. While this was going on C. C. Wharton edged over by the washpot and picked up a shotgun. Potter seen him but it was too late. C. C. Wharton pulled down on him with one barrel and then turned to do the same for me with the other barrel. I shot him and when the old man swung the ax I shot him. Odus lit out for the creek and I shot him. Aaron Wharton and C. C. Wharton was dead when they hit the ground. Odus Wharton was just winged.

Mr. Barlow: Then what happened?

Mr. Cogburn: Well, it was all over. I dragged Odus Wharton over to a blackjack tree and cuffed his arms and legs around it with him setting down. I tended to Potter's wound with my handkerchief as best I could. He was in a bad way. I searched the premises and found a quart jar under some stovewood that had bank notes in it to the tune of $420.

Mr. Barlow: What happened to Marshal Potter?

Mr. Cogburn: He died in this city six days later because of septic fever.

Mr. Barlow: What became of Odus Wharton?

Mr. Cogburn: There he sets.

Mr. Barlow: You may ask, Mr. Goudy.

Mr. Goudy: Thank you, Mr. Barlow. How long did you say you have been a deputy marshal, Mr. Cogburn?

Mr. Cogburn: Going on four years.

Mr. Goudy: How many men have you shot in that time?

Mr. Cogburn: Around 12 or 15, stopping men in flight and defending myself.

Mr. Goudy: I have examined the records and a more accurate figure is readily available. Come now, how many?

Mr. Cogburn: I believe them two Whartons made 23.

Mr. Goudy: And how many members of this one family, the Wharton family, have you killed?

Mr. Barlow: Your honor, I think counsel should be advised that the marshal is not the defendant.

Mr. Goudy: Your honor, my client and his deceased father and brother were provoked into a gun battle by this man Cogburn. Last spring he shot and killed Aaron Wharton's oldest son and on November 2 he fairly leaped at the chance to massacre the rest of the family. I will prove that. This assassin Cogburn has too long been clothed with the authority of an honorable court. The only way I can prove my client's innocence is by bringing out the facts of these two related shootings, together with a searching review of Cogburn's methods.

Judge Parker: That will do, Mr. Goudy. I do not think the indiscriminate use of such words as "massacre" and "assassin" will bring us any nearer the truth. Pray continue with your cross-examination.

Mr. Goudy: Thank you, your honor. Mr. Cogburn, did you know the late Dub Wharton, brother to the defendant, Odus Wharton?

Mr. Cogburn: I had to shoot him in self-defense last April in the Going Snake District of the Cherokee Nation.

Mr. Goudy: How did that come about?

Mr. Cogburn: I was trying to serve a warrant on him for selling ardent spirits to the Cherokees. It was not the first one. He come at me with a kingbolt and said, "Rooster, I am going to punch that other eye out." I defended myself.

Mr. Goudy: Were you yourself armed?

Mr. Cogburn: Yes, sir. I had a .44-40 Colt's revolver.

Mr. Goudy: Mr. Cogburn, I now direct your attention back to that scene on the creek bank. Mr. Aaron Wharton and his two surviving sons are going about their lawful business, secure on their own property. They are butchering a hog so that they might have a little meat for their table——

Mr. Cogburn: Them was stolen hogs.

Mr. Goudy: Your honor, will you instruct this witness to keep silent until he is asked a question?

Judge Parker: Yes, and I will instruct you to start asking questions so that he may respond with answers.

Mr. Goudy: I am sorry, your honor. All right. Now, Mr. Cogburn, when you and Marshal Potter sprang from the brush with revolvers at the ready, what was Aaron Wharton's reaction?

Mr. Cogburn: He picked up an ax and commenced to cussing us.

Mr. Goudy: I believe you testified that you backed away from Aaron Wharton, who was standing by the washpot when you arrived. How far did you back up before the shooting started?

Mr. Cogburn: About seven or eight steps.

Mr. Goudy: Meaning Aaron Wharton advanced on you about the same distance, some seven or eight steps? About 16 feet?

Mr. Cogburn: Something like that.

Mr. Goudy: Will you explain to the jury then why his body was found immediately by the washpot with one arm in the fire, his sleeve and hand smoldering?

Mr. Cogburn: I don't think that is where he was.

Mr. Goudy: Did you move the body after you had shot him?

Mr. Cogburn: No, sir.

Mr. Goudy: Two witnesses who arrived on the scene moments after the shooting will testify to the location of the body. You don't remember moving the body?

Mr. Cogburn: If that is where he was I might have moved him. I don't remember it.

Mr. Goudy: Then you did not move him and he was not advancing upon you at all. Or did you move him and throw his body in the flames? Which?

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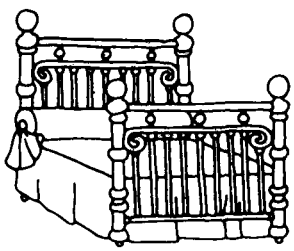

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Mr. Cogburn: Them hogs rooting around there might have moved him.

Mr. Goudy: Hogs, indeed.

Judge Parker: Mr. Goudy, darkness is upon us. Can you finish with this witness in the next few minutes?

Mr. Goudy: I will need more time, your honor.

Judge Parker: Very well. You may resume at 8:30 tomorrow morning. Mr. Cogburn, you will return to the witness stand at that time. The jury will not talk to others or converse amongst themselves about this case. The defendant is remanded to custody.

The judge rapped his gavel and I jumped, not looking for that noise. The crowd broke up to leave. I had not been able to get a good look at that Odus Wharton but now I did when he stood up with an officer on each side of him. If there ever was a man with black murder in his countenance it was Odus Wharton. He was a half-breed with eyes that were mean and close-set and stayed open all the time like snake eyes. It was a face hardened in sin. Creeks are good Indians, they say, but a Creek-white like him or a Creek-Negro is something else again.

When the officers were taking Wharton out he passed by Rooster Cogburn and said something to him, some ugly insult or threat, you could tell. Rooster just looked at him. The people pushed me on through the door and outside.

Rooster was one of the last ones out. He had a paper in one hand and a sack of tobacco in the other and he was trying to roll a cigarette. His hands were shaking and he was spilling tobacco.

I approached him and said, "Mr. Rooster Cogburn?"

He said, "What is it?" His mind was on something else.

I said, "They tell me you are a man with true grit."

He said, "What do you want, girl? Speak up. It is suppertime."

I said, "I am looking for the man who shot and killed my father, Frank Ross, in front of the Monarch boarding-house. The man's name is Tom Chaney. They say he is over in the Indian Territory and I need somebody to go after him."

He said, "What is your name, girl? Where do you live?"

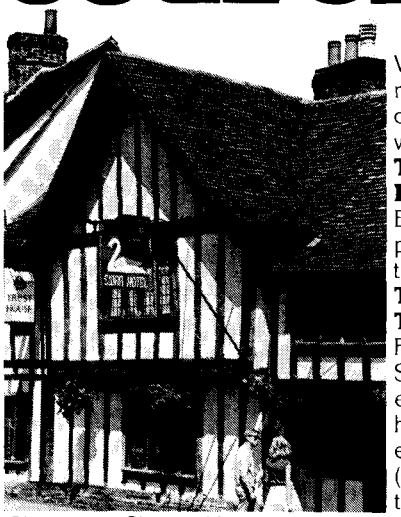
"My name is Mattie Ross," I replied. "We are located in Yell County near Dardanelle. My mother is at home looking after my sister Victoria and my brother Little Frank."

"You had best go home to them," said he. "They will need some help with the churning."

I said, "The high sheriff and a man in the marshal's office have given me the full particulars. You can get a fugitive warrant for Tom Chaney and go after

Continued on following page

HOW TO GET TO THE HEART AND SOUL OF BRITAIN.



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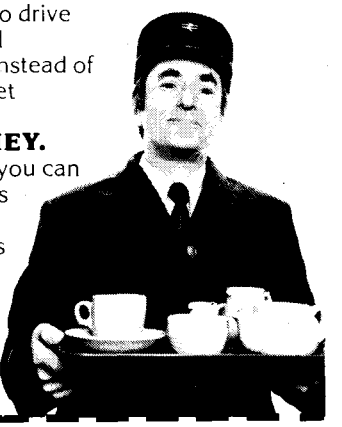

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him. The government will pay you $2 for bringing him in plus 10¢ a mile for each of you. On top of that, I will pay you a $50 reward."

"You have looked into this a right smart," said he.

"Yes, I have," said I. "I mean business."

He said, "What have you got there in your poke?"

I opened the sugar sack and showed him.

"By God!" said he. "A Colt's dragoon! Why, you are no bigger than a corn nubbin! What are you doing with that pistol?"

I said, "It belonged to my father. I intend to kill Tom Chaney with it if the law fails to do so. Have you heard of a robber called Lucky Ned Pepper?"

"I know him well. I shot him in the lip last August down in the Winding Stair Mountains."

"They think Tom Chaney has tied up with him."

"I don't believe you have $50, baby sister, but if you are hungry I will give you supper and we will talk it over. How does that suit you?"

I said it suited me right down to the ground. I was not prepared to discover that he had only a small room in the back of a Chinese grocery store on a dark street. The Chinaman was called Lee. He had a supper ready of boiled potatoes and stew meat. The three of us ate at a low table with a coal-oil lamp. ☒

Maple and Palm

continued from page 83

The wind blew razor-sharp snowflakes into your mouth if you opened it outside.

The cars got buried.

The sides of the sidewalks had snow piled up eight feet high.

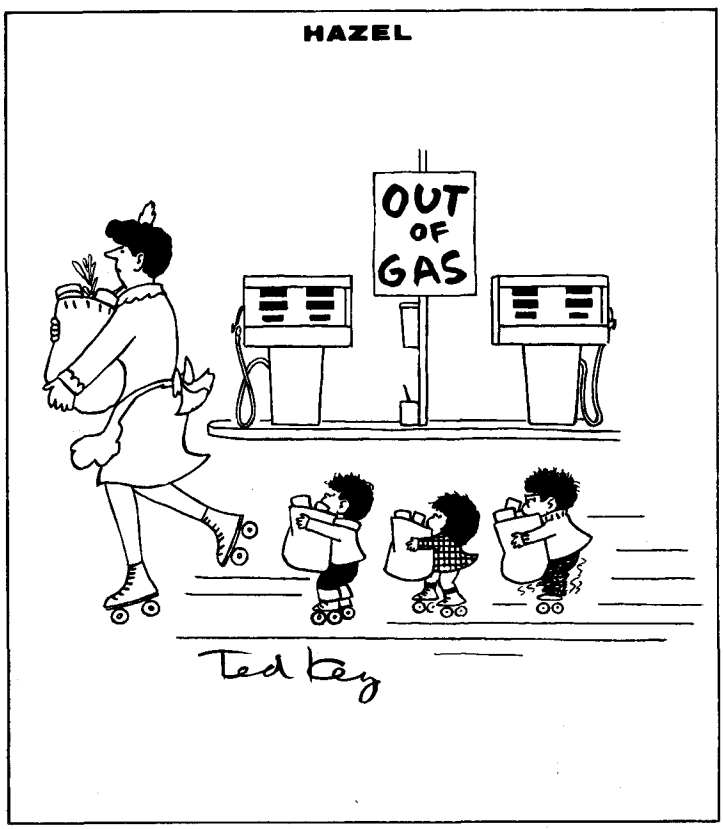
The act of "running down to the store for a carton of milk" became a debatable project with lines like "What do we need milk for?" and "Maybe tomorrow."

The Seine froze over. Radio Luxembourg said it was the coldest winter since 1889, with the worst blizzards in history.

Historically, it was an interesting time.

Personally, after three weeks in a cot- hemmed in by snow, I was desper- but I had to stay six weeks in all e my parents let me go back to (they thought the family ought to stick together when the world was so plainly coming to an end, whereas I felt I'd like to have a glimpse of the Trevi Fountain again before I died). Finally I was back in Rome.

But Rome was suffering the worst winter it had known since 1889, too. No nuns, no tourists, and no flirtations livened up the streets. The architecture was all soggy. Coming down from the north I passed frozen orange groves and, being from Southern California, I knew that once an orange tree freezes, it's dead. It cannot come back again in spring like a maple tree, and in order for an orange tree to grow large enough to bear fruit it takes seven whole years. Seven years of no oranges made me cry on the Italian train. And Rome, so cold that the only people outside were made of marble, was not the sweet life. *La dolce vita* had frozen solid.



I traded in my life's savings for a plane ticket back to L.A.

(*Then* I called my parents—after it was too late for them to make me return to the snow.)

I landed in L.A. in one of those crazy winter winds in which everyone goes around raving about freezing to death and in which it gets all the way down to 40 degrees (above) some nights. The palm trees were all sparkling and twirling like cellophane tassels high above in the winds against the mad blue skies. I found a job and an apartment and was always glad that I'd at least seen Rome, so I knew firsthand that aristocratic ancient decadence was hopelessly stuffy compared to what we had right here at home on the Sunset Strip, U.S.A.

A few years ago I moved to where I'm living now, having quit being a file clerk and a rock 'n' roll record album cover designer and elevated myself to a more tasteful and ladylike occupation—writing. Being a writer in L.A., a writer of books, means you spend a lot of time talking to people in New York who've just gotten back from lunch. Some of my dearest friends call me at 10:00 in the morning having just come from the Russian Tea Room. It was last November, I think, that Sarah called with an urgency in her voice that sounded frightened.

"I've been reading all about you guys out there," she said. "Eve, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" I asked.

"About the drought," she said. "All the papers say if it goes on much longer, California will turn back into desert!"

"Oh, come on," I said, "we don't have weather here, we have earthquakes."

"But it says——" she said.

"It's a beautiful day here," I said, "hardly any smog at all."

"I don't know how you can live out there," she said, "I could never live without the exhilaration of the seasons to make life interesting."

"What's it like in New York?" I asked.

"Oh, it's been raining like hell for three weeks and everyone in the office is home sick with the flu. I've been staying inside watching TV all weekend and. . . ."

Outside, where I was, teams of pigeons soared around in the sky where long, long palm trees were silhouetted above the treetops and roofs. I suddenly remembered the Chinese curse a friend had mentioned, saying that this was supposedly the worst fate one could hope to befall an enemy: "May you live in interesting times."

It is a modern cliché that Los Angeles is made of cardboard and illusions so flimsy that all but the most starry-eyed are soon disappointed. As a child who once dreamed of snow, I believe I know something of disappointment—of Christmas cards and sleighs and snowballs. Of slush. It is a matter of taste, of course. The maple with its springtimes and its winters, or the palm, which only stands there from year to year—and seems to shine against the sky. Myself, I have lived in interesting times. I think I prefer L. A. ☒

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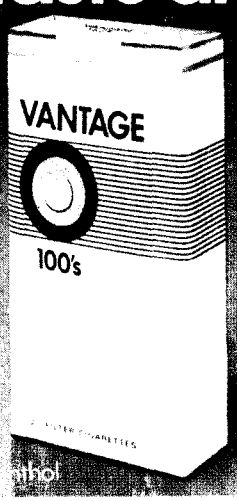

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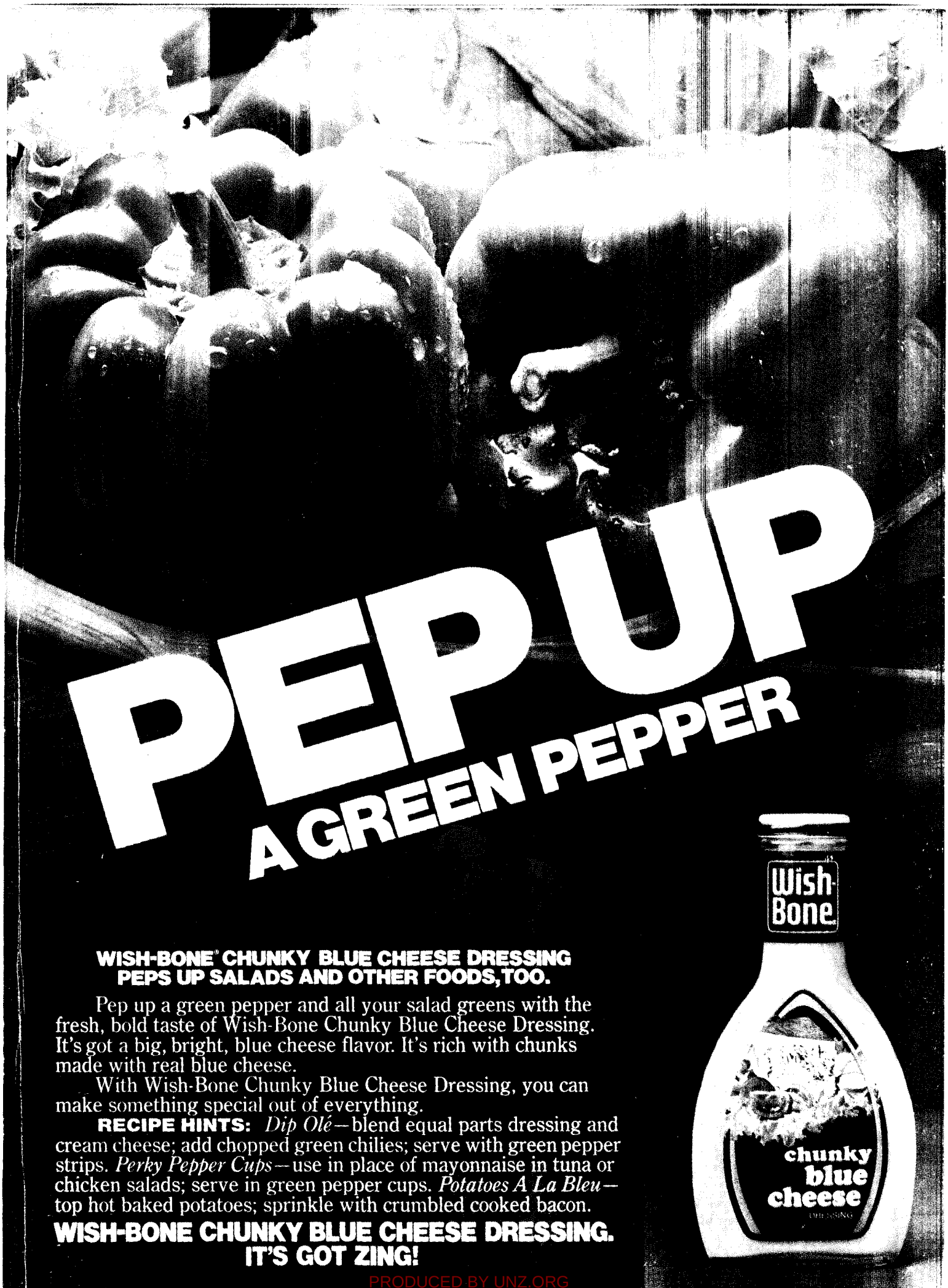

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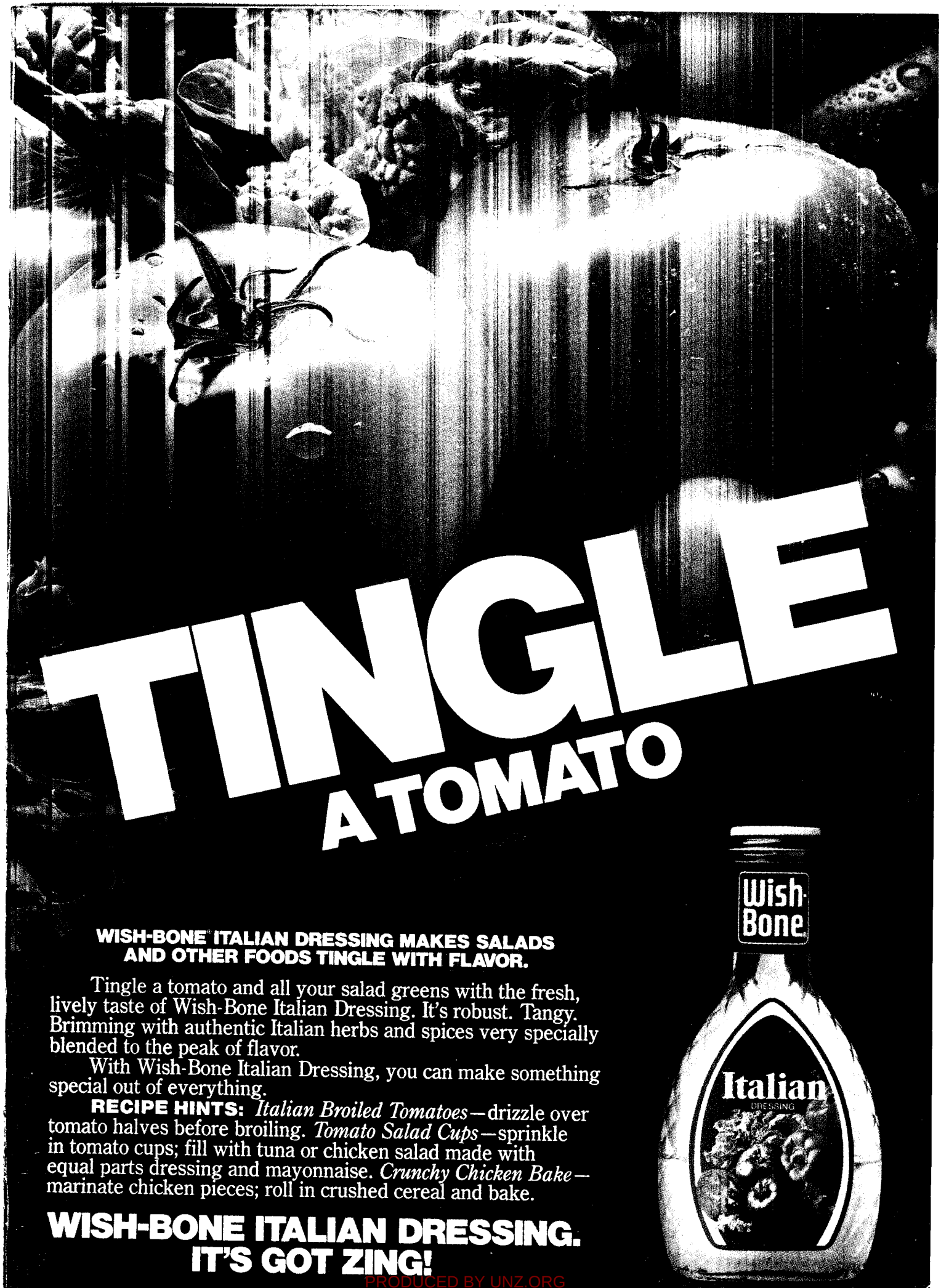

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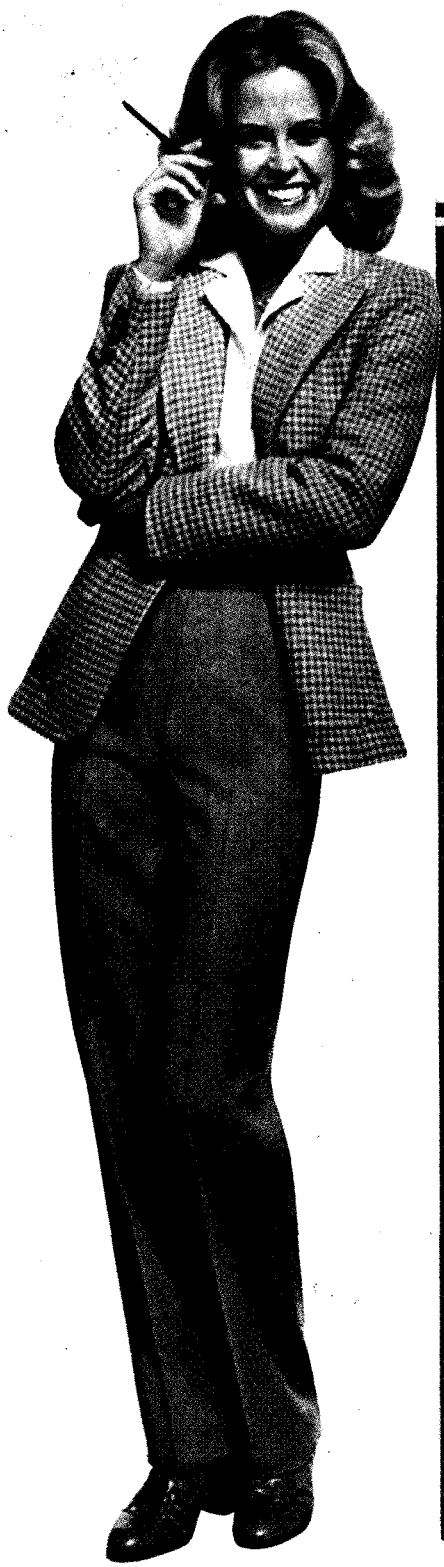

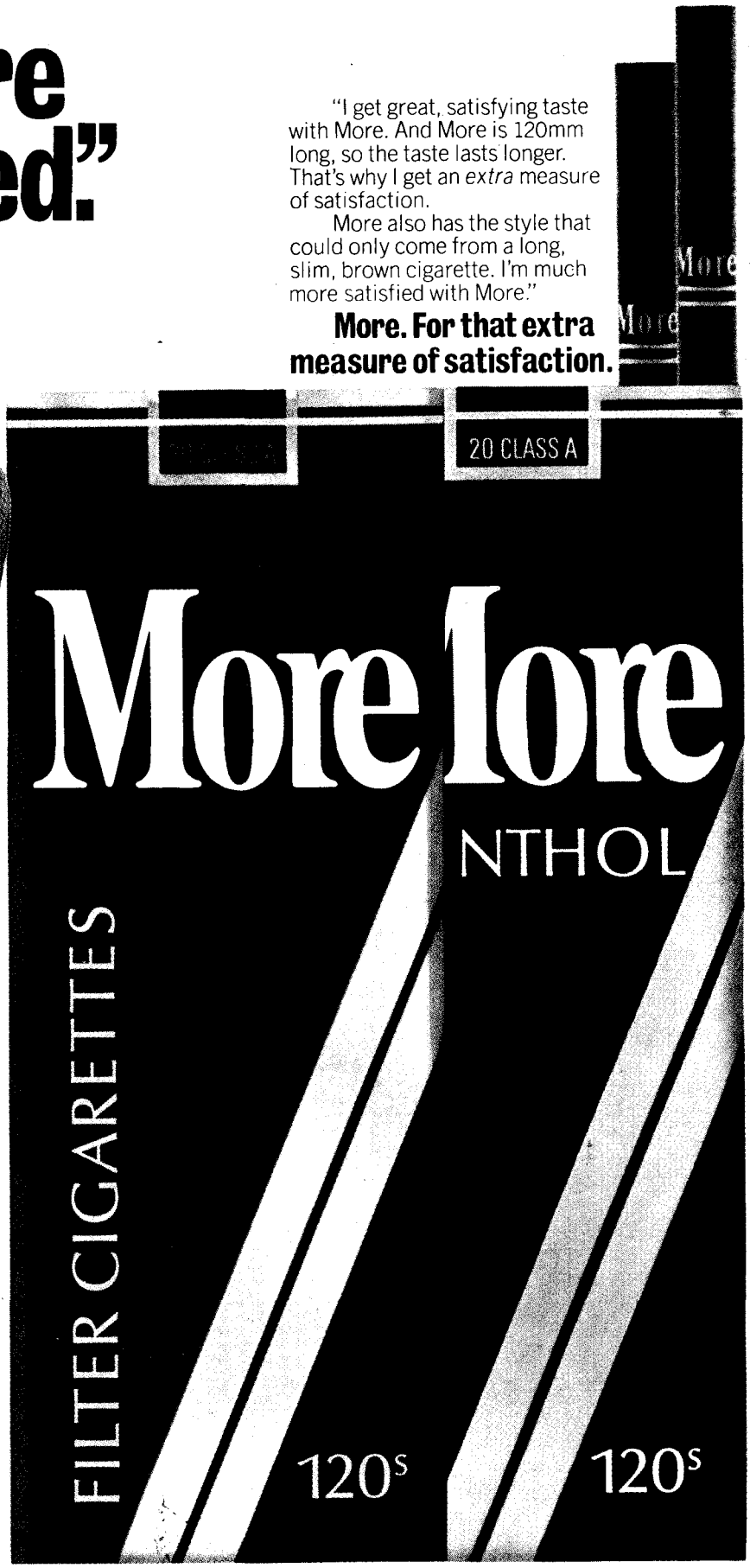

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